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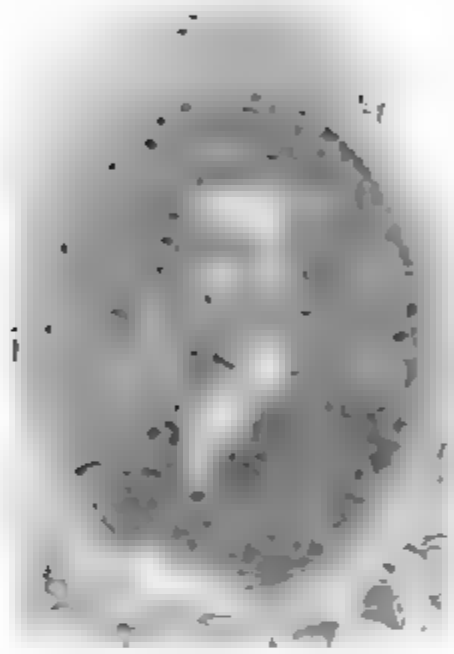
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NOTES OF A PIANIST.

BY

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK,

PIANIST AND COMPOSER,

**CHEVALIER OF THE ORDERS OF ISABELLA THE CATHOLIC, CHARLES III., AND
LION OF HOLSTEIN-LIMBOURG; MEMBER OF THE PHILHARMONIC
SOCIETIES OF BORDEAUX, NEW YORK, HAVANA,
RIO DE JANEIRO, ETC. ETC.**

**DURING HIS PROFESSIONAL TOURS IN THE UNITED STATES.
CANADA, THE ANTILLES, AND SOUTH AMERICA.**

PRECEDED BY A

**SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH WITH CONTEMPORANEOUS
CRITICISMS.**

EDITED BY HIS SISTER,

CLARA GOTTSCHALK

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY

ROBERT E. PETERSON, M.D.



"We see that nothing is wanting in the works of Gottschalk, neither variety in the subjects treated of, nor originality of style. He merits then, as composer and as artist, a separate place alongside of the great masters of modern art."—A. MARMONTEL.

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J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
16 SOUTHAMPTON STREET.
1881.

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210. n. 362.

TO

THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS,

THE BIRTHPLACE OF

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK,

This Volume

IS DEDICATED BY HIS

BROTHER AND SISTERS.



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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

PREFACE TO THE BIOGRAPHY.

IN the accompanying biographical sketch of LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK, the desire has been to present a short history of his ancestry, and of his early years, derived from documents in possession of his family, and from the immediate knowledge of his brother and sisters. As regards his talents and genius, they have preferred to refer to the criticisms of well-known artists and writers, a few of which have been inserted. This sketch, with his "Notes," and his musical compositions, they believe, will enable every one to form a just idea of Gottschalk, as an artist, composer, scholar, and man.

R. E. P.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

CHAPTER I.

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK, the Pianist and Composer, and the only American master of the modern school of music, was a native of New Orleans in the State of Louisiana, in the United States of America. His father was an Englishman, born in London; his mother a Creole, born in New Orleans. It is probable, if not certain, that what rendered Gottschalk so attractive was due to the two natures which he thus inherited, for he possessed the warmth of heart which characterizes the Creole, and the dignity of manner so peculiar to the English. His ancestors on his mother's side, all of noble French origin, were residents of the island of St. Domingo. His great-grandfather, Antoine de Bruslé, Chevalier of the royal and military Order of St. Louis, was commandant or governor of the quarter of the Grande Rivière, parish of St. Rose, in the northern part of the island. His son, Theodat Camille de Bruslé, when the British took possession of St. Domingo, received a commission in the British West India Army of George III. as ensign, and afterwards as captain of the Chasseurs of St. George, in the regiment of Colonel the Baron de Montalembert, raised in St. Domingo for the defence of the island. In the terrible insurrection and massacre which took place after the British abandoned the island, Commandant de Bruslé was killed, and Captain de Bruslé escaped with others to various West India islands, and to Louisiana, then in possession of the French Government. On the 16th of January, 1800, Captain de Bruslé, who had fled to Jamaica, entered into a contract of marriage with Miss Marie Josephine Alix Deynaut, who had

likewise escaped with her father, Lieutenant Louis Christophe Deynaut, and her mother, Lady Marie Therese Vallade, from the island. After the marriage of Captain de Bruslé he emigrated with his wife and her father's family to New Orleans. Several children were the fruit of this marriage, among whom was Miss Aimée de Bruslé, remarkable for her beauty, her wit, and musical genius. Miss de Bruslé at the age of fifteen was married to Mr. Edward Gottschalk, a broker, of great reputed wealth, much esteemed as a gentleman of fine culture, and remarkable as a linguist,—he spoke eight or nine languages. On the 8th of May, 1829, Mrs. Gottschalk gave birth to her eldest son, Louis Moreau Gottschalk, the subject of this sketch. He was named Moreau after an uncle on his mother's side, the Count Moreau de l'Islet.

From his birth he was a precocious but rather delicate child, and early displayed a taste for music, singing all the tunes he heard played. The cholera, in 1831, took from him a little sister, and left his mother, who had also been attacked with the disease, at death's door. Her physician having ordered a change of air, his father purchased a property at Pass Christian, on the Gulf of Mexico, where he decided to settle and reside until his wife's health should be perfectly restored.

At this time it was a charming but wild and almost uninhabited spot. The change of scene and air seemed to have the desired effect. Mrs. Gottschalk began to improve, and Moreau, then about three years of age, seemed to take new life amidst the beauties of nature which surrounded him; his health became invigorated, and he followed his father in all his rambles, which he, a great lover of nature, took morning and evening.

Madam Gottschalk, who, since her health had been impaired, sang only at intervals, resumed again her youthful occupation (she was then only nineteen years old), and once more commenced studying singing. Moreau, seated alongside of her on a little stool, listened attentively to his mother, without, however, her observing the extraordinary interest which the child manifested for the music. One day, when she had been practising very assiduously the grand air of 'Grace,' from the opera of 'Robert le Diable,'

feeling fatigued, she retired into her chamber, leaving her child alone in the room, when, frightened by the sound of the piano, she quickly got up, as the Indians, to whom nearly the whole place belonged, were never backward in committing depredations. The first thought of the young wife was, that one of them had obtained an entrance into the house, and, attracted by the sight of the unknown instrument, had endeavoured to learn for himself the nature of the thing; when, carefully opening the door, she saw the child standing on a stool with a preoccupied air, with his little hands on the piano, endeavouring to find the keys of the notes he ought to strike. His mother, utterly astonished, did not speak to him, but watched what he was doing, when, to her extreme surprise, the child reproduced the air which she had sung a quarter of an hour before. The cry of pride given by the young mother attracted the negro servants, and, to the great terror of many of them, they were listeners to the first musical essays of one of the greatest pianists that ever were born. The eldest of the negroes shook their heads and whispered the word "zombi," which in the negro tongue signifies devil; the younger ones looked on admiringly, and taking, with respect, the little hands of the child into their own, kissed them. At Mr. Gottschalk's return the circumstance was related to him, and to the great chagrin of his wife he instantly decided that instead of remaining he would endeavour to dispose of the property and return to the city, for the purpose of securing to the child a perfect musical education.

Like an opening flower the nature of the child developed itself little by little. His heart was so tender that he could not bear to see any one around him suffering. One day, when his parents had taken him with them to pay a visit to a lady some distance from home, the child was painfully struck at the sight of a negress who had the "carcan" (a species of round wooden instrument, fastened by a padlock placed around the neck of negroes as a punishment, which prevents them from lying down—kept on sometimes for two or three months) around her neck. As in the city they were less cruel to their slaves than in the country where there were no magistrates to enforce the laws, Moreau,

never before having seen a carcan, turned his head from the sight with horror, and demanded, to her great mortification, an explanation from Madam —, to whom the slave belonged. She endeavoured to make the child understand that the negress had deserved the punishment, and that he need not pity her. Nothing, however, could calm him, and he besought his father to buy Sarah. His father becoming quite embarrassed, Madam — took up the matter seriously, and proposed to sell Sarah, who, she said, was only good to mind the chickens. The bargain was completed, and Mr. Gottschalk made the child a present of Sarah, who became a devoted servant to him, and afterwards the child's-nurse to all his after-born brothers and sisters.

His obedience was remarkable, and his affection for his mother amounted almost to idolatry. His father, although kind, was what is called strict, and brought up his little child in the most elevated ideas, and never permitted him the indulgence of any weakness. At three years of age, he engaged in conversation pertaining to a child of seven, and already seemed to understand the extent and importance of the duties which his father placed before him. "When Moreau shall have brothers and sisters," he would say, "papa counts upon his working for them, and he must think beforehand that they will have a father in Moreau." The little child understood all, and seemed in advance to adopt the prospective family which his father at a later period bequeathed to him.

Summer passed, and when autumn came it was decided that the whole family should return to New Orleans. As long as the summer lasted, Madam Gottschalk was sorry at the prospect of quitting so charming a spot, but, when the first approach of winter brought the Indians from the depths of the forest to the neighbourhood of the dwelling, her regrets were lessened, particularly so, as one day, when greatly occupied in making cakes for dessert, her beautiful white arms being exposed, a passing Indian stopped in admiration of her beauty and made an attempt to kiss them. She called for help, and the man of the woods went laughing away.

This incident decided her, and the month of November saw them all again settled in New Orleans.

CHAPTER II.

THE first thought of Mr. Gottschalk, after their return to New Orleans, was to make inquiries for the best professor of the piano. Mr. Letellier, a young Frenchman, a singer of great talent at the Théâtre d'Orléans, was introduced to him, and immediately Moreau commenced the study of music. One year afterwards, Mr. Letellier, full of pride at the remarkable progress of his pupil, repeated everywhere that the little Gottschalk could read at first sight any manuscript which might be placed before him. Besides the piano he was also taught the violin, and Mr. Miolan, the brother of Madam Carvalho, the French singer, was chosen for his professor.

Several years were thus passed. Moreau, although in delicate health, grew in height; but the passion he had for music did not prevent the assiduous labour to which his father subjected him from becoming injurious to his constitution. One day, when Mr. Letellier, who was organist at the Cathedral of St. Louis, had taken his little scholar to show him the mechanism of the organ, and to explain it to him, he was surprised to see how quickly the child understood, and decided to teach him the organ. As Mr. Gottschalk made no objection to the proposition, the idea of the professor was immediately put into execution, and the lessons commenced. His progress was so rapid that one year after—Moreau might then have been seven years old—having gone to high mass one Sunday, Mr. Letellier beckoned to him so energetically that he was obliged to understand that his professor wanted him in the choir; but what was his surprise when, reaching it, Mr. Letellier said to him, “Now, then, sit down, and decipher this mass for me; the tenor is ill, I must take his place, and there is nobody else to play the organ; and above all make no blunders—now begin.” Trembling, but not daring to disobey, the child commenced. Mr. Letellier managed the pedals,

which his little feet could not reach. When the mass was finished, the professor took his pupil in his arms, and, going down stairs, presented him to his father, saying: "There is the most beautiful flower of my crown; if this child does not become the greatest musician in the world, *sacre Dieu!* my name is not Letellier:" and the good man, weeping with emotion, kissed him. The child, impatient to go home, grasped his father's hand, and tried to drag him away. Then running on before, he did not stop until he reached home. "Where is mamma?" he inquired, and, throwing himself into his mother's arms, endeavoured to relate to her his morning's success; but so great was his emotion, that Mr. Gottschalk was obliged to go to his assistance, and to explain what had happened.

Several years passed away. Moreau had attained ten years of age; his talent was so great that there was nothing further difficult for him, so Mr. Letellier candidly acknowledged that he had nothing more to teach him, and the only thing remaining to be done was to send him to France. Mr. Gottschalk, who had always cherished the thought of having his children educated in Europe, was only too happy to have a reason for it, and decided, to the great regret of his wife, that his son should leave New Orleans and go to Paris, when he should attain the age of twelve years.

At this period, the condition of the Théâtre d'Orléans, owing to many circumstances useless to mention, was far from flourishing, and many of the musicians of the orchestra were unemployed. Mr. Miolan, one of the number, came one day to Mr. Gottschalk to request him to permit his son to play at a concert which he was about to give for his own benefit. At this time Mr. Gottschalk, engaged in business as a stock-broker, was led to indulge the hope of an independent fortune for his children, and, never having an idea that any of them would be in the musical profession, he flatly refused. But Mr. Miolan would take no refusal, and returned again to the charge. The second time his petition met with more success, as it was supported by the wish which the little artist had of being heard in public. A select programme was, therefore, placed before the eyes of the Creole and American dilettanti of New Orleans: and in a few days more tickets were sold than the concert

room could seat. On the evening of the performance the hall was crowded, and there was hardly standing room to be found. The young artist played several pieces, but the one which was most successful was the 'Lucie' by Hertz. When he came to the most difficult passage of the piece, the enthusiasm was at its height, and the last note was hardly struck when the young executant was carried off in triumph.

Everything being arranged for Moreau's departure, in April, 1842, at the request of his father's friends, he gave a farewell concert. At the head of the patrons of the concert was Mr. David, the French consul. The expected day, awaited with so much impatience by all the musical amateurs, and by the curious who had never heard the young musician, at last arrived. Never, perhaps, had the splendid ball-room St. Louis been filled with so large and brilliant an assemblage. All the *élite* of the city were there. At the conclusion of the concert, Mr. David stepped upon the stage and presented to the young artist a monstrous bouquet. Moreau thought but of one thing, his mother, and, turning to the stage-box where she was seated, screamed out, "Mamma, it is for you!"

On the evening of the concert, the little pianist went to the hairdresser, Mr. Barraud, to have his hair dressed. "Ah! I see," said the hairdresser, "you are going to the concert of little Moreau Gottschalk! I also should like to have gone, but I cannot spare so much money at once!" "Would you like to go?" asked Moreau. "To go! indeed I should." "Very well, then, I can give you a ticket; I am Moreau Gottschalk." Great was the surprise of the hairdresser, and Moreau had that evening one more admirer.

CHAPTER III.

IN May, 1842, Moreau left New Orleans on the Taglioni, a sailing vessel, bound for Havre, under the command of Captain Rogers, a friend of Mr. Gottschalk, in whose charge

he was placed. His departure broke the hearts of the family, but the father was inflexible, and the mother yielded. The July following he arrived in Paris, and was placed to board in a private family, who never received more than six boarders at a time. His first musical professor was Hallé, but those to whom Moreau was confided, not liking the nonchalant manner with which he taught his pupils, gave him up and placed Moreau under the musical tutelage of the best French professor of the time, Camille Stamaty, a most conscientious, noble-hearted, and high-minded man. Moreau, in after years, was often pleased to say that he had never loved and respected any man more than his dear professor, Mr. Stamaty. In addition to music, he seriously engaged in other studies. Composition was taught him by Mr. Maleden, whose name is celebrated for the scholars he has educated, among whom may be mentioned Saint Saëns. French, Italian, Latin, Greek, riding, and fencing—nothing was neglected. At the same time he was introduced into the noble and elegant society of Paris, and his refined and delicate manners soon made him a favorite. The Duke of Salvandi, and the Duchesse de Narbonne, to whom he was introduced at the house of his grandaunt, the Marquise de la Grange, became his patrons; afterwards, the Duke d'Ecarre, Rothschild, and Edouard Rodrigue were added to the list of those who most admired and esteemed him.

Moreau pursued his studies with great ardour. He possessed a very remarkable memory for music, being able to recollect hundreds of pages of it after one or two days' study. In literature, however, it was different, and he had more difficulty in retaining what he had learned. Piqued by the remonstrances of his professor, he formed a system of *musical mnemotechny*, which he applied to history and geography. In the same way he applied it to the 'Art poétique' of Boileau, and learned it by heart, and by this means soon became very proficient. At the age of seventeen, he could converse with equal facility in English, French, and Italian. He read Virgil, translated Dante, recited the 'Orientales' of Victor Hugo, and, when twenty-two, spoke Spanish like Gil Blas.

Previous to 1845, he had only played in the salons of the

Parisian aristocracy, among whom he was fêted and caressed on account of his aristocratic manners and great talent as an artist. He now, however, decided to appear in public, and in April of this year gave a concert, *non payant*, at the Salle Pleyel, the announcement of which created a marked sensation. Rumour had spoken so frequently of the young Gottschalk in the fashionable world, he had been so much applauded, that all were eager to hear him. Besides, he was an "American," and the question was asked, "Could America produce an artist?" The hall was filled to overflowing.

The anticipations of this brilliant assemblage, composed of the Parisian and foreign aristocracy, as well as of his fellow-countrymen then resident in Paris, as also of all the principal artists, were perfectly realized. The splendid playing of the young pianist, at once elegant and vigorous, his expression so pure and impassioned, and the gleams of decided originality, all combined to secure for him the most brilliant success. At the close of the concert the applause was immense, and a wreath of flowers was thrown to the young *virtuoso*. The graceful and modest manner with which he received it completed his success. Chopin, who was present, after the concert, said in the artists' room, in the presence of his friends, putting his hands on his head, 'Donnez moi la main, mon enfant; je vous prédis que vous serez le roi des pianistes.' (Give me your hand, my child; I predict that you will become the king of pianists.) These few and simple words Moreau valued more than all the bravos he had received, for Chopin was chary of his praise. From that hour he held his diploma as an artist.

He had hitherto been known only from playing the compositions of others, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Thalberg, and Chopin. He now became a composer himself. In 1846 he wrote his 'Danse Ossianique.' It was but a trifle, but gave evidence of future greatness. This germ of originality revealed itself more and more in the pieces entitled 'Les Ballades d'Ossian,' or 'Le Lai du Dernier Ménestrel,' 'La Grande Valse,' and 'La Grande Etude de Concert,' which appeared in 1847.

In the month of November, 1847, he wished to make his first trial in one of the provinces before a paying public, and like Liszt and Thalberg he chose for his *débüt* the city of

Sedan, which enjoyed a certain reputation for dilettanteism. He was not less fortunate than his illustrious predecessors, and was received with rapturous applause.

It might be supposed that such great success would have spoiled him, and that the way in which he was courted and fêted everywhere would have robbed him of his simplicity of heart. But such was not the case; he remained the same kind, gentle, benevolent, modest youth that his infant days gave promise of. The following anecdote will give some insight into his nature.

One Sunday eve in Paris, as he was walking leisurely home, he heard a deep-drawn sigh, then a sob; turning round he beheld a young recruit, almost a child, bedewed in tears. His sorrow was so genuine, his grief so unfeigned, that he asked him if he could do anything to help him. "Alas, no," answered the lad; "an accident has happened to me that has no remedy, and which will bring on me such a punishment as I shall never be able to bear." "But what is it?" asked Gottschalk. "Well, you see, sir, whenever we tear or lose any of our clothes, we have to remain in perfect confinement for a week or more, sometimes in darkness; it depends on the nature of the article we have lost or torn. I have just torn my trousers, and I dare not go back to the barracks, for if I have to undergo such a punishment I shall make away with myself. Fancy, Monsieur, I, coming from the country, being deprived of air and light for a fortnight!" Gottschalk, greatly touched, bade the recruit to follow, and, being near the Rue de Londres, where he knew a kind and obliging tailor, he retraced his steps thither. He found the man and his family gathered together reading; he explained the case, and begged the tailor for the poor young man's sake to see what was needed to be done. The kind tailor readily complied, and with the help of his wife managed to repair the garment, and thus save the young man from his dreaded punishment. Needless to say, he paid the tailor handsomely for the time and labour he had expended.

Once, when about entering one of those large confectioneries called restaurants in Paris, he noticed a young soldier who was standing at the window admiring and seeming ready to devour all the good things so beautifully decorated and arranged to tempt the public. The young

soldier's face was so honest and he seemed so to enjoy the fruit, meats, and other things through the glass, that Gottschalk turned round and spoke to him. The youth started, blushed, and taking off his cap kept turning it round and round in his fingers. "No, indeed, I do not joke," replied Gottschalk, "when I ask you if you should like to go inside and take dinner there." "But, Monsieur, who is to pay for it?" "I, of course," answered Gottschalk. "O Monsieur!" was all the soldier could say. They went in; by Gottschalk's order the bill of fare was handed to the soldier. He kept reading it, but now that he had his choice he could not make up his mind, and at last with a deep sigh he said, "I cannot choose, Monsieur." Gottschalk, laughing, called the waiter and ordered a dinner, such as, more than likely, the son of Mars had never eaten, and never did eat in aftertimes. On his return home Gottschalk told it to his family, and said he was touched to tears to see with what avidity the poor lad ate and how grateful he was for such a treat.

CHAPTER IV.

THE health of his mother having become delicate, owing to her grief arising from long separation from her much loved son, it was arranged that she should go to Paris with her other children, who would thus also have the benefit of a Parisian education. This resolution was speedily carried out, and the family soon found themselves in Paris. The reunion of mother and son was very affecting. From this moment Moreau became the sole protector of his mother and the younger children, his father, whose business detained him in New Orleans, having confided to him the care of the family.

The great success Gottschalk met with at Sedan induced him to give another concert at the Salle Pleyel. The audience was equally distinguished as the first, and the

feuilleton now mingled its praises with those of the connoisseurs. Thalberg, who was present, grasping his hand, said, "Young man, I predict for you a future such as few men have yet seen."

"A young pianist," says a critic on this occasion, "of a most promising future, Mr. Gottschalk, whom the salons so readily received into their protection, has just performed publicly in the Salle Pleyel. Born upon the banks of the Mississippi, he seems to have brought to the Old World songs which he had gathered in the virgin forests of his country. Nothing can be more original, or more pleasing to the ear than the composition of this young Creole. Listen to the 'Bamboula,' and you will comprehend the poetry of a tropical clime. Gottschalk's execution is marvellous. He possesses a force, a grace, an abandonment which carry you away, in spite of yourself, and compel you to applaud like a mere *claqueur*. The piano is no longer the dry and monotonous instrument with which you were acquainted, and you will find springing from beneath the creative fingers of the artist all the *timbres* of the orchestra, *tous les soupirs des instruments à vent*."

"There is a scale like a string of pearls leading you back to the minor key! Oh! listen to that scale which flows so sweetly; it is not the hand of a man which touches the keys; it is the wing of a sylph that caresses them, and causes them to resound with the purest harmony."

The composition of 'Bamboula' was written under the following circumstances. After his mother's arrival Moreau was stricken down with typhoid fever. During the delirium which accompanies this fever, he was seen to wave his hands, which those around him supposed to be symptoms of the delirium; but during his convalescence, which was very slow, he one day got up and wrote out 'Bamboula,' which he said had been running in his brain during his illness. It is composed upon four bars of a negro melody, well known in Louisiana, and is considered one of the most remarkable, as it is one of the most difficult of execution, of all his compositions.

When he had sufficiently improved, he went to the Ardennes, for the full recovery of his health, and there composed the 'Danse des Ombres,' the name of which he

afterwards changed to that of 'Danse Ossianique,' besides the two 'Ballades d'Ossian,' which he composed in one night for the fête day of his mother. The 'Bananier,' one of his best compositions, was then written. At this period he made the acquaintance of Mr. Leon Escudier, who became not only the intelligent publisher of his works in Paris, but the devoted friend which he remained until the death of Gottschalk. He also composed 'Les Colliers d'Or,' which afterwards gave rise to a singular episode. In 1848 the following criticism and notice appeared in 'La France Musicale,' Paris.

Who does not know the 'Bamboula?' Who is there who has not read the description of that picturesque, exciting dance, which gives expression to the feeling of the negroes? Joyful or sad, plaintive, amorous, jealous, forsaken, solitary, fatigued, ennuied, or the heart filled with grief, the negro forgets all in dancing the 'Bamboula.' Look down there at those two black-tinted women, with short petticoats, their necks and ears ornamented with coral, *le regard brulant*, dancing under the banana tree; the whole of their bodies is in movement; further on are groups who excite and stimulate them to every excess of fancy; two negroes roll their active fingers over a noisy tambourine, accompanying it with a languishing chant, lively or impassioned, according to the pose of the dancers. Little negroes, like those on the canvas of Decamps, are jumping around the fiddlers; it is full of folly and delusion. The 'Bamboula' is at its height.

This attractive dance has frequently furnished a theme for instrumental compositions, which, however, have not obtained all the success that we expected from them. The Creole airs transported into our salons lose their character, at once wild, languishing, indescribable, which has no resemblance to any other European music; some have thought that it was sufficient to have the chants written down, and to reproduce them with variations, in order to obtain new effects: not so, the effects have failed. One must have lived under the burning sky from whence the Creole draws his melodies; one must be impregnated with these eccentric chants, which are little dramas in action; in one word, one must be Creole, as composer and executant, in order to feel and make others understand the whole originality of 'Bamboula.'

We have discovered this Creole composer; an American composer, *bon Dieu!* Yes, indeed, and a pianist composer and player of the highest order, who as yet is only known in the aristocratic salons of Paris, and whose name will soon make a great noise. We have German pianists, Hungarian, Russian, Italian pianists. We have ended by discovering French pianists; and now we have an American pianist. His name is Gottschalk. Close the lips, advance the tongue, appear a little like whistling, and you will have the key to the pronunciation. Gottschalk is already a marvellous pianist; his school is that of Chopin, Thalberg, and Prudent united together. He has taken from one his lightness, grace, and purity; from the others, their unrestrained passion and their attractive brilliancy; and I can assure you that for a long time a pianist so original, so sympathetic, has not been seen. Gottschalk has composed several

pieces, among others, one which is a *chef d'œuvre*. This piece he calls 'Bamboula.' I have heard this 'Bamboula' ten times; in the salons of Mme. Merlin, of Mr. Orfila, of the Marquis d'Albucenza, etc., and ten times the young artist has had to repeat it amid the warmest applause.

On these words, *Quand patate la cuite na va mange li, na va mange li*, the Creoles chant a short, but poetic and nonchalant motive. Gottschalk has taken the first four bars of this motive, and on this theme has embroidered all sorts of charming fantasies. The pianist vigorously attacks the Creole chant, then follows a second motive in *f sharp* of an original and singing rhythm. The accompaniment he makes very *staccato*, the middle chant, played languidly, contrasts in a strange, but deliciously poetic way, with the bass, which always energetically marks the rhythm.

On the third chant, in *b flat*, comes a variation with a *crescendo fortissimo*, and directly afterwards the same motive in *b flat* reappears, and progressively disappears; hardly is it finished, when the *rentrée* is made by a dazzling trait *dash*, which I can only compare to a cascade of pearls; this trait very beautifully brings back the motive in *d flat*. After this succeed variations in triplets, made with wonderful lightness. The theme in *b flat* reappears with a *pianissimo* variation, whose harmonies are of unrivalled richness. The pianist immediately falls back on the chord of *d flat*, escapes by an ascending fusée, and immediately returns to the theme, *b flat minor*, by a descending scale made with prodigious agility. But why continue the analysis of this 'Bamboula?' How give with the pen even an incomplete idea of it? I would say, and would repeat it a hundred times, that there are new variations, motives in *b flat*, or in *d flat crescendo, forte*, traits, arpeggios, etc. 'Bamboula' is a musical poesy which defies analysis, and Gottschalk is a pianist whose name is inscribed in the front of popular favour. Behold his horoscope! He will march alongside of the stars of the piano, in the midst of applauses and triumphs.

Gottschalk, whose health demanded a change of scene and air, resolved to make a pedestrian tour in the Vosges. He left Paris on foot, carrying his passport in a carpet bag; arriving at an inn, he passed the night there, and at day-break next morning rose and went out to take a walk. The beauty of the landscape, and perhaps absence of mind, prevented him from recognizing how far he had gone, and consequently how distant he was from his inn, where he had left his carpet bag, expecting to return to breakfast. To his surprise, on looking around, he found himself in the large street of a village, while he still thought himself in the open country; but his surprise was increased by the disagreeable sensation of a heavy hand laid upon his shoulder. Turning round he saw a gendarme, who regarded him with suspicion, and seemed ready to arrest him.

"Your passport!"

"My passport! but I have not got it with me; I left it at my inn this morning," replied Gottschalk.

“Yes, yes, we know that; if thou hast not got it, forward march to the guârdhouse.”

Gottschalk, for an instant, thought of resisting, but as a crowd of idlers began to assemble, he put on a stout heart and followed the gendarme. Arriving at the guardhouse, he was left alone for a few moments, awaiting the mayor to examine him. After a quarter of an hour's solitude another gendarme entered, and, seating himself near a window, without taking the trouble to look at the prisoner, took a paper from his pocket and began reading, ‘*La France Musicale*,’ then edited by Léon and Marie Escudier, in which was an account of the last private concert given by Gottschalk, and in which ‘*Les Colliers d’Or*’ was inscribed in large letters on the back of the paper. Thinking that the opportunity had arrived for proving his identity, he spoke to the gendarme, and said to him:—

“My good man, if you wish to know who I am, you have only to read the article on the third page and back of the fourth.”

The gendarme, who had probably in him more refinement than his comrade, looked at the pianist attentively, and without saying a word left the room. A few moments had hardly elapsed when Gottschalk was brought before the mayor. The mayor, who was a very fat, good-natured man, and quite jovial, questioned his prisoner, and having learned his name laughed heartily at the adventure; but Gottschalk, with the perspicacity which characterized him, perceiving that he still had a faint trace of suspicion, led the conversation in such a way that he learned from the good Mr. Mayor that he had two daughters who played on the piano, and that the ‘*Bananier*’ was one of their favourite pieces. “They have a piano,” thought Gottschalk; “all right;” and he felt that the difficulty of making himself known was removed. Half an hour afterwards the young pianist saw himself at the piano, having the whole family of Mr. Mayor for his audience. There was no longer any question about the passport. A piece played like that could only appertain to the young American, whose talent was making so much noise at Paris. Gottschalk was invited to spend several days in the family of the mayor, to the mortification of the gendarme who arrested him, and the

great disappointment of the rabble of the village, who had hoped that the episode would have terminated in a very different way.

On his return to Paris he performed at several concerts got up by Mr. Léon Escudier, and afterwards, yielding to the desire of a great number of persons, he gave lessons on the piano.

About this period Gottschalk became acquainted with the celebrated Protestant preacher in Paris, Mr. Adolphe Monod. He had been very kind to a person in whom Mr. Monod was very much interested, which, coming to the knowledge of the latter, resulted in a warm friendship, and in Gottschalk becoming a frequent visitor at his house. Mr. Monod was very fond of music, and Gottschalk was always pleased to gratify him. He was accustomed to say, that his music was "more fit for heaven than for earth."

On one occasion Mr. Monod called on Gottschalk to invite him to spend an evening with him, to meet some of his English friends then in Paris. Gottschalk was not at home. As he was returning he met him in the street. While talking together a poor woman came up and asked them for alms. Mr. Monod, wishing to discover if he was as benevolent as he was talented, left him, and watched to see what the young pianist would do. He saw him talk to the woman, give her alms, walk a little way with her, and get at a baker's shop a large loaf of bread and hand it to her. "This act," said Mr. Monod, "touched me more than anything I had yet seen, because it was done without his being aware that any one saw him."

The intimacy and friendship which existed between the Rev. Mr. Monod and Gottschalk soon extended to their respective families, and subsist between the survivors of them to this day.

In 1850 the workshops of Mr. Pleyel, the celebrated piano manufacturer of Paris, unfortunately burned down and threw a large number of workmen out of employment. The susceptible heart of Gottschalk was greatly affected by their misfortune, and, resolving to come to their assistance, he proposed to give a concert for their benefit in Pleyel's Concert Hall. In a week there was not a place to be had; all the seats were sold. Mr. Erard, another cele-

brated piano manufacturer, generously subscribed 500 francs; and asked only for ten stalls. Mr. Pleyel did the same. The banker, Mr. Nathan Treillé, Madam Mennechet de Barival, the intelligent and charming woman, each took 100 francs' worth of tickets. Mr. Javal, Mr. Orfila, etc. also subscribed. The following is translated from an account of the concert by Mr. Escudier as it appeared in 'La France Musicale' of the 27th of April, 1850.

THE WORKMEN OF PLEYEL AND GOTTSCHALK.

Here is one of the most beautiful and most complete triumphs which we have witnessed this winter. Gottschalk can inscribe this evening upon his heart; there was never anything more solemn and more animated. It was for the workingmen, victims of the fire at Mr. Pleyel's manufactory, that Gottschalk had brought together all the artists, all the fashionable world of Paris; marquises, duchesses, bankers, men of letters, and statesmen. All the salons were so full that two hundred persons could not obtain a place to be present at the fête.

There is Gottschalk; they clap their hands; the celebrated artist is prodigious; he plays with an art, a grace, a spirit, a lightness, a power, which carries off everybody, marquises, bankers, and duchesses. He commenced the concert with 'La Chasse du jeune Henri,' and finished with 'Bamboula.' He was called to repeat all his pieces, and, to content the enthusiasts who did not cease to cry encore, he added to his programme 'Moissonneuse, Bananier,' which he had to play twice, and 'God save the Queen,' which was also called for again. These taken in account, Gottschalk played fourteen times. They cried encore after 'Mancenillier,' an adorable composition, a *chef d'œuvre* of genius which was ten times interrupted by applause.

Hardly had Gottschalk again finished playing on the piano this charming poetic inspiration, when a workman of Pleyel's factory advanced upon the stage, holding a majestic bouquet in his hand, which he presented to the beloved musician in the name of his comrades. The hall, as you may well suppose, was carried away; then Gottschalk executed the andante of 'Lucie' by Liszt. He is at least an artist, a great artist, who can interpret in the author's manner this original and difficult composition. I wish that Liszt had been there; he would, like all the rest of us, have frantically clapped his hands. On all sides they cried encore, and through the whole hall they rose up, the better to see if Gottschalk had not more than two hands at the ends of his arms.

The morning after this fête, the workmen of Pleyel's factories went to express their gratitude to Mr. Gottschalk, and sent to him a letter of thanks which did honour to the artist as well as to those who wrote it.

The following address was presented by the delegates of the workmen to Gottschalk, the next day after the concert:—

MONSIEUR:

PARIS, 22 Avril, 1850.

Nous venons, au nom de nos camarades, vous offrir le tribut de notre reconnaissance pour la sympathie que vous avez montrée pour le malheur

qui a pu atteindre certains d'entre nous par une cessation momentanée de travail occasionnée par l'incendie, et vous prier de croire que notre profonde gratitude est pour toujours gravée dans nos cœurs. Elle se confond pour nous délégués qui avons assisté à la belle soirée d'hier, et qui avons eu le bonheur de vous entendre avec la plus vive admiration pour votre talent si justement célèbre ; et, c'est pleins des sentiments qui nous inspirent et votre généreuse action, et le plaisir de voir les arts venir ainsi en aide à l'industrie, que nous vous demandons d'accueillir les remerciements les plus sincères de

Vos très humbles et obéissants serviteurs,

WILLIAM DONOGHUE,
LEFEBRE,
GUILLOT,
CRÉPION,

Délégués des ouvriers de la portion des ateliers de
M. Pleyel & Co. qui a été incendiée le 25 Mars. 1850.

À Monsieur GOTTSCHALK.

(Translation.)

PARIS, 22 April, 1850.

SIR :

We come, in the name of our comrades, to offer you the tribute of our gratitude, for the sympathy which you have shown for the misfortunes which certain among us have experienced from the temporary cessation of labour occasioned by the fire, and to beg you to believe that our profound gratitude is forever engraven upon our hearts. For us delegates, who were present at the beautiful soirée of yesterday, and who have had the pleasure of hearing you, it is mingled with the liveliest admiration for your talent so justly celebrated ; and it is, overflowing with the sentiments with which you and your generous action inspire us, and the pleasure of seeing the arts thus coming to the assistance of industry, that we ask you to receive the sincerest thanks of

Your very humble and obedient servants,

WILLIAM DONOGHUE,
LEFEBRE,
GUILLOT,
CRÉPION,

Delegates from the workmen of the workshops of
Messrs. Pleyel & Co. which were burned down
March 25, 1850.

To Mr. GOTTSCHALK.

CHAPTER V.

AT this period a strong friendship sprung up between Gottschalk and the noble, intelligent, and good Mr. Pleyel, whose influence had greater value in the eyes of the young man than the applause of the most select audience. It was

charming to see these two men, one of them just entering upon life, the other near the moment of leaving it, so closely united: the younger listening, with interest and admiration, to the elevated conversation of the man of genius, who had been so much afflicted. Mr. Erard had frequently proposed to Gottschalk the playing of his pianos. But although he admired the mechanism and brilliancy of the instruments made by this celebrated manufacturer, Gottschalk remained faithful to those of Pleyel, which had taken their sweetness and freedom, added to force of character, from him who had in some sort breathed into them the breath of life.

But it must not be supposed that the success of Gottschalk did not in some minds inspire envy and suggest adverse criticism. He was caricatured by 'Cham,' and one critic, who laboured under the misfortune of being blind, made more than one disagreeable remark on Gottschalk's giving his compositions Creole names; he might as well, he said, "call them the melon and apple-tree, instead of 'Bananier' and 'Mancenillier,' for all that the public cared." He had even been so rude one day that Gottschalk's friends took it in hand, and wished to call him to account. This, however, Gottschalk would in no wise permit, and the matter dropped for some time. One evening, at a concert at the Hall Bonne Nouvelle, given by the wonderful little pianist Tito Mattei, Gottschalk, who had been to hear him, on coming out after the concert, was stopped by the crowd on the top of the stairs, and saw at his elbow his blind foe, who was vainly endeavouring to secure a footing to get down. Gottschalk, without being recognized, helped him down to the door, where the critic met with his assistant. Turning round, he asked to whom he was indebted for the kindness. Gottschalk simply uttered his name, and left. From that day he counted one more admirer, and, we may say, gained one more friend.

We may add another anecdote as further displaying his character. One evening, by invitation, he played at Lord Tudor's, in the Champs Elysées. Coming out from the party about two o'clock in the morning—it was a fine, balmy summer morning—he had proceeded but a short distance when he was stopped by a man who held a large

...mental words of French
 Gottschalk turned round
 "I have very little in my pocket,
 will ask you but one favour,
 to a cab-stand." The man
 led him to walk in front.
 Looking very sad, said, "You
 are, and I am a novice in the
 matter." "Why," said G., "do
 you feel hungry?" "Hungry!" re-
 sponded so; I had nothing to eat
 at home like myself, for I
 wanted to enable me to purchase
 music, handing him his purse, said,
 "I have no more than this,"
 and reached the cab-stand.

...him ready to leave France for
 among others a Creole family
 for a long time invited him to
 engagements had hitherto pre-
 vented their invitation. Finally, in
 telling him how beneficial it would
 be to himself for some time from

his departure, Mr. Léon Escudier
 offered to purchase a piece of his
 music on terms? for, as the proverb
 was applied to this circumstance,
 "you must first catch it." Gott-
 schalk. The publisher was not willing
 to have a piece. "I will give you
 myself me one." At last Gott-
 schalk at midnight and five o'clock
 found a reverie, a veritable bijou,
 "Adieu" taken from the opera of
 "L'opéra d'une nuit d'été," which
 was given to Mr. Escudier, who
 came back in the morning to get it,
 but had left.

...proved fatal to the young artist,
 due either to the humidity of the

place, he was seized with a putrid fever at Les Rousses, and was obliged to send for his friends, who came immediately, and it was not until six weeks afterwards that he was in a fit condition to be transported by them to Grandson. Miss M. D——, on his arrival, bestowed upon him the care of a sister. After he had recovered sufficiently he set out for Geneva, from which place delegations had been sent to him, inviting him to play. Everywhere he was greeted with the greatest applause and admiration. Notwithstanding, however, the honours which awaited him, he never appears to have become vainglorious, or to have been carried away by the adulations which surrounded him on all sides. It was one of the most beautiful traits in his character that he never forgot the poor and the suffering; his hand was ever open to their wants, and his talents were always at their disposal. At Geneva, he gave concerts for the poor, and at Yverdon one for the benefit of a hospital for the aged, which enabled them to add another wing to the building, to which wing they gave the name of Gottschalk—which it still bears.

At the period of this visit, Gottschalk was only twenty-one. As displaying his progress in art, and the reputation which he had achieved, we prefer to give some contemporaneous criticisms which marked the appreciation of his style, talents, and genius as artist and composer. We select only those which were written by acknowledged authorities in musical science.

(From La France Musicale, 18 August, 1850.)

Gottschalk had no other reason for going to Switzerland than to seek rest, far from the world, and above all from Paris, that great city. He has arrived in the canton de Vaud, and will remain there for some days, silent and unknown, in the midst of a friend's family, happy to have him. But notwithstanding he had taken every possible precaution to escape from the cares of celebrity, his name quickly escaped from the valley in which he was resting on all its echoes, and deputation after deputation has been sent to him from Geneva inviting him to come there that he may be heard at least once. The celebrated pianist resisted as far as he could all the seductions of which he has been the object. For nearly a month he alleged the suffering state in which he found himself since his arrival; his strength was enfeebled; his chest, owing to the coolness of the climate, experienced a difficulty of respiration, in one word, he dragged himself along rather than walked. Thanks to God, and to the great care bestowed upon him, Gottschalk has regained his health and strength; but, as all is

pain and misfortune in this world, it has not been possible for him to escape from the concert solicited from him by the thousand requests of the Genevese.

The grand duchess, sister-in-law of the Emperor Nicholas, as well as her daughter the Princess Weimar, and their suite, were present at the concert. They had forewarned Gottschalk, who had reserved for them in the first row of seats cushions and divans of red velvet. In the middle of the soirée, the grand duchess requested, through her chamberlain, Mr. le Baron de Vauthier, to felicitate him, and as the artist, whose modesty is equal to his talent, bowed his thanks, her imperial highness took him by the hand and made him promise to give a second concert at Geneva. From thence Gottschalk will go to Aix, in Savoy, and probably afterwards to Lyons, and will return from thence to Paris, to pass the winter season.

L. ESCUDIER.

(*From the Nouvelliste Vaudois, Geneva, 26 October, 1850.*)

The gift of universality, such as is manifested among some chosen artists, is a rare gift. The domain of Art is so immense that to embrace it in its entirety, to be perfect in each of its branches, is a thing so phenomenal, that one can understand why men of talent take up a specialty.

Under this title, we must consider the talent of Mr. Gottschalk, the young and celebrated American pianist, as a musical event. Go see him before his Erard piano, which is, parenthetically, the grandest and most formidable which has issued from these famous workshops, and which Erard has presented to him! He will play for you the nocturne with its mysterious ways, the caprice with its eccentric bonds, the melody sadly insinuating, as Chopin or our friend Bovy-Lysberg might play it; ask him for the concert-stuck of Weber, the profound sonata in *f* minor of Beethoven, or a fugue of Bach, the metaphysician of Art, and he will play them in such a manner that our learned and celebrated professor, Mr. Pierre Wolff, so competent a judge, shall salute him with the title of grand artist.

Grand artist truly, who knows no difficulty on his instrument, and whose playing recalls that of Liszt or Thalberg; who will touch you to tears in relating to you on his piano some dreamy legend of his distant country, the 'Bananier,' the 'Savane,' or in making you behold the African splendors of the 'Bamboula,' that negro dance.

En résumé, marvellous composer and pianist, the meteor of last winter's season at Paris, fondled and fêted everywhere. Mr. Gottschalk is twenty years of age.

J. E. (JULIUS EICHBERG.)

(*From La France Musicale, 27 October, 1850.*)

GOTTSCHALK IN SWITZERLAND.

Gottschalk has not as yet left Switzerland. The sojourn of the celebrated artist in this country has been a series of triumphs and festivals. There is perhaps no example of a reception as enthusiastic as that which he has received in the different cities in which he has been heard. But it is particularly in Geneva that his admirable talent has found appreciation worthy of him. After his concert for the poor the Grand Duchess of Weimar had him called by her chamberlain to invite him to visit her

the next day. At noon the carriage of the grand duchess was at the door of the hotel where the artist was, and at one he entered the salon of her Highness. She was in great company, with her ladies of honour and the Princesses Wolkonsey and Soukoyanet. The grand duchess conversed a long time with Gottschalk, a grand collation was afterwards served up. At the request of the grand duchess, Gottschalk placed himself at the piano, and all the pieces he played caused him to receive reiterated felicitations. The grand duchess afterwards presented him, with charming grace, a little jewel-case, saying to him, "This is not a testimony of my admiration, but simply a souvenir; let it sometimes recall to you a person whom you have inspired with the greatest interest!" The box inclosed a magnificent breast-pin, formed by an enormous pearl and diamonds from the jewel-box of her Highness.

A few days since, Gottschalk was presented to the Queen of Sardinia, who conversed at length with him.

MARIE ESCUDIER.

(*From the Feuilleton de la Gazette de Lausanne, 28 November, 1850.*)

CONCERTS OF MR. GOTTSCHALK—AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GAZETTE DE LAUSANNE :

Many friends having manifested a desire to know the opinion of an artist grown gray under the harness, and being willing to acknowledge my old musical experience, will you, Mr. Editor, permit me to communicate to you the impression which the talent of our young and already so celebrated artist has produced upon me?

Behold this full hall! how many persons have not mentally exclaimed: "It is a piano, and he is nothing but a pianist!" that is true; but it is a piano from the manufactory of Erard, known in the musical world as the best manufacturer.

As for the pianist, Mr. Gottschalk offers an interesting study to physiognomists. When the crowd has assembled, restless and on the watch, they see a young man appear with an interesting countenance, a tournure rather gentlemanlike, very pale, his eyes cast down. His physiognomy expresses melancholy, and there is in all his features a trace of pain and sadness.

At the first sounds, even at the first piece, the audience remains undecided, and it is only the *gens de l'art* who from the first recognize a superior talent.

Have a moment's patience! these touches, so cold, so insensible, you are about to hear become animated, to weep, to sing, before you; there is the pianist who is about to realize this prodigy; you at first listen with doubt, but little by little your ear becomes habituated to this tender and plaintive accent; you cannot detach yourself from it, you are conjured unknown to yourself, you yield to a supernatural force; and the artist? behold how his look becomes animated, and how his pale tint becomes little by little coloured! how his features express the sufferings of his soul; how noble his head is and how all his body seems to grow larger; it is an attraction without example, you do not dream of analyzing your sensations; you ask if it is music, you applaud, you cry bravo with all your might, but without premeditation, for it is a spontaneous expression, instinctive of astonishment and admiration (we, personally, had not even

the courage to applaud). One might essay in vain to express the marvellous facility with which Gottschalk makes his instrument vibrate, one can hardly follow his hands in their rapid course ; the *forte*, the *piano*, the *trills* carried to the highest degree of perfection, all the shades, all the inflections of human sensations, he renders them all with precision and exquisite delicacy.

Play, light and graceful, variations, melody large ; as for difficulties he is not aware of them ; it is useless to add that he excels in classical music.

His instrument is always ready to express a tender and painful sentiment ; in the high keys it has a metallic timbre between a bell and glass, but with much more sweetness and less shrillness ; one could not imagine anything more delicious, more flexible, more penetrating, more incisive ! touched, *manié*, *effleuré* with more art.

To analyze all the pieces which he has played to us would carry us too far ; the only thing one could say would be, what Voltaire placed at the foot of every page of Racine.

But above all it is necessary to hear him when he plays for us his chants of the new world, chants which bring tears to our eyes, so much do they breathe of sadness and simplicity.

One transports us to forests, peopled with rare trees which invite us to pluck and taste their fruits ; another represents faithfully the indolent creole, swinging gently in his hammock, while listening to his little one singing again his song of another hemisphere ; and what shall we say of the third ? does it not seem to be overwhelmed by that solemn silence and that solitude which one feels in traversing those vast prairies at the foot of the Rocky Mountains ?

Gottschalk, full-handed, spends his life in animating and charming that public which remains in ecstasy at every piece, and while he is far from the eyes of this same public he must be seen as we have seen him, restless, disquieted, not able to be still for a moment, and when he returns to charm our ears anew, we see this young man tranquil as at first. And if we again reflect, that every sound which he causes to vibrate tears one hour from his frail and nervous existence. . . . He finds, it is true, his recompense in the consciousness of his talent and in that noble pride without which there can be no great artists.

But do not deem that ambition is alone his sole dream in this world ; no, amidst the intoxication of bravos and of gold, his thoughts turn toward his family, and he thinks of his mother, his brothers, and his sisters, who are expecting and wishing for his return.

That God may watch over him for the numerous admirers of his talents (for every place where he has been and wherever he shall go, they will always be numerous and unanimous), for his friends who will be able to appreciate the amenity of his amiable character and the general knowledge which he possesses, and above all that He will watch over him for the sake of his mother and her young family, in which he takes the place of a father—this is the very sincere wish which his admirer and friend has for him.

CH. SCHRIWANECK.

The following is extracted from an article, dated Lausanne, 29 October, 1850, from Mr. Witterson, a correspondent of 'La France Musicale,' of Paris, which appeared in that journal under date of 10 November, 1850.

Three hours before the opening of the doors, the hall had been taken as if by assault. At half-past seven they were obliged to improvise seats on the orchestra, the hall not being sufficiently large to contain the crowd. At three o'clock the steamer had brought a great number of persons from Morges, Vevay, Nyon, and even from Rolles, ten leagues from Lausanne. The public conveyances which arrived in the morning were full of dilettanti from Yverdon and Grandson.

A t'entendre Gottschalk, on passerait la vie ;
 Par de puissants accords tu sais nous enchanter ;
 Dans un monde idéal, par ta douce magie,
 En ravissant nos cœurs tu sais nous transporter ;
 Mais si le monde entier t'a decerné la gloire,
 Et si ton jeune front a reçu le laurier,
 Un plus doux souvenir s'attache à ta mémoire
 Tu sus ici te faire aimer.

(*From the Courier Suisse, Lausanne, 20 December, 1850.*)

Mr. Gottschalk gave at Yverdon, on the 17th inst., a second concert which was received with the same enthusiasm. As an artist, he leaves us a unique and ineffable remembrance; as a man, he has gained our hearts. No words are sufficiently powerful to express to him our profound sentiments of sympathy, gratitude, and admiration.

(*From the Feuilleton du Siècle, Paris, 1 November, 1850.*)

The American pianist, Gottschalk, has very recently obtained in Switzerland one of those successes which one may, notwithstanding *la banalité* of the formula, qualify as difficult to describe. Jenny Lind has almost been surpassed, for we have never heard that she was carried off bodily. This accident has happened, it is said, to Gottschalk. A young, pretty, and robust Genevese girl waited for him at the coming out of the concert, where the pianist had been covered with flowers, and enveloping him all at once in a large mantle took him in her arms and carried him off, which the frail and delicate nature of her victim permitted her to do easily, to the general consternation. We do not know if this be true; we tell it as it was told. What is certain is, that the young pianist precipitately left Geneva after having been the delight of the elegant society there, by playing with charming grace his favorite compositions, 'Bamboula,' 'la Savane,' 'le Bananier,' and his caprice on 'le Songe d'une nuit d'été.'

OSCAR COMMETTANT.

At the conclusion of his concerts, his friends at Grandson being anxious to have him, he finally concluded to pass the rest of his time at the old chateau they inhabited, which was celebrated for a siege it had sustained, and at which 'Charles le Téméraire' was killed. His visit being completed, he returned to Paris, where shortly after his arrival he received an invitation from the Queen of Spain, who was desirous to hear him play 'Le Bamboula,' which he had dedicated to her.

On the 12th of January, 1851, Mr. L. Escudier, in an

article in '*La France Musicale*,' entitled '*Return of Gottschalk to Paris*,' writes as follows:—

Gottschalk has given five concerts at Geneva, three at Lausanne, one at Vevay, two at Yverdon, two at Neuchâtel. He has played more than fifty times in concerts, and every time he has been, so to say, carried off in triumph. The poor have had their good portion in the proceeds of these brilliant fêtes. Gottschalk unites a generous soul to an imagination rich in poesy. At Yverdon, the proceeds of his concert, which were considerable, have served for the foundation of an asylum for the aged; one wing of this asylum bears to-day the name of Gottschalk. A banquet was also presented to him at Lausanne. At Neuchâtel, a ball was organized in his honour. Besides, at Yverdon, the students of the college presented to him a collection of the works of the celebrated writers of Switzerland. At Lausanne, they decreed to him in public session the medal of honorary corresponding member. I should never finish if I were to enumerate all the ovations which have marked in Switzerland the appearance of this eminent artist. He has carried away enough crowns, flowers, and wreaths to carpet a whole concert hall. You see that we had good reason for writing the first day we heard Gottschalk, that he was advancing at a rapid pace towards glory and fortune.

Gottschalk remains only a few days in Paris; he is expected in Spain.

His reputation as an artist and composer at this period may be judged of by the following criticism from the pen of Mr. H. Berlioz, the great composer and first critic of Europe, extracted from the '*Feuilleton du Journal des Débats*,' Paris, 13 April, 1851.

Twenty years ago they said, "Who is there who does not play a little on the piano?" They now must say, "Who is there who does not play on it very well?" It thus requires, in order that a true artist on the piano should attract to-day upon him the attention of a public like that of Paris, for him to please, charm, move, and carry his audience along with him; and for him to have an audience it requires absolutely that he should join to exceptional musical qualities an elevated intelligence, an exquisite feeling for the subtleties of style and of expression, and a facility of mechanism carried to the highest extreme. If he possesses only this last merit, he astonishes for an instant, then they are tired of him. If, on the contrary, he possesses only the other merits, he is ranked in the category of commonplace artists whom one seeks and loves in a small company, but who remain powerless to excite the great public who frequent concerts.

Mr. Gottschalk is one of the very small number of those who possess all the different elements of the sovereign power of the pianist, all the attributes which environ him with an irresistible prestige. He is an accomplished musician. He knows how far one may carry fancy in expression, he knows the limit beyond which the liberties taken with rhythm lead only to disorder and confusion, and this limit he never transcends. He has a perfect grace in his manner of expressing sweet melodies and of

scattering the light passages from the top of the key-board. As to prestesse, fugue, éclat, brio, originality, his playing strikes from the first, dazzles, astonishes; and the infantine simplicity of his smiling caprices, the charming ease with which he renders simple things, seem to belong to a second individuality, distinct from that which characterizes his thundering energies. The success, also, of Mr. Gottschalk when he is in the presence of a civilized musical audience, is immense. There is applause, transport, which, far from causing one to feel that vexatious irritation caused by factitious, exaggerated, or ridiculous enthusiasm, of which we so often have the spectacle, one is happy to see and hear. At the concert which he gave last month in the Hall Bonne Nouvelle, the greater part of his pieces were encored. Further, Mr. Gottschalk, on that evening, merited a eulogy superior to those which I have already given to him; he executed in the most masterly manner the sonata in *a* of Beethoven, the style and form of which do not approach in any way the style or familiar forms of real piano music. It is impossible to play better the andante, to give more relief to the thousand arabesques of the variations, and to better direct the last course of the finale without letting it lose anything of its continual and vertiginous ardour.

Besides, to appreciate, as they should be, talents of this nature requires special critics—as is done by Liszt in his admirable study just published in the journal ‘*La Musique*,’ on Chopin.

(*From the Feuilleton de l'Assemblée Nationale, Paris, 29 April, 1851.*)

Immediately after the solemnities of Easter, the series of mundane concerts recommenced with more fury than ever. Mr. Gottschalk has given at Pleyel's a soirée for the benefit of the workmen who had sustained losses owing to the fire. Never was the reputation and vogue of an artist so promptly and generally established as that which Mr. Gottschalk enjoys to-day. And, nevertheless, there have been neither pompous puffs nor any sort of charlatanism. Mr. Gottschalk was born at New Orleans, and came to Paris to finish his studies. He received lessons on the piano from that excellent professor, Mr. Stamaty, and studied harmony and composition with an able theorist, Mr. Maleden. All these labours were, however, only those of an amateur; but, unknown to himself, the amateur was already an artist, a great artist. The memories of childhood recalled to him the negro airs to which he had been nursed, he translated them upon his key-board, and we have the ‘*Bananier*,’ the ‘*Bamboula*,’ the ‘*Mancenillier*,’ and those charming and simple melodies which art and science extract in the most distinguished way. Mr. Gottschalk has become the man à la mode, the indispensable pianist. But the public who idolize him are unmerciful to him. When Mr. Gottschalk has played a piece, they cry bis; through excess of courtesy the young pianist plays a new one, the audience, more and more enchanted, again demand bis, the performer plays again a new piece, which they again wish to hear repeated, and it would not be right because their demand would not stop before the inexhaustible complaisance of the author. We have seen this exchange take place four or five times in succession.

Mr. Gottschalk has all the grace and charm of Chopin, with more decided character; less magisterial than Thalberg, he has, perhaps, more warmth; less severe than Prudent, he has more grace and elegance. And then, all his pieces are very short, and a great way always to please is not to wish to play too long.

AD. ADAM (de l'Institut).

GOTTSCHALK'S SOIRÉE.

Were we not right a year ago in proclaiming the superior talent of Gottschalk: "A great artist is about to reveal himself; he carries with him novelty in the art of composition and in execution. He will be, before long, one of the most brilliant stars in the modern school of the piano."

And truly Gottschalk has marched with the step of a giant. In one year, his success in the salon and concert-room has gained him the sympathy and admiration of the public and of artists. To-day he stands in the first rank; his name has become popular, his works are awaited with impatience, and received with the greatest pleasure. What is wonderful to remark is, that as much through his character as his talent the young and already celebrated pianist exerts an influence over musicians, composers, and players, and that all jealousy vanishes before his incontestable superiority.

The other evening Gottschalk had carried the crowd to Erard's Hall (Salle Erard), all the French and foreign pianists accompanied them; those who did not yet know the new artist came to see if they had not beaten the base drum for a charlatan, as it unfortunately happens too often under the starry sky of music; these were perhaps the most enthusiastic.

Gottschalk afterwards played 'Bananier,' one of the most delicious pieces of imagination one could listen to; it might have been said that a shower of pearls escaped melodiously from the key-board. The effect of 'Bananier' was electrical, every one clapped his hands for five minutes, and Gottschalk was obliged to recommence his piece amid the most enthusiastic applause. Then he played his charming ballads, 'Ossian,' a Mazurka, 'la Savane,' 'le Bamboula,' and the 'Concerto of Weber.' I could not say which of these they most applauded, the most fêted. What I affirm is, that there was but one voice to render homage to the suppleness, the elegance, and the originality of his compositions. 'Le Bananier,' 'le Bamboula,' 'la Savane,' and 'Ossian' are pieces of a wholly new character, which hold you constantly under their charm. Gottschalk resembles no one; he is a pianist who has the prime merit of copying no other composer. His inspirations, simple, touching, and of exquisite distinction, strike you, and his playing dazzles you. Yes, it is an individuality which will leave its mark, we affirm it, in the art of the piano, by the form as by the structure. This soirée has been decisive, I will even say triumphal. ESCUDIER.

During the winter at Paris he gave several concerts, all of which seemed to increase his reputation as an artist and a man. We take the following—

(From the Feuilleton du Corsaire, Paris, 16 March, 1851.)

But Gottschalk was the great surprise and attraction of the evening. It would be impossible to tell you the enthusiasm which he excited at this reunion, formerly so icy and mute. Among other merits, Gottschalk's compositions have that of being very short. As soon as the pianist has finished they cry encore, and he begins again with perfect grace; or, if the inspiration commands him, instead of repeating the last melody, which flies away on light wings, he gives a new piece, more charming than the

first. The audience again cry encore with all their power ; they demand two pieces for one. Gottschalk plays a third for them. I shall not attempt to describe a talent so original, poetic, and marvellous. After Gottschalk *il faut tirer l'échelle*.
P. A. FIORENTINO.

(*From an article in La France Musicale, Paris, 23 March, 1851.*)

Yes, Gottschalk was last Tuesday admirable, marvellous, immense. Since the silence of Liszt, I do not know a more worthy name than his to be triumphantly carried into the world of art. I pity those who were not present at this memorable soirée ; to them one does not know how to give an idea of the unsurpassed talent of Gottschalk. Talent ! I ought to say genius ; for the young pianist brings into the world so encumbered with pianist composers a new form and ideas of which no one can contest the paternity with him. Gottschalk played eight pieces ; five were encored in the midst of applause, which burst out after each phrase or each variation, with an electrifying effect.

Gottschalk is now upon a throne ; to overthrow him would require more than a revolution to take place in the piano and among pianists.

LEON ESCUDIER.

(*From an article in Le Charivari, Paris, March 22, 1851.*)

Above all, it is the sentiment which seizes me, and carries me along with it in the wonderful execution of Mr. Gottschalk. The most intelligent and most inspired orchestra in the world (even if it was the Conservatoire's) could not interpret the *rentrée* of the 'Concerto' of Weber better than Gottschalk did. It would be equally difficult to render the great piece of Beethoven with more warmth and force than he.

TAXILE DELORD.

The following is by Théophile Gautier, the celebrated French critic:—

(*From Feuilleton de la Presse, Paris, 31 March, 1851.*)

An originality, marked by good taste and a little eccentricity, devoid of charlatanism, have always appeared to us the two chief qualities in an artist of true talent ; we have likewise submitted ourselves unreservedly to a sentiment of sympathy and of admiration for Mr. Gottschalk from the first time that we had the pleasure of hearing him. Among our popular pianists to-day there are but few who have known how to create for themselves an incontestable individuality. Liszt, Prudent, and Thalberg are the points of comparison ordinarily chosen by the public when it desires to measure the value of their imitators or of their followers without knowing it.

It is, then, more difficult than one might think to depart from the beaten track, and to have his own tent placed alongside those of the masters. If Mr. Gottschalk has been able, although still young, to acquire this individuality which escapes so many others, it is perhaps owing to the fact that, after having formed his talent by solid studies, he has left it to wander carelessly in the fragrant savannas of his country, from which he has brought back to us the colours and perfumes. What pleases us in

music, as in all other things, is novelty; and we have also been as much charmed by the melodious *ecrin* of the American artist, as we already have been by the chants of the Muezzin, and the reveries under the palms which Felicien David and Ernest Reyer have noted with their souvenirs of the East.

At his last concert, Gottschalk had the applause of the whole hall. They often cried encore, and the young artist yielded himself without affectation, and with the most perfect courtesy, to the demands of his audience.

CHAPTER VI.

GOTTSCHALK returned from Switzerland in October. Shortly after his arrival in Paris he received an invitation from the Queen of Spain, to whom he had dedicated 'le Bamboula,' to visit Madrid. His fame as an artist had reached her ears, and she was desirous of hearing him. During the winter he gave several concerts in Paris. At this period his father arrived from New Orleans on a visit to his family. It was very touching to see the pride and happiness of the father at beholding the success of his much loved son for whom he had made so many sacrifices. After several months passed together Gottschalk set out for Madrid in company with his father, who traveled with him as far as Bordeaux, where they parted, Gottschalk agreeing to meet his father in the United States the following spring. The newspapers of the south of France had all heralded his coming, and he was welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm. After leaving Bordeaux he visited Pau, Tarbes, Bayonne, and other places of note. His fame had preceded him, and every additional concert seemed only to increase it. Not only was he admired as an artist and composer, but as a philanthropist and as one of the most charitable and generous of men. Concerts were given for the benefit of the poor, and donations made to hospitals.

While at Bordeaux Mgr. Donnet, Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, gave him a grand dinner, at which many bishops and other dignitaries of the church were present. As conveying the best idea of the impression he made and

the manner in which he was received, we refer to the following contemporaneous notices and criticisms:—

(*From the Courrier de la Gironde, Bordeaux, 20 June, 1851.*)

The last Wednesday of Mr. and Madme. — was magnificent. Notwithstanding tropical heat and the seductions of the country, which retained all the *élite* of our society in their chateaux and villas, the salons of Mr. and Madme. — were literally invaded.

Pradier, the great sculptor, the author of so many *chefs d'œuvre*, the Praxiteles of the nineteenth century, on his way through Bordeaux, was present at this delightful *soirée*, at which Mad. Laborde, the admirable cantatrice, and Gottschalk, the celebrated pianist, had very willingly lent their services.

As to Gottschalk everybody knows the immense effect which he always produces. At half-past two in the morning he was still at the piano; applauded, surrounded, fêted, they gave him no rest. After many of his new and unpublished compositions, they wished to hear again 'Mancenillier,' the 'Danse des Ombres,' 'God Save the Queen,' 'La Chasse du Jeune Henri,' 'Lucia,' the 'Carnaval de Venise,' the 'Mouvement perpétuel' of Weber. What more can I say? A pianist who can hold his audience for two hours breathless! What a miracle!

A. BOUDIN.

(*From the Mémorial Bordelais, Bordeaux, 19 June, 1851.*)

A grand concert for the benefit of the poor is announced soon to take place, in the hall of the Grand Théâtre, to be given before his departure for Spain, by our illustrious pianist, Gottschalk.

This noble idea will meet with the unanimous sympathy of our people.

Mr. Gottschalk also has to go to Libourne next Monday, where a musical festival for the benefit of the poor has likewise been organized.

Honour to the great artist who knows how to combine a great heart with great talents!

(*From L'Ami des Arts, Bordeaux, 15 June, 1851.*)

In an article on Mr. Gottschalk, Mr. G. Barthélemon says: "As at first, we have found in Mr. Gottschalk a peculiar cachet; he does not imitate any one: his playing is neither that of Liszt nor of Thalberg; it is still better—that of Gottschalk."

In an article in 'L'Agent Dramatique,' of Toulouse, 8 June, 1851, Mr. Barthélemon, from Bordeaux, under date of 31 May, says:—

Enthusiasm carries us away. Figure to yourself a pale young man, with regular features, and such hands as are seldom made. It is Gottschalk. Gottschalk is one of those *élite* organizations who make their souls pass into a piano-case and then come out again by striking on the key-board. Talent more pure and more brilliant never charmed our ear; the audacity and thunder of Liszt are tempered in him with the melodious sentiments of the German masters. His elegant compositions acquire under his fingers a grace which cannot be described.

(From the *Mémorial des Pyrénées*, Pau, 14 June, 1851, taken from the *Courrier de la Gironde*.)

Gottschalk's execution astonishes, while, at the same time, it charms. Thus, while the right hand designs the theme and gives it all its contours, the other, as if it had winged fingers and with vertiginous rapidity, flies from one end of the key-board to the other, and groups around the melody showers of sparkling notes, deluges of arpeggios and of chromatic traits. It is a veritable musical artificial firework, impossible to describe; but the melody is never lost under the transparent drapery which covers it; it always detaches itself with pearly neatness, and the last note is as pure, as velvety as the first.

J. SAINT-RIEUL DUPOUY.

(From the *Courrier de la Gironde*, Bordeaux, 21 June, 1851.)

Mr. Gottschalk will leave at Bordeaux a profound souvenir as an artist and as a man, for the generosity of his heart is at least equal to his immense talent.

A. BOUDIN.

Mr. G. Barthélemon, speaking in the 'Ami des Arts' of Bordeaux, 20 July, 1851, of the concert for the poor, says, in his concluding remarks:—

May we be permitted to say in conclusion that Gottschalk, after having given to his audience the rich products of his genius, and to the poor the fruit of his receipts, gave to the charming young ladies of A—— de S—— C——, etc., who were in the box of the General, the flowers he had just received. Oh, yes! we will tell it, for this trait, simple as it is, is that of a gallant man.

It is so rare to find all these qualities united in the same man: talent, modesty, bounty, and gallantry.

We also will join ourselves with those young persons who on Thursday evening applauded him with their pretty little white and delicate hands, and will say with them:—

Thanks, Gottschalk! you are on the way which leads to glory, to riches, to honour! you will be fêted by the great and the powerful!—you will be blessed by the poor!

(From *l'Indicateur*, Bordeaux, 20 July, 1851.)

The concert given by Mr. Gottschalk for the benefit of the poor has been as brilliant as could be wished for. This work of benevolence, prepared a long time in advance, has not been unfruitful to those for whom it was destined. All the most distinguished musicians and amateurs of Bordeaux took part in it with the most praiseworthy eagerness. The ladies particularly appeared in great numbers, and were not the least ornaments of this musical solemnity.

As the programme offered by Mr. Gottschalk was almost the same as that of the two preceding concerts, one cannot, without the risk of repeating one's self, follow it in all of its details; thus, to avoid the difficulty, let us say, that Mr. Gottschalk from one end of the concert to the other took up his position with so striking a superiority, that the applause, the

bravos, and transports of admiration were not discontinued; and that to the satisfaction of having been able to leave to the unfortunate of our city a testimony of his sympathy, he has also been able to convince himself how much the public was sensible of this act of generosity on his part, and how much his rich and beautiful talent was felt and worthily appreciated by it.

The *ensemble* of the concert was fine, although rather grave. A piece for two pianos, on 'Jerusalem' (the opera by Verdi), composed expressly for this occasion, whilst founded on melodies of rather weak value, was given, nevertheless, with conspicuous effect, thanks to the vigour of its execution, which caused it to be warmly applauded.

After remaining about two months in Bordeaux Gottschalk proceeded on his journey. Stopping at Pau, he gave a concert which brought out an article from Mr. Patrick O'Quin, member of the Corps Legislatif. It contains many things with which the reader has already been made acquainted; but we give it as a piece of contemporary history.

(*From the Mémorial des Pyrénées, Pau, 6 August, 1851.*)

A few years since there arrived at Paris the son of a gentleman of Louisiana. In that country, where the remembrance of France is not effaced, it is the dream of families to give their children a French and particularly a Parisian education. He, thanks to his parents' fortune, received lessons from the best masters; he learned fencing from Grisier, horsemanship from Pellier, and Stamaty taught him the piano; without reckoning Greek, Latin, and the rest. One day Stamaty, his professor of the piano, discovered in the child a marvellous aptitude for this instrument. Placed opposite the key-board, he was already more than a scholar, and besides the mechanical perfection attained only by practice, he gave, by a thousand traits, marks of an artist. At the end of a short time Stamaty had nothing more to teach him.

Greek and Latin, the riding-school, and the fencing-hall, one may judge, were then somewhat abandoned. The child, become a young man, felt himself led by an irresistible vocation. He gave himself up to it with ardour, with passion, and he then commenced hard and persevering studies, the prelude to success of all great artists. Genius in the rough does not throw out great lustre, and it is just; to burn with all its fires the diamond requires cutting; the talent which owes nothing to labour is a chimera of idleness, a puffed-up invention of unappreciated genius.

Is it necessary to say that this young man was Gottschalk? Some time afterwards nothing was spoken about in the musical world of Paris except of a great pianist, the rival of Liszt, of Chopin, and of Thalberg. It was, who should hear Gottschalk, or who should applaud his negro chant of 'Bamboula' so original and languishing, or who should admire the eminent artist, and at the same time the composer of the *élite*, for this new artist was both the one and the other. Only some privileged salons, that of Madame Merlin, or of M. Orfila, for example, had yet the monopoly of Gottschalk; and when, one year after, during the winter of 1849, he ap-

peared in public for the first time, his name was already celebrated, and his success indisputable.

That success was immense; from his debut Gottschalk was greeted one of the masters of his art. 'Le Bamboula,' 'le Bananier,' 'Ossian,' 'la Savane,' and twenty other delicious compositions raised a furor. Berlioz, Fiorentino, Escudier, Théophile Gautier, all, in one word, who had gained a reputation in criticism, bowed before this sudden reputation, and rendered homage to him. Gottschalk had thus one day, without expecting it, received the baptism of renown which Paris, that metropolis of art, can only give.

Summer came, he travelled towards Switzerland; his journey was nothing but a long ovation. At Geneva he excited an enthusiasm which amounted to frenzy. At Aix the Grand Duchess of Weimar and the Queen of Sardinia loaded him with marks of esteem. At Lausanne they overwhelmed him with flowers and bouquets, and their admiration took an alarming character for this frail and delicate organization. At last, after having played in fifty concerts, after having been applauded and fêted everywhere and by all, he returned to Paris, where, last winter, new triumphs were reserved for him. Bordeaux, which retained him for two months, then heard him, and he has now come to us on his road to Spain, where other crowns await him.

A salon, always hospitable for artists of true merit, has from the first opened its doors to him, and last Monday a select audience, assembled in the hall of Dorado, gave to this young man, as amiable in character as elevated by talent, a reception worthy of him.

(From *L'International*, Bayonne, 15 September, 1851.)

Many journals of Madrid, the 'Heraldo,' the 'Precursor,' the 'Tribune del Pueblo,' etc., announce the speedy arrival in that city of the celebrated pianist Gottschalk. The 'Tribune del Pueblo' does it in these words:—

GOTTSCHALK.

We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers, that the Philharmonic Circles will play immediately on the arrival at Madrid in honour of the celebrated pianist Gottschalk, the bard of America, the distinguished musician, who has merited the verdict which has been passed on him, that he has the soul of Chopin, and the marvellous execution of Listz, the artist finally whose rising star will shine among those of the Thalbergs and the Prudents.

Berlioz, Fiorentino, Escudier, Théophile Gautier, Patrick O'Quin, de Lénieres, and many other celebrated critics, have rendered the homage due to his talent and his lyre.

He has given in the commencement of this month concerts at Biarritz and at Bayonne, of which the press of the south of France has spoken. He will soon be on Spanish soil, and before going to Madrid, we know that he will stop at Saint Sebastien, Burgos, and in some other important cities, where he will justify what a French feuilletonist has said of him, that his fingers give to the piano a sentiment which moves the heart as profoundly as the human voice.

We hope soon to have the opportunity of admiring this notability whom the foreign press pictures to us as the *beau idéal* of a pianist.

H. DA COSTA.

CHAPTER VII.

ON his arrival in Spain he found honours and triumphs awaiting him greater than he had ever received before. At Bilboa, the first Spanish city in which he played, he gave three concerts in seven days. The entire receipts of the third concert were placed in the hands of the municipal authorities to be devoted to the *Maison de Charité*. The *Ayuntamiento*, the directors of the hospital, and the clergy acknowledged the receipt with the warmest thanks.

On his arrival at Madrid he wrote to his father the following letters:—

MADRID, 17 November, 1851.

The Queen has not yet decided to allow me to play before her. The nobility show themselves somewhat reserved towards me. It is said that the Queen, on hearing that I am an American, exclaimed that she would never patronize an artist of that nation. Whether this be true or not, the rumour of it has spread abroad, and the courtiers dislike to show me too marked a degree of courtesy, for fear of irritating Her Majesty. I cannot, however, complain now; they are all excessively amiable towards me, and for this reason: his Excellency the Duke of Riansares, husband of the Queen Dowager Christina, receives me frequently, and treats me in the kindest manner possible. The Queen Dowager has also sent me an invitation to the ball and supper which she is to give in her palace on the 19th inst., to celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of her daughter, Queen Isabella. The King, Queen, royal children, and all the court will be present.

MADRID, 19 November, 1851.

Hardly had I returned from putting my last letter in the post-office, when the Secretary of His Excellency the Duke of Riansares came in all haste to announce that Her Majesty the Queen wished to hear me play in her apartments, that very evening, before a select audience, and without the ceremony of a public ordeal; the audience was to be the King, the Queen, the Queen Dowager, and the Duke. This is the greatest mark of honour that could possibly be conferred on me at this court, as I shall be the first artist ever admitted so freely to the private apartments of the palace.

My Secretary immediately donned his best coat, white kid gloves, etc., and escorted my two pianos to the parlour of Her Majesty. At 9 o'clock in the evening, the King's pianist came for me, and in a quarter of an hour we were at the foot of the grand staircase of the palace.

At the top of the staircase, two sentinels stopped us. An officer asked our names, and then allowed us to pass on through a long gallery splendidly ornamented, where at every twenty feet was stationed a halberdier enveloped in his mantle. At the end of the gallery an officer received us, and introduced us into a grand saloon, decorated in a wonderfully brilliant style. Our cloaks were here taken from us. Two tall, fine-looking men, whom I ascertained to be servants, stood before the fireplace, warming themselves, and attracted my eye by the richness of their dress of blue cloth embroidered with gold, knee breeches, white silk stockings, and court swords. A young nobleman on service, dressed in the richest court costume, covered with orders and ribbons, marshalled us into the antechamber, and requested us to wait. He went to inquire of the chamberlain on duty if we could be presented to Her Majesty. A moment after, we entered the "*Salle des Gentilshommes*," where five or six great officers of the state, in court costumes, were on duty, awaiting Her Majesty's orders.

We passed through still another grand saloon, and came at last to a square-shaped apartment, at one side of which was a door, hidden by tapestry, and opening into the room where Her Majesty was to receive us. The young nobleman who accompanied us made some private signal. He was answered and we were ushered in.

At first, I was completely dazzled by the flood of light which filled the saloon. A young man of strikingly elegant exterior stood before me, and said to me in good French, with a most pleasant smile and tone of voice: "Ah, Monsieur Gottschalk, how happy I am to receive a man of your talent! It is a fortune for Spain to possess a pianist whose widespread reputation is based on such sure grounds!" This amiable and graceful young man was the King. A lady, of large size and certain age, but very dignified and courteous, rose at my entrance and saluted me with the utmost affability. The Queen Dowager! Behind her chair stood the Duke, her husband, whom I already knew. The King, with true delicacy of feeling, in order not to oblige me to remain on my feet, all alone, before the Royal presence—as required by etiquette—stood up near me the whole evening. I have never met with a more amiable, polished, or courteous gentleman, having more happily the art of uttering words which go to the heart of an artist. A rustling of silk announced Her Majesty's approach. The King came near me and said, "Monsieur Gottschalk, it is the Queen!" The tapestry over the door was raised, and Queen Isabella entered. She received my salutation with the most gracious smile.

The Queen is very tall and stout. She has fine blue eyes, hair of a chestnut colour, and lips inclined to thickness. After a moment's silence, her Majesty said to me in Spanish, "Whenever you are perfectly ready to play, Monsieur, I shall be happy to hear you." I first played my duo for two pianos, assisted by the King's pianist. At the *finale*, I heard her Majesty rise, leave her seat, and place herself behind my chair. The King was to my right, leaning on the piano, the Queen Dowager a little farther off. Several times I could hear the Queen exclaim in Spanish, "I never heard anything so beautiful!" After the piece was over, the King came and complimented me; and the Queen said to me: "Very good, Monsieur Gottschalk, that was very good!" The King requested the 'Bananier,' one of my own compositions, on a Creole air, that you in New Orleans must have heard often. "I play it," said the King; "it is a great favourite of mine." I played the piece; and the Queen and her

mother appeared to be charmed with it. The King asked me for another of my pieces. I played the 'Danse Ossianique,' which produced as flattering an effect as its predecessors. The Queen came to me, and addressed me a compliment conceived in the most gracious terms; she then asked me for another performance. I played the 'Moissonneuse.' The King said: "That is good music, Monsieur Gottschalk; that is poetry itself. It will not be appreciated in Spain; the only pianists we admire here are those who perform acrobatic feats on their instrument."

A conversation of half an hour followed, when the Queen said something, that I did not hear, to the King. He turned to me and told me that her Majesty insisted on hearing the piece I had dedicated to her, the 'Bamboula,' another beautiful old Creole air. "We are so much pleased with it," said the King, "that I frequently either play it myself, or have it played for me." I begged their Majesties to have a little indulgence for me, in case I did not please them so well in this as in other pieces; for I had not played it for a long time. "Say you so!" replied the King, laughing; "then you must play it for us, for I wish now to see in what manner you will be able to play badly." I played the 'Bamboula,' and the King and Queen appeared to be much astonished at it.

Queen Christina walked up and down the room, humming the air, and exclaiming, now and then, "How beautiful!" The Queen paid me another very flattering compliment, and the King chatted with me for another half hour. Queen Christina said to him, "Sir, this evening's entertainment should strengthen your taste for the piano." "Ah, Madame," replied the King, "my piano will remain closed all day to-morrow; I shall not have the courage to touch it for some time yet, I fear." I then advanced to her Majesty and returned my thanks for the very flattering manner in which I had been received. "It is I, sir," said the Queen, graciously, "who should thank you for the charming *soirée* we have passed." It being then time to retire, the King accompanied us to the door of the saloon and remained there, watching our departure, until we had passed the third or fourth saloon, waving his hand to me and smiling pleasantly. This is considered to be the most polite compliment the King can pay to a visitor; but it is rather troublesome, as it obliges one to retire backwards.

Yesterday evening I went to the Queen Dowager's ball. I had the honour of dancing several polkas before her Majesty with the young and charming Countess of Casa Valencia, the daughter of one of her Majesty's grooms of the Chamber. The Queen and the Queen Dowager were seated on a divan or throne; the King occupied an arm-chair to the Queen's left; his father, sisters, and brother were seated to the right of the Queen Dowager. Around this royal group was an immense circle of lords and ladies of the Court, all standing. The King rose and walked slowly around the great saloon, addressing a smile to one, a kind remark to another. On perceiving me, he advanced immediately towards me, and after making a few courteous inquiries as to my health after the fatigues of the previous night, repeated the compliments he was then pleased to address me. All eyes were fixed upon me, and my triumph—a legitimate one—over those who had before treated me so coldly, was complete.

The Queen Dowager's chief physician came up to me, and said: "Permit me, sir, to be among the first to felicitate you upon your signal success last evening. Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, told me that you had pleased her infinitely, and that she preferred your style of playing even to that of Liszt, the pianist who had heretofore been her greatest favourite."

After his reception by the Queen, who subsequently conferred upon him the order of Isabella the Catholic, the Infantas, sisters to the King, also fêted him; they continually received him in their apartments, and the whole Court followed the fashion which royalty had set, so that he was in truth the 'lion' of the nobility of Spain.

Hitherto the Court had monopolized him, but the people of Madrid now demanded to hear him. Accordingly, he gave three concerts at the T  atro del Circe, which were attended by vast crowds, whose enthusiasm, bravos, and plaudits proclaimed him the first pianist of the age. At the first of these concerts six of his pieces were encored; he was called before the audience seventeen times, and the last time a crown of gold was thrown to him.

After remaining some time at Madrid he visited Valladolid, the first city of Old Castille. His reception there is thus described by Mr. Marie Escudier in '*La France Musicale*,' of Paris, of February 1, 1852.

GOTTSCHALK AT VALLADOLID.

After his triumph at Madrid, Gottschalk has gone to Valladolid, the capital of Old Castille. Hardly had he arrived than the hotel where he alighted was filled with the most distinguished amateurs of the city. The students of Valladolid, the Montpellier of Spain, sent to him a deputation of six of their comrades to felicitate and offer their services to him. The governor-general of Old Castille went himself to pay him a visit and place his magnificent equipage at his disposal. Two days after his arrival the musicians of the city gave him a serenade, and the governor offered him a grand dinner, at which all the authorities were present. The husband of the Infanta was present. H. R. H. did him the honour of sending for dessert a cake kneaded by her royal hands. The next day he was received at the palace of the Infanta, sister of the King, who wished to hear him, and lavished upon him the liveliest felicitations. Gottschalk did not know what to attribute these marks of zeal and respect to, of which he was the object, when he learned, some one writes us, that the excellent Queen Isabella had written to the authorities of all Castille that she desired that on his journey the celebrated pianist should be received with the greatest distinction. He has given three concerts in six days at Valladolid, and the crowd has not ceased to follow him. The third took place at the theatre, and his triumph was signalized by manifestations above anything that can be imagined. His '*Carnaval de Venise*' and his fantasia on '*Jerusalem*' have particularly excited transports of enthusiasm. These are, we are assured by those who have heard them, two dazzling compositions of verve and originality. Gottschalk was to leave immediately for Burgos, where he was expected as at Valladolid. The second of March he will return to Madrid, and on the 4th he is to be present at a Court ball, for which the Queen has sent him a direct invitation.

While in Valladolid he was made the recipient of a very singular and distinguished honour to be offered to an artist and composer. The Count de Pierra, Gentleman of the Chamber of H. M. Isabella, and Colonel of the Farnesio Regiment, wrote him the following letter:—

Mr. GOTTSCHALK :

The Captain of my Regiment, Don Augustin de Gelamenti, the bearer of this letter, is commissioned to let you see all you may desire of our cavalry as a mark of my high esteem, and for the purpose of placing you in a position, if it does not fatigue you, of judging of its condition in comparison with those with which you may be acquainted. In giving ourselves this honour, I have that of offering myself to you with the most sincere friendship,

Your very humble and
Very obedient servant.

Gottschalk makes the following note at the foot of the letter.

Mr. the Count de Pierra, Gentleman of the Chamber of H. M. Isabella, and Colonel of the Farnesio Regiment, made the garrison of Valladolid pass in review before me.

A short time after, while preparing to visit Burgos, he met with an adventure which obliged him to postpone his voyage. This adventure, as related by Gottschalk to his family, was as follows. Leaving the Court in one of the Court carriages, accompanied by his secretary, he heard his name called, and stopping the coach he found he had been called by the pianist of the Court, who came running up. Gottschalk opened the coach door, when the pianist, seeing Gottschalk's fingers grasping one side of the opening, quickly shut the door upon them. The pain was so great that Gottschalk immediately fainted, and was taken to his hotel. On examination it was found that his little finger was very much injured, and the surgeons feared they would have to amputate it. To this Gottschalk would not consent, as it would prevent him from ever playing again. He was ninety-one days in recovering. What was very remarkable, instead of injuring, it absolutely benefited his finger, which became more powerful than ever, and enabled him to execute certain passages with more *éclat* than before. The motive assigned for this great outrage was the

jealousy of the Court pianist at finding himself eclipsed, and who hoped by this stratagem to disable Gottschalk for ever after.

During his convalescence, Gottschalk had the honour of being presented to H. H. l'Infanta Dona Josepha, sister of the King, who showed him the greatest attention, frequently inviting him to dinner at her own table. One day after the dessert, H. R. H. playfully and kindly presented him with a cake made by her royal hands. After he had played some of his finest pieces, she complimented him in the warmest manner, and afterwards presented him two diamond studs and her portrait surrounded by brilliants. What rendered this double gift more valuable was that it was accompanied by an autograph letter.

In June, 1852, he returned to Madrid at the request of the Queen. The Académie Artistique signalized his return by conferring on him the title of honorary member. His reappearance was marked by a concert given at the T  atro del Principe, when he performed for the first time 'Le Siege de Saragosse,' written for ten pianos, and which he dedicated to Spain. It was triumphantly received. The following remarks appeared in a journal of Madrid, the morning after the first performance.

At last came the grand piece composed for the occasion by the eminent artist, called the 'Siege de Saragosse,' which has been the talk of the city for the last eight days. Gottschalk appeared at the head of his aides-de-camp all dressed in the same manner. Applause ran through the room, after each phrase, each variation. There is a passage where Gottschalk in a most ingenious manner imitates a military parade, accompanied by the beating of the drum ; it produced such a sensation that all the people rose to their feet, men and women, and he was compelled to repeat the entire passage. The Minister of Agriculture was unable to restrain his emotion, and shouted forth *Viva la Reine* which was the climax of the mad enthusiasm. As the last notes of the 'Siege de Saragosse' died away, they threw on the stage a magnificent wreath decorated with ribbons, on which was inscribed "*   GOTTSCHALK, le peuple de Madrid,    son concert du 13 Juin, 1852.*"

As he left the theatre, a crowd accompanied him to his house. The military bands of the two regiments, that of the Queen and that of the Princess, played beneath his windows his 'Danse Ossianique.' He was compelled to make several speeches, and this exciting scene continued until three o'clock in the morning.

The admiration which he inspired amounted almost to fanaticism. After the second concert he received from the celebrated Torreadór (bull-fighter), Don Jose Redondo, the following letter accompanied by a magnificent sword:—

MY DEAR M. GOTTSCHALK: I esteem very highly the invitation you sent me for your concert. It afforded me an opportunity to hear an artist, proclaimed by all the intelligent amateurs of the two worlds, as one of the very best pianists of the time. Wishing to present you a lasting souvenir of my admiration, I pray you to accept one of the swords with which I have maintained the Spanish Toréo, in the high and glorious position to which it was raised by the much regretted Francisco Montes from whom this sword descended to me. In exchange I ask, as a proof of your esteem, an autograph from your hand, which I shall regard as one of the most precious souvenirs of my life.

JOSE REDONDO.

At the close of the second concert, he was again escorted to his hotel, and the younger members of the most distinguished families of Madrid gave him a grand banquet as a mark of their admiration and esteem.

After leaving Madrid he visited other cities of Spain. At Cordova, the archbishop gave him a splendid dinner and presented him with a copy of his 'Pastoral Poems.' The canons invited him to inspect the treasures of the Secret Library of the Cathedral; and he was invited to one of the meetings of the authorities of the city, to be officially presented with their congratulations.

At no time was Gottschalk ever carried away by the tributes awarded him, but always received them with that modest simplicity which so greatly characterized him. The greater part of the money which he made he distributed for charitable purposes. In Madrid, he gave 15,000 reals towards the construction of a hospital.

At San Lucar, he met the Duke de Montpensier. A warm friendship sprung up between them. Before his departure he was invited to one of the Duke's private suppers, where etiquette was laid aside for cordial and familiar enjoyment. The Duke and Duchess made him magnificent presents.

Owing to the accident he met with, his departure for America was delayed beyond the period agreed upon with his father, who was anxiously awaiting his coming. He, therefore, was obliged to leave Spain, which he did very

reluctantly, for Paris, in order to see his mother and sisters and make arrangements for his departure. He remained in Paris only three weeks, and was heard only twice by a small audience at Pleyel's. He left on the 21st of December, 1852, and embarked on board the Humboldt, at Havre, for New York.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the 10th of January, 1853, Gottschalk arrived in New York, where he found his father awaiting him. Shortly after his arrival Mr. Barnum called upon him, and wished to make an arrangement with him for a musical tour through the United States, similar to that which he had made with Jenny Lind. Unfortunately, his father had taken a great prejudice to Mr. Barnum, whom he looked upon as a vulgar showman, and thought it would derogate from his son's dignity to accept his offer; and after remaining a short time in New York, they left for New Orleans.

His first concert in New York took place at the ball-room attached to Niblo's Theatre, on the 11th of February, 1853. The room was crowded by the fashionable society of New York, who manifested the greatest delight at his performance, and piece after piece was greeted with the warmest applause. No sooner was the concert over than he was pressed to give another. The second took place six days afterwards, in the theatre itself, which was crowded to overflowing.

On their way to New Orleans they stopped at Philadelphia, where Gottschalk gave his first concert in that city. We have by us the diary of Mr. John Bouvier Peterson, a young amateur and composer of fine promise, who fell a victim subsequently to that terrible disease, which is the opprobrium of medicine—epilepsy. Under the date of March 1, 1853, he writes that he went to Gottschalk's concert at the Musical Fund Hall on the evening of that day:—

When we got to the hall, we found that it was a jam, notwithstanding it was a rainy night. At eight o'clock the concert commenced.

Gottschalk himself then made his appearance amid tremendous applause. He is very young looking, does not seem to be over twenty-two years of age, handsome, and, to crown the whole, is so easy and unaffected in his manner that a person could not fail to be pleased with him as a man. As a player he surpasses even Jaell, and his execution is astounding. He plays, too, with so much taste and expression that any person who has any feeling could not help but be pleased.

It appears, from Gottschalk's notes, that the concerts in New York did not pay expenses.

On their arrival in New Orleans his fellow-citizens received him with open arms. It seemed to him like returning to his family and home. Every door was thrown open to him. Madam B., the charming pianist, who had been among the earliest to predict what he would be, when, only ten years of age, he played at one of her delightful soirées, was among the first to welcome him, and open her *salon* to him. His old professor, Letellier, was his shadow. The Freemasons of New Orleans gave him a dinner, at which he was congratulated by an address in poetry, written for the occasion. Concert succeeded concert without interruption; at one of them three hundred bouquets were thrown to him, and, to his great surprise, almost every one had a ring attached to it. His sojourn in his native city was all sunshine, but, notwithstanding his great desire to remain there, he felt the necessity of leaving. He then gave a farewell concert, and it was at this concert that his fellow-citizens, with that generosity and delicacy which characterize them, presented him with a splendid gold medal, which contained nine hundred dollars' worth of gold. Gottschalk loved this medal as a favourite child loves the first jewel given him by his mother. He wrote to his mother and sisters in Paris: "I should so much love you to see it, but I feel myself incapable of parting with it." The medal was of pure gold, of a circular form, and massive. It had upon one side an elegantly executed head and bust of Gottschalk encircled in a wreath of laurels, and upon the reverse, "À L. M. GOTTSCHALK, ses Compatriotes de la Nouvelle Orléans, 11 Mai, 1853."

After remaining a short time in New Orleans, he crossed over to Cuba. Here he met with a warm reception. In-

vited to the palace by the Captain General, he found that his fame had preceded him. After giving several concerts, he returned again to New York. In October, 1854, a short time before giving a concert in Boston, he received a telegram announcing his father's death. He resolved to play rather than disappoint the public; but, as the fact had become known, a gloom was cast over the audience, who greatly sympathized with him, and for the most part kept silence, although, as it was afterward said, "the master-spirit shone out far more brightly than before." At the close of the concert, he immediately left for New Orleans. After the burial of his father, an examination of the estate proved it to be insolvent. He at once resolved to pay his father's debts, and his earliest earnings were devoted to this purpose, which was in time accomplished. A more noble act of filial devotion is seldom met with.

In 1855 he published 'The Last Hope,' 'Le Chant du Soldat,' 'La Marche de Nuit,' 'La Jota Arragonesa,' 'Jerusalem,' 'Les Souvenirs d'Andalousie,' 'La Valse Poétique,' etc.

From 1855 to 1856 he gave no less than eighty concerts in New York, the last of which was as brilliant as the first.

On the 2d of November, 1856, his mother was seized with apoplexy, and fell dead. This was a terrible blow to him, for he idolized his mother, and was never tired of speaking of her beauty, wit, grace, and accomplishments. Gottschalk always insisted, when in Paris, that his mother should attend his concerts, that he might have the benefit of her criticisms, which were always just. At such times he would make his brothers and sisters sit in the front row; but the mother would retire into some obscure corner, as she could never listen to her son's playing without shedding tears. She possessed a wonderful memory, and had been taught by her uncle, Count Casimir Moreau de l'Islet, a gifted and most learned lawyer of New Orleans, to recite pieces from the French tragedians.

In 1856 he again returned to the Antilles, in company with Adelina Patti, then only 14 years of age. He visited with her Havana, Santiago de Cuba, Porto Principe, Porto Rico, etc. He composed 'Columbia,' 'La Marche Solen-

nelle,' 'Les Yeux Créoles,' 'La Chute des Feuilles,' 'La Gitanela,' 'Minuit à Séville,' etc. Feeling the necessity of rest, he retired to a friend's plantation at Matouba. Here he composed 'Le Fantôme de Bonheur,' 'Polonia,' and 'Pastorella e Cavagliere.'

Again we find him at Havana, where he was idolized. Here he organized a great festival, in which 800 musicians performed under his direction his beautiful symphony of 'La Nuit des Tropiques,' which was received with rapturous applause.

While here, learning that Queen Isabella had founded four hospitals, he remitted to Spain 15,000 reals. This gave rise to the following correspondence, of which we give a translation.

GOVERNMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF VALLADOLID.

Mr. MINISTER: The Chevalier Louis Moreau Gottschalk de Bruslé, a pianist celebrated in Europe, having read in the 'Moniteur Officiel,' that H. M. the Queen, our mistress (may God protect her), had decreed the foundation of four hospitals, one of which will bear the august name of the most serene Infanta, and desiring to second a project as praiseworthy as elevated, has placed at the disposition of my government the sum of 15,000 reals.

H. M., whose protection for the arts has ever shown itself so enlightened, has deigned to decorate many prominent artists who have thus been able to carry to their country an indelible mark of the admiration which they had excited. One of the first pianists, if not the first to-day in Europe, M. Gottschalk has, besides, an elevated heart and an enlightened charity; besides what he places at this time at the disposition of the hospital, his alms are numerous and considerable. I beg then to propose to Your Excellency to submit, for the approbation of Her Majesty, a decree which names him Chevalier of the Order of Nobility of Charles III. or of Saint John.

God protect Your Excellency for length of years.

VALLADOLID, 29 April, 1864.

His Excellency J. GUENA, Governor, to His Excellency the Minister of State, Marquis de MIRAFLORES.

The title of Caballero (Chevalier) of the royal and distinguished order of Charles III. was bestowed on Gottschalk by Queen Isabella, and a diploma of the said institution and title bearing date the ninth day of September, 1864, was forwarded to him in New York, together with the order set with diamonds.

After an absence of nearly six years, he received an offer from Max Strakosch to make a tour of the United States, which he accepted, and once more he is found in New York,

where his first concert under the engagement was given on the 11th of February, 1862. Under this engagement, he traversed the New England, Middle, and Western States, and Canada; from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and as far south as Norfolk, Virginia. It was the period of the civil war, and he could not go further south. He gave more than 1100 concerts in three years. At Saratoga, he gave a concert for the benefit of the soldiers, and during his progress very many for the poor.

While in New York, after his return from Cuba in 1862, his brother Edward, then residing in Paris, was taken ill, and appeared to be going rapidly into a decline. He was a young man of remarkable genius, not only for music, but for drawing and languages; but, unfortunately, of no application, and of so retiring a disposition that he was never willing, when he assisted his brother at public concerts, that his name should appear. His sisters, who had removed from Paris to London, hearing that he was seriously ill, sent for him. On his arrival, they were so alarmed at his appearance, that they immediately wrote Gottschalk that they would send Edward to him. When the vessel in which he had taken passage reached New York, he was unable to leave his berth. Gottschalk, who had been awaiting his arrival, had him taken immediately to his hotel, called in the best physicians, nursed him with the greatest tenderness, watched over him as a mother would her sick child, and left nothing undone that might restore his health. As soon as the weather became warm—he had arrived in February—he took him to the seaside, and would himself carry him to and from the beach. At night he had his bed placed alongside of his brother's, whose failing breath did not permit him to speak above a whisper, and placing his hand in his would thus pass the night. It, however, was unavailing, though his life was prolonged until the autumn. For three days before his death, Gottschalk was constantly with him, and on the 27th of September, 1863, he died in his arms, the last rites of the Catholic Church having been administered to him by Doctor Cummins, of New York.

In 1865, Gottschalk left San Francisco for South America. He had long wished to visit it, and particularly Rio Janeiro.

But his mother was exceedingly averse to it, as she had a presentiment that he would die there, and that she should never see him again. During her life, he acceded to her request, but now she was dead he cast aside what he thought only a superstitious notion of his mother, and determined to indulge his long-cherished desire.

He reached Lima, and, in turn, other portions of South America; everywhere successful, everywhere fêted, everywhere lavishing his talents and money for the poor and distressed. Montevideo and Buenos Ayres had been visited by the cholera. He gave concerts for the German, the French, and the English hospitals—for the orphans from the cholera, and for the purposes of public education. Floral crowns and gold medals met him everywhere, making his life a complete ovation.

On the 10th of May, 1869, Gottschalk reached Rio Janeiro. On his arrival, he was invited to the palace, and received from the Emperor of Brazil, the learned and accomplished Dom Pedro, and his queen and family marked attentions. On the 3d of June he was taken ill, for the first time, but performed on that evening. On the 5th of August he was so ill from an attack of yellow fever that it was rumoured he was dying. Fourteen days after he had so far recovered as to be able to make short trips into the country to recuperate.

During his convalescence he wrote a letter to one of his friends, of which the following is a translation:—

RIO JANEIRO, August, 1869.

It is almost a phantom that writes to you. I have been very dangerously ill, and it is scarcely a week that I am convalescent. In the night of the fifth of August, I really thought of eternity, which seemed about to open upon me. My physicians say it was yellow fever. However, after having despaired of my life for forty-eight hours they got me out of the *mal paso*, which I dread less for itself than because it would separate me, perhaps forever, from those I love.

I have met with a reception here such as has never been offered to any artist in this country. The six concerts which I have already given were all crowded to such a degree that speculators sold boxes at the door at a premium of \$75.

On my arrival at Rio—a splendid city, with the most marvellously beautiful harbour one can dream of—the Emperor sent me his chamberlain to invite me to the palace. His Majesty received me most graciously. We conversed, standing, in the great reception-hall for five minutes, the ordi-

nary limit of this sort of ceremony. Then the Emperor told me that the Empress and the Princess Imperial wished to see me, and I was consigned to one of the gentlemen in waiting, who conducted me to the Empress and her eldest daughter. They also were most gracious. They spoke of their desire "to know the author of so many charming compositions with which they had so long been familiar." After taking leave of the Empress, I was again sent for by the Emperor, whom I found in a small boudoir at the extremity of his apartments. He made me sit down beside him, saying that he wanted to have a long chat with me. We did, in fact, converse for nearly two hours on politics, travels, the United States, spiritualism, the music of the future, Offenbach's operettes, fine arts, manners and customs. We skimmed over many subjects, and I was struck by the versatility of the Emperor's mind and the extent of his attainments. He speaks French and Italian with great purity, and understands perfectly English, German, and Spanish. Moreover, he is a *savant*. The Emperor and the Imperial family have been present at all my concerts. I have been to see His Majesty several times, and have always been received in his intimacy. He treats me as a friend, as well as the Empress, who indulges herself with speaking Italian to me. She is, as you are aware, a Neapolitan, a sister of the late King Bomba, and in spite of twenty-two years of absence, as she observed to me with a smile, "one never forgets *la cara patria*."

The 30th of July the Emperor gave a *soirée* in honour of myself at his palace of San Christorao. It was the first time that I played at Court. At all my previous visits, the Emperor had always had the delicacy to refrain from asking me to play, saying that his piano was unworthy of me. At his request I sent my two grand pianos to the palace for the *soirée*. The reunion was of an intimate character—only some 150 persons besides the ladies and gentlemen of the Court. I played nine times. The Emperor asked for my fantasia on the Brazilian national hymn and my 'Tremolo' (Etude). The Princess Imperial requested me to play my 'Morte,' which had a success of tears, and 'Pensée poétique.' The Empress asked for 'Ojos Creolos,' for four hands. The *soirée* terminated at 4 o'clock in the morning, the Emperor, Empress, and the Princess conversing the whole time familiarly with their guests. His Majesty wishing to have some details on the Mormons, I was enabled to satisfy him completely as I had just read Dixon's 'New America.' When I left him, I was overheated by the atmosphere of the drawing-room, and I had to wait some time for my carriage. It was raining. I took a chill, and the next day fever came on. It increased until the 5th of August, when, as I told you, the physicians despaired of my life. The papers gave daily bulletins of my condition, and more than two hundred people called every day to inquire how I was. On the 5th of August it was rumoured that I was dying. Toward 8 o'clock in the evening a carriage rolled up to my door, and a chamberlain of their Majesties was introduced into my room. He came officially to inquire after me on behalf of the Emperor and Empress. At this critical moment, when I felt that my life was hanging only by a thread, I could not help thinking of the vanity of human things. Riveted to a bed of sickness in a foreign land, I heard confusedly the words of condolence which the honest chamberlain recited on the part of the Emperor, while his gold lacings glittered beside me. At the same time, in the midst of the fervid cloud with which fever seemed to envelop me, I fancied I saw the grim face of death hurrying me away from the pomps and vanities of this world. It was philo-

sophical and—distressing in proportion. No friends, save my faithful Firmin; no family; no loved hand to clasp mine and to make me feel in one last pressure that my life was still dear to some one. But I wax absurd and dismal.

The philharmonic societies and the musical clubs have sent me diplomas of honorary membership. The Germans, who, in all my travels throughout South America, have always formed the most solid part of my audiences, thanks to their traditional love of music, have not deserted me here either. The German Choral Society, although exclusively composed of amateurs, sang at my first three concerts. These Germans have really the monopoly of choral music. They sang the 'Hunter's Chorus' from 'Der Freischütz' at my second concert with a brio and fire that electrified the audience. They are led by an excellent musician, who is moreover a distinguished and modest man—Mr. Tipke. I met him some twelve years ago at Springfield.

The Freemasons have invited me to visit their 'Grand Orient.' On the day appointed for the reception, a deputation came for me, and I was introduced with all the ceremony of solemn occasions. The discourse of the Grand Master breathed a fervent love for American institutions. All the lodges of Rio were represented by deputations. In these countries, where the soul is as ardent as the clime, everything is new and picturesque to the stranger who observes. Freemasonry exists here in all the fervour of its palmiest days. Each deputation made its entrance with its banners. The costumes were singularly interesting. A few lodges have adopted the dress of the Franciscans, but it is sky-blue; others wear flowing white draperies; others, again, are clad in long black mantles embroidered with death's heads, and with a large black hood, the effect of which is phantasmagoric and conducive to nightmare.

The clergy who direct the Imperial College of Alcantara have also given me a public reception. The 600 pupils of the college formed on a line as I arrived. The professors and fathers came to receive me with a band of music. All the college met at the banquet. The president addressed me a discourse which was well conceived and well delivered. He spoke, as usual, of the 'great Republic,' for the United States, particularly since the war, are the object of the enthusiasm of all South America, which is proud of the Monroe doctrine and of the Americanism to which it has given rise. Moreover, I believe that all these South American Republics understand that, sooner or later, the United States will be the arbiter of their fate, and Brazil, although ruled by monarchical institutions, is, in point of fact, the most liberal of all these countries, and the most disposed to avail itself of the impulse we have given to civilization.

But after the discourse of the president I was expected to reply, and this was the hardest thing for me. You know how awkward I am for everything outside of music. Fortunately, I had taken a glass of champagne (which I execrate), and i' faith, I fired my ships. I chose Spanish for my speech, as it is the language which has most analogy with Portuguese, and every one here understands it. It appears I did not acquit myself too badly, for some of the papers went such lengths as to speak of my eloquence!

Some of the papers have announced that I perished in the earthquake. I beg you to believe that this is not so. I have no more perished than I have been married, which is another piece of news the papers circulate when they lack "copy."

I returned last night from Valenza, a small town in the mountains of Barremansa. The *fuzenderos* of the place and its environs had made up a subscription of \$700 and asked me to give them a concert. The distance was inconsiderable—four or five hours by rail—my physician ordered a change of air; I complied. The town is surrounded by lofty mountains and virgin forests. The word virgin is here in its literal sense, for these woods are so dense that the inhabitants, finding it impossible to clear them, have adopted the barbarous plan of setting fire to them whenever they wish to enlarge their property. At night their dark summits are crowned with flames, reminding one of Vesuvius or Etna. The effect is magnificent. But there are times when the fierce element will not stop at the limit assigned it, and, retracing its steps, devours the *fazenda* of him who kindled it. This might afford a theme for a poem to some moralizing rhymers. The people of Valenza were looking for me with impatience, and the equipage of the town (the only one) awaited me at the station. As soon as the carriage came in sight a rocket was fired from the top of the church. It appears this was the signal to announce my advent. They had engaged a band of music to delight my ears, and it was arranged that it should meet me at the door of the house prepared for my reception. But owing to some mishap, or perhaps from the fact of the rocket having escaped the vigilance of the musicians, when I alighted from the carriage a clarionet, a cornet, and a big drum were alone forthcoming. This, however, did not prevent their attacking conscientiously a romantic-eccentric symphony in a key that would have defied and set at naught the harmonic science of M. Fétis himself. I made my appearance on the balcony, and had the satisfaction of seeing a trombone running up with all his might, a flute all out of breath turning the corner, and a bassoon in hot haste, who successively joined their more diligent comrades, and completed the orchestra of the grand occasions of Valenza.

On September 11 Gottschalk again returned to Rio, and continued his concerts, among others those on the 5th, 8th, and 11th of October, at which sixteen pianos were used; after which he began his work for the festival. During these herculean labours he gave three concerts, on the 12th, 15th, and 18th of November. On the 24th of November he gave the first festival, with six hundred and fifty musicians. The house had been bought up at double rates, and proved a great success. On the morning of the 25th the second concert was advertised to take place the following evening, at the usual prices. The seats were all sold on the day of announcement, and many boxes were taken for the third. But on the 26th he became seriously ill and remained abed. When evening came, with iron will, he resolved not to disappoint the public. After the performance of a comedietta, Gottschalk took his place at the piano for the performance of 'Morte,' his favourite

piece. Hardly had he commenced when he fell unconscious in a swoon. He was at once conveyed to his home, and complained of great pains in his abdomen. He was immediately attended by one of the best physicians of Rio. On the 2d of December, at his request, a second physician was called in, but the remedies applied proved unavailing. On December 8th he was induced to have himself conveyed to Tijuca, a plateau some two or three miles from Rio. He seemed to improve. On the 14th an internal abscess broke, which afforded some relief; but he had become so weak that, on the morning of the 18th, he yielded up his life.

CHAPTER IX.

GOTTSCHALK died at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 18th of December, 1869, and the following notice of his death appeared in the *Jornal da Tardé* of the same date.

The great artist is dead! At 4 o'clock this morning, after prolonged sufferings, Gottschalk breathed his last—victim of that art to which he had consecrated the choicest years of his life. One more stone for the temple of immortality, one more star to shine in the firmament of the elect of God. The sepulchre may conceal his body, but it cannot hide his name, which not even coming ages shall have the power to obliterate.

Still are sounding in our ears the echoing harmonies of that final concert, last song of the dying swan, solemn and majestic as the sound of his own fame. Son of that giant country which will yet dictate laws to the world, Gottschalk was a universal celebrity.

Geniuses have no fatherland. In speaking of great poets, the world is their country, and all ages claim them. He was born in America, and though he had visited many lands, fate still destined that on American soil he should find his last resting place. Gifted with rare endowments of intellect, not less conspicuous were the qualities of his heart.

The muse of Gottschalk was ever employed in the noblest of objects. To alleviate suffering was with him a constant practice, as it was also his delight. How many times has it dried the tears of orphans! How has it tempered the grief of the widow! Many concerts were given by him in aid of different benevolent societies, and the numerous medals which he had received were the most convincing proofs of his charity and intelligence. The public then of this capital should go to-morrow to pay the

debt of gratitude they owe to Gottschalk, shedding unfeigned tears upon the tomb that is to inclose the remains of a great man.

Immediately after his death his body was removed to Rio by the Philharmonic Society, of which he was a member. The following account of his funeral is taken from the 'Reforma' of the 21st December:—

The funeral of Gottschalk was a splendid public manifestation. The Philharmonic Society had claimed the honour of guarding the precious remains of the great artist until the time of burial. It was an act of consideration and artistic fraternity, which did honour alike to the Society and the country. The body was embalmed at the expense of the same Society by Dr. Costa Ferros, who gratuitously offered his services.

Day before yesterday, up to the hour of the ceremony, the body lay in state in one of the principal halls of the Society, appropriately decorated. Near by was seen, covered with crape, the piano upon which Gottschalk had played for the last time, on the night of the 26th ult. Previous to removing the body the orchestra of the Society performed the 'Morte,' one of the most beautiful and touching compositions of the great artist. The coffin was carried by hand as far as Larga da Lapa, preceded and followed by hundreds of persons of all classes bearing torches. A band of music led the way. The streets and squares were crowded. Sadness marked the faces of all, and many eyes were bathed in tears.

In the cemetery of San Jose Baptista the press of people was even still greater. Here, in the midst of profound silence, was spoken the last, sad farewell to the remains of one of the greatest artists of our time. Dr. Achilles Varejao and the distinguished Academician of La Paulo, Senhor Antonio Cordozo de Maneses, made themselves the interpreters of the general grief. They spoke with trembling voices, and were heard amid tears.

Mr. Henry Prealle, in a letter to a friend, says:—

In all the years I have lived in Rio, be he foreigner or countryman, the death of no man produced so much lamentation as that of the never-to-be-excelled artist, Gottschalk; he, himself, while living, though we showed constant proofs, never dreamt that he was so loved and honoured here; and even to-day, the sixth after his death, the only talk of this city of 400,000 inhabitants is about this deplorable loss.

He leaves many unpublished works, including three operas, one of which, 'Isaura de Salerno,' was his favourite composition, and upon which he constantly worked to perfect it.

His intentions were, after leaving Brazil, to visit Europe, and he had made an engagement with an English impresario for the purpose of giving a series of concerts in Great Britain. He also intended to bring out his unpublished compositions.

As soon as the tidings of his death reached his sisters in London, they immediately, although nearly broken-hearted, made arrangements to return to their native country. On their arrival in New York, where they found their only surviving brother, Gaston, recently returned from Mexico, awaiting them, the first thoughts of all of them were turned towards having the remains of their brother brought to the United States. After many difficulties, the body eventually reached New York in the steamer *Merrimac* from Rio, after having been detained for some days at quarantine. On landing it was conveyed to St. Stephen's Church, on 28th St. On the 3d of October, 1870, while the heavens were draped in clouds and drowned in tears, a vast and sympathetic concourse assembled in St. Stephen's Church, to do honour to his sanctified dust, and witness the imposing ceremonies of the Catholic Church, which consigned him to his final resting place.

The grand altar was draped with crape. The coffin, covered with a heavy black pall, and profusely strewn with flowers wrought into various appropriate devices, was placed upon a catafalque at the foot of the centre aisle, with stands of candles at its head and foot. The priests all wore their mourning vestments.

The music, out of respect for the most eminent pianist and composer this country has produced, was Cherubini's grand requiem mass in C. minor. The mass was sung from the original score as a full chorus throughout. The piece sung at the offertory of the mass was a recent arrangement for the occasion by his sister, Miss Clara Gottschalk, herself an eminent pianist and composer, from 'La Solitude' and 'Last Hope,' two of the great composer's most popular productions. As an interlude, 'Pensée Poétique' was given with great effect.

At the close of the service, 'Morte' was performed during the removal of the body.

The metallic case in which the remains were brought from South America was inclosed in a beautiful mahogany coffin, upon the lid of which was a plain silver plate with the inscription:—

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK,
Died December 18, 1869,
Aged 40 years.

The body was met at the church door by that of Edward's, taken from Calvary Cemetery. The two were then conveyed to Greenwood, and deposited in the vault prepared for them—side by side.

A magnificent monument, made of the finest white marble, was erected to his memory. On the pedestal rests the figure of an angel; in one hand she holds a book, on whose white pages are graven:—

Bananier,	Marche de Nuit,
Last Hope,	Dernier Amour,
Murmures Eoliens,	Morte!!

In the other hand is the trumpet of fame.
At her feet lies a marble lyre, with its chords broken.
The pedestal bears the following inscription in front:—

In loving memory of
LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK,
the celebrated American Pianist
and Composer.
Born in New Orleans, Louisiana,
8th May, 1829,
Died in Rio Janeiro, Brazil,
18 Dec. 1869,
Aged 40 years.

His noble heart and generosity made him beloved by all, and to his sisters and brother, by whom this monument is erected, in all love and gratitude, he ever was the best and most loving of brothers.

On the base of the monument:—

Time will never erase the remembrance of his noble deeds and genius.

On the other side:—

Also to the loving memory of Edward George Gottschalk, born in New Orleans, Louisiana, 14 December, 1836, died in New York, 28 September, 1863, aged 27 years. He bore his sufferings with patience and resignation.

Wherever Gottschalk appeared the muse of poetry became inspired. From Switzerland to Rio piece after piece of poetry was dedicated to him. They would fill quite a volume. In truth, it might be said, that wherever he made

his appearance poetry, flowers, and crowns were bestowed upon him. He was presented with three orders—that of Chevalier de l'Ordre civil et militaire du Lion de Holstein-Limbourg (Knight of the Civil and Military Order of the Lion of Holstein-Limbourg), of the royal and distinguished Order of Isabella the Catholic, and of Caballero de la Real y distinguida Orden de Carlos Tercero.

POSTHUMOUS CRITICISMS.

GOTTSCHALK AS A MAN.

THE following article, under the signature of 'Figaro,' we extract from the 'New York Leader,' 1870:—

All I remember about Gottschalk morally is, that he was more than generous to both friend and foe; that his charities were without limit or stint; that he always had an open heart and an open hand for his brother artists; that he was devoted to the last drop of his blood to his family; that he was passionately fond of children; that he never prostituted his art to base purposes; that he loved his country best in her darkest hour; that his devotion to truth in every department of art and science was an absolute worship; and, finally, that I never heard him speak ill of any human being.

I knew Gottschalk pretty intimately, and have had many a good time with him.

He was the man to have a good time with.

What he was musically the world knows; what he was socially is known to comparatively few.

All things considered, I think he was the most companionable man and the best talker I ever knew.

He was also a splendid listener, that is, when there was anything worth listening to.

He wouldn't listen to twaddle, of course; he didn't consider it polite to do so.

Gottschalk was a splendid gossip, in the best sense of the word, but he couldn't twaddle if he tried.

He was also what the French call a good *raconteur*, that is, a good re-counter or story-teller.

None better.

And, by the way, he generally told his stories in French, and, in fact, never spoke nor wrote English (though he knew it well) except obliged to.

Still he used not only the English, but the German, the Italian, and the Spanish with great facility, both in speaking and writing.

And he was familiar, too, with the literature of those languages—not only the light literature, but the speculative and philosophical.

These accomplishments were largely drawn upon in his writings and conversation, and you can conceive with what brilliant results.

His favorite topic, strange to say, was not art, but social and political science.

You would hardly think Gottschalk was a politician, would you?

Yet he *was*, and a very positive one.

He didn't belong to any party, to be sure, but his principles were very settled for all that.

For example, he was an out-and-out free-trader, an opponent to monarchy in all countries, and an anti-slavery man (though born in the South) to the backbone.

Early during the Rebellion, at one of his concerts in Canada, the audience (all 'Secesh' nearly) called upon him, after he had played 'Hail Columbia,' to give them, as an offset, 'Dixie.'

For a long time Gottschalk refused to make any response; but at last, the calls getting to be vociferous, he came forward, bowed gracefully to the house, seated himself at the piano, and played, with more spirit probably than he ever played it before, the air of 'Yankee Doodle'!

He wouldn't have played 'Dixie' just then and there to save his life.

And yet he was tolerant of all opinions, and as far from being a fanatic as from being a fool, if the distinction exists.

It has been no slight consolation to me to add this little tribute to the memory of one with whom I have spent many, many delightful hours, and who is pleasantly associated in my mind with other spirits equally genial, if not brilliant, who mourn with me over his loss, and will long remember, with feelings of love and admiration, the name of Louis MOREAU GOTTSCHALK.

GOTTSCHALK AS COMPOSER AND PIANIST.

The following musical criticism, written by Mr. A. Marmontel, the great composer and teacher, of the Conservatoire in Paris, is taken from 'Le Ménestrel' of June 10, 1877. It appears under the head of 'Celebrated Pianists.'

The sources of art have very different points of departure, often from concealed and mysterious origins, but it is in the depths of the soul that the vivifying fire is most frequently found; thence it is that inspiration, impressionability, imagination draw their glory, and gain their expansive power. The composers who have preceded us and laid the first foundations of the modern school have little known, or have neglected the picturesque, descriptive, ideal side so much in vogue in our days; the character and force of their style consisted especially in good exposition, connection, and perfect development of ideas; they made no pretension to the art of painting, and contented themselves by writing purely in a harmonious and chastened musical tongue. It was the school of the logicians. But now musical art, like literature and painting, has discovered new ways, and consists of different sects: idealistic, realistic, natu-

ralistic, and impressionistic schools. We have also our representatives of Orientalism, Felicien David, Reyer, and Bizet, whose names so well respond to those of Decamps, Marilhat, and Fromentin ; our Neo-Greeks, like Gounod, Victor Massé, and Daprato, who recall to us Hamon, Gérôme, and the whole archaic school. In the demand for composers for the piano, there has risen up a crowd of landscape-painters, properly so-called, *genre* painters, sentimentalists, or amateurs of the picturesque. Mendelssohn, Liszt, Chopin, Stephen Heller, Prudent, Rosenhain, Wolff, Delioux, Schulloff, etc., have composed numerous characteristic pieces, veritable bijoux of descriptive *genre*. Poets, musicians, lovers of nature, they have sung of their absent home or of their lost country, by translating into the language of sounds the manners, character, and temperament of different nationalities.

Gottschalk merits a separate place in this school for his individuality, his distinction, the originality of his compositions, and his exceptional skill in art. Without having been the disciple either of Chopin or of Liszt, Gottschalk very much resembles these illustrious masters by his fine, delicate, dreamy temperament ; surrounded, like Chopin, from his infancy with generous affections and tender cares, born and reared in aristocratic society, his instruction and education were carefully watched over. I need not relate the interesting and romantic episodes which drove the grandparents of Gottschalk, whose maternal ancestors were the Count and Countess de Bruslé, from St. Domingo.

The name of Gottschalk will always live in the memory of his friends. His work as composer brings him near to Chopin ; as artist, he holds a position between Liszt and Thalberg ; he obtained from the piano very peculiar effects of sonorousness ; his play, by turns nervous and of extreme delicacy, astonished and charmed, he used the pedals with great ability, a perfect tact, but to our mind he, perhaps, too frequently used the soft pedal. Minute critics reproached him with writing his fine embroideries, his delicate arabesques in very sharp octaves of the piano. The observation is just, but it must be remarked that many of the compositions of Gottschalk favour by the rhythm and the nature of the ideas these effects of shrill sonorousness, which scintillate in the harmonic scale of sounds like a jet of electric fire.

Of a feverish activity, burning to write, as if under a presentiment of his premature death, Gottschalk published in a few years a relatively considerable number of original compositions, ingenious, delicately chiselled, and of such finished work as affirms the rare conscience of the artist. Notwithstanding the universal infatuation of the young school for the powerful sonorousness and the processes of Thalberg, Gottschalk has sacrificed very little to the fondness of arpeggios, which for a long time had become a veritable monomania, at the point even of fatiguing the inventor himself. Gottschalk knows how to escape from this fever of imitation, and preserves in his compositions that wholly special flavour of poetic reverie, an individual character eminently original. His grand fantasias on 'Jerusalem,' the 'God Save the Queen,' and 'Trovatore,' perhaps accuse him of being a little under the influence of Thalberg, but they are an exception ; Gottschalk oftenest only depends on his personal inspiration, and on memories and local impressions, remaining sterile before him ; soft melodies, new rhythms, harmonious murmurs, a whole musical world rendered prolific by the artist.

'Le Bamboula,' 'le Banjo,' 'Colombia,' have the fixed character of

national airs, but Gottschalk is a larger and completer poet in his nocturnes, elegies, 'Ossian,' 'Reflets du passé,' 'Dernière espérance,' 'Ricordati,' 'Sospiro,' 'Berceuse.' The tender, moving, passionate note vibrates delicately in these chaste poems of the heart, where the soul of the artist pours itself out. . . 'Chant élégiaque,' 'Murmures Eoliens,' 'Chute des feuilles,' 'l'Extase,' 'Dernier Amour,'—all these pieces have an infinite charm, a great seal of individuality. Gottschalk again has excelled in his caprices and dancing airs, where, perhaps, he is more absolutely himself. The liberty of gait and of rhythm, the free inspiration, void of all *parti-pris*, make of these pieces for the salon and concert true bijoux, finely chiselled, sparkling like precious stones with wisely cut facets. Again let us call to memory 'l'Étincelle,' 'les Follets,' 'la Naïde,' 'Danza,' 'la Colombe,' 'Printemps d'Amour,' 'Pasquinade,' 'Les yeux Créoles;' these are delicious compositions for the piano, where effect is never sought for, but always gained from inspiration, where the composer has spread in profusion his imagination and his youthful rapture. We also love very much the caprices on 'Jota Arragonesa,' 'Bergère et Cavalier,' 'la Gitanela,' 'Polonia,' 'Charme du foyer,' 'Fantôme de bonheur,' original, radiant, melodious works, with distinguished harmonies and brilliant characteristics.

Again let us add to this rapid nomenclature 'la Marche de Nuit,' 'l'Apothéose,' 'Marche Solennelle,' 'la Marche des Gibaros,' 'l'Union,' a grand march 'Cri de délivrance,' a heroic caprice, 'le grand Scherzo,'—all valuable compositions, which assert the composer's fertility of imagination and versatility of talent.

We see that nothing is wanting in the work of Gottschalk—neither variety in the subjects treated of, nor originality of style. He then merits, as composer and as artist, a separate place, alongside of the masters of modern art; his individuality, so marked, has left durable souvenirs in the memory of his contemporaries; all those who have appreciated Gottschalk have retained for him a worship of grateful tenderness; and it is sweet to me, who was one of his old friends, to consecrate to him this last souvenir of sympathetic admiration.

NOTES OF A PIANIST.

BY

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK.

P R E F A C E .

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Notes and Diary of L. M. Gottschalk now offered to the public ought to have appeared several years ago ; circumstances over which I had no control prevented it. It is hoped, however, that this delay will not have diminished the interest felt by all who have known and admired L. M. Gottschalk.

After four years' anxious waiting, by dint of constant applying to the Brazilian Government, and through the kind consideration of the Emperor, the trunk containing the papers of the celebrated pianist was at last sent to his family in London. When opened it was found to contain nothing but a mass of soiled and torn papers, in such a dilapidated condition that at first I, who undertook the task, confess to having felt discouraged. Still, having resolved to do it, I set to work, and, after a labour of patience and perseverance lasting two years, I completed, as far as was in my power, the Notes now published.

This I state, and feel right to state, in order that if any fault is found, the blame may rest on me, not on my brother. Had he lived, and been able to accomplish his cherished scheme of publishing his travels, the work, no doubt, would have been more perfect. I have done the best in my power, considering the difficulty of the task ; and must now leave the success of the work in the hands of the public, and to those who have appreciated our dear brother as a man and as an artist.

I am greatly indebted to Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co., of Boston, Mass., for their kind permission to use the three articles entitled ' Notes of a Pianist,' which appeared in the ' Atlantic Monthly.'

CLARA GOTTSCHALK.

LONDON, March, 1880.

NOTES OF THE AUTHOR

WHICH MAY SERVE AS PREFACE.

WRITTEN without order and without connection, with hasty pen upon the leaves of my pocket-book, these Notes, which some day I purpose to publish, were at first destined only to be read by myself. I have taken, during the long years that I have travelled, the habit of fixing daily my impressions of my journey. They possess no literary merit, but they speak absolutely the truth: is that a sufficient compensation for the numerous deficiencies of style which the critic can find in them? The recollections of my travels have often supported me in the ennui and fatigue of my wandering life. In writing about the present I often forgot the bitterness of the past, and when, on the contrary, the present became wearisome, I plunged into happy memories of the times which are no more, and I reawakened its charming emotions. These poor leaves have received my joy, my griefs, and my pains for the long time that I have whirled in that monotonous and agitated circle which is called the life of concerts. May the reader lend to them a little charm when it is wanting, and when he shall find too flagrant proofs of awkwardness in my pen, let him remember that I was but a musician, and only a pianist!

NOTES OF A PIANIST.

CHAPTER I.

MY first visit to Cuba was in 1853. It was on my return from Europe. I had just spent eighteen months in Spain, five of which were at the Court of Madrid. I spoke Spanish; the Queen had conferred upon me the Cross of Isabella the Catholic; and the Chiclanero, after having heard the performance of my symphony 'Le Siege de Saragosse,' had presented me with the sword of Montes, the famous 'bull-fighter.' I was therefore in the best condition to be well received in the 'Pearl of the Antilles,' without relying upon the hundred letters of recommendation which it was not necessary for me to present in order to receive the most generous and friendly hospitality. So much has been written upon Havana that I shall not essay to speak of what is so well known; that Havana is situated at the bottom of a bay (may not this be the origin of its name, which up to this time remains doubtful, notwithstanding the researches of the etymologists—Havre, Haven, Havana?), the very narrow entrance of which is defended by the famous 'Morro' on the left, whose cannons gape, in a frightfully suggestive manner, within reach of your hand; on the right by the no less formidable Fort Cabana, built in the rock, and bristling like its opposite neighbour with a triple row of open jaws. Hardly have you passed these two threatening sentinels, than the sight reposes on red, white, yellow, pink, and green-coloured houses, with square and flattened roofs like those of an Arab's. We come to anchor. The never-ending torture of custom-house officials, doctor of the port, captain of the port, clerks of the port, and porters of the port commences. After a great deal of noise

and little work (it is rather the manner of doing things by all Spanish employés) we take a canoe painted blue and rose-colour and disembark. They then pen us in a square hall, in sight of the civil guards, and establish our identity by means of our passports given previously to the captain of the steamer. The passports will not be returned to us until we shall quit the island; in the mean time they give us a permit to land.

During the voyage from New Orleans to Havana, I had noticed among the passengers on the steamer two Italians, whose modest travelling-dress had exposed them to the rudeness of some rich tradesmen, a species of individuals found on all the steamers of the world, and who are always recognized by their cravats of every shade and colour, their insolence, and bad taste. The two strangers, who appeared to be but slightly affected by their ostracism, stood apart. Desirous to make up for the rudeness of my fellow-countrymen, I sought an opportunity to introduce myself to them. One evening, when, according to their custom, they were conversing at the stern of the boat, I heard them pronounce the name of Count Mamiani, an exiled Catholic poet and philosopher, whom I had known in Paris. I seized the occasion and introduced myself. At the end of half an hour we were the best friends in the world. I learned that the large old man with red beard was the Count de Cassato, and that his friend was the Count de Malaperta, both travelling for their pleasure, and in possession of a fortune of many millions. O wealthy shopkeepers, if you but knew it! There was something touching in their friendship, which had been contracted under very singular circumstances. Both of these old bachelors, philosophers, and travellers, fifty-six years old, had made up their minds, the one in Tuscany, the other in Turin, to visit the five parts of the globe. They had laid their plans methodically by fixing the probable epoch of their death at the age of sixty-five, and they commenced their travels. One evening the Count de Cassato had sought refuge for the night in an inn in the north of Spain, and had monopolized for his supper the scanty provisions which from time immemorial are found (when found at all) in the larder of a Spanish inn—that is to say, a cup of chocolate, some hard eggs, and

olives. When another hungry traveller presented himself, the landlord, pressed by the reiterated demands of the newcomer, exposed his situation to the first. The Count de Cassato, with much earnestness and good humour, offered the half of his supper and his bed to the newcomer, who was no other than the Count de Malaperta. The singularity of this meeting, the similarity of their positions, tastes, and projects bound them to each other, and they have never separated since that day. When I became acquainted with them they had already visited Asia, Africa, the whole of Europe, and South America, and they were now going to Havana *en route* for Mexico, from whence they expected to leave for Australia, and the epoch which they had fixed for their death being very near, D. V., they would return from thence to Turin. They each wrote daily their impressions of their travels. The Count de Malaperta, a learned philosopher, whom a light shade of misanthropy perhaps rendered less agreeable than Count de Cassato, was to undertake the task of condensing and combining the two journals at the end of the voyage.

Italians and enthusiasts, two hours had not elapsed after landing before they had found a music-shop and a piano, and my first evening in Havana was spent in playing for these two charming and venerable men the whole repertory of their dear Italian music.

This manner of travelling hardly resembled that of the two Englishmen that I met some years since at Tobosa. They had their courier, who spoke Spanish (of which they did not understand a word); they carried their tea with them; wore green veils on their gray hats, and their eternal field-glass suspended in its case by a band around the shoulder. They read every number of 'The Times' which had been issued since they left home, and had been sent to them from England. I found them eight months afterwards, at Cadiz, at the Hotel d'Angleterre, with their tea, green veils, gray hats, their spy-glass, and their courier. The only change which had taken place in them was that they had 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' (then all in vogue), which their ambassador had given them at Madrid. They did not understand one word of Spanish; had never seen the country, only the Hôtel Anglais of Cadiz, of Seville, and of

Madrid. The result of their studies might have been reduced to this, that the beefsteak of the Hotel Péninsulaire of Madrid was more tender than that of the Hotel d'Angleterre of Cadiz. This is not to travel. To know a country, that is to say, to observe its customs, and the manners of its inhabitants, it is necessary to lay aside all preconceived opinions, to forget one's own habitudes, and above all to speak the language of the people whom one wishes to study, otherwise is to travel like a trunk or a carpet-bag. But I strongly suspect that the English in general are an illustration of this aphorism of Alphonse Karr: "That nobody travels for the purpose of travelling, but for the purpose of having travelled." Is it not much more commodious in such cases and much less expensive to purchase a traveller's guide-book and study it? How many do not act otherwise! I knew a young man at Saratoga whom everybody called a millionaire, from the Southern States, who had never been in Europe, but he had effrontery, and had made a reputation for travelling with many mamas and young marriageable girls by recounting to them his impressions of Italy. Who does not know the Coliseum, the Bridge of Sighs, the Arno, the Place St. Mark, the Dome of Milan, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and the Bay of Naples? He knew his guide-book for Italy by heart, and his descriptions were truthful to weariness. I have a horror for beauties consecrated by millions of classical descriptions and the admiration of hundreds of centuries. What I like in travelling is the unexpected, the personal observations which I make; to penetrate into the minds of the people; to know them not as they feel when they are aware that they are observed (in these circumstances men are almost all alike), but in their *déshabille*, and to probe their consciences. What is it to me if you tell me that the English are stiff, arrogant, and exclusive; that the French are good soldiers and make puns; that the Spaniards are suspicious, play the castanets, and are smugglers; that the Turks have a tendency to obesity and polygamy; that the Germans are beer barrels in the morning and barrels of beer in the evening; that the Italians are given to assassination and to making macaroni, etc. All this I know, or rather it has been told to us too often for me not to know

it. Some travellers, through imbecility or bad faith in speaking of the plantations in Cuba, deny the assertions of the enemies of slavery by assuring us that the slaves on the plantations visited by them have a happy air, and that during their stay they had not heard a single blow of the whip. Happy tourists! Suppose that, instead of looking upon these joyous faces which smile in the presence of their master, you had had the curiosity to take off the clothes of these unfortunates and to examine their shoulders, you would have learned more in a few seconds by the view of certain scars badly healed, and perhaps wounds still bleeding, scarcely healed, than all your observations, founded upon your suppositions, had taught you.

On my arrival at Havana I forgot the distance I had just travelled, and kept on my linen clothes. The winter was truly one of the most rigorous that had ever been experienced in Havana. So on the day after my arrival I was taken ill, and was confined to my bed by a threatened inflammation of the lungs for three weeks. I was scarcely well when the Captain-General, Marshal Serrano, invited me to the Palace, and two days afterwards I gave a very successful concert; but the fatigue I experienced, after my long illness, caused a great irritation of the bowels, which rendered it again necessary to keep my room, and to diet myself. Two months after (on the offer made to me by the General-in-chief to place at my disposal all of the military bands)—I had, I say, the idea of giving a grand festival, and I made an arrangement with the director of the Italian company, then in possession of the great theatre of Tacon. He contracted with me to furnish his chief performers, all the choruses, and all his orchestra, on condition of having an interest in the result. I set to work and composed, on some Spanish verses, written for me by a Havanese poet, an opera in one act, entitled ‘*Fête Champêtre Cubaine*.’ Then I composed a Triumphal Hymn and a grand march. My orchestra consisted of six hundred and fifty performers—eighty-seven choristers, fifteen solo singers, fifty drums and eighty trumpets—that is to say, nearly nine hundred persons bellowing and blowing to see who could scream

the loudest. The violins alone were seventy in number, counter-basso eleven, violoncellos eleven!

You can judge of the effect. No one can have any idea of the labour which it cost me. The copying alone of the orchestral parts amounted to five thousand francs. There were two thousand pages of the act of the opera; for the 'Fête Cubaine' more than four thousand pages, and nearly two thousand pages for the Hymn. I was obliged to write the original score for all. Besides, I had to revise page by page the whole eight or ten thousand pages. I had in the last week such an amount of labour that I remained seventy-two hours at work, sleeping only two hours in every twenty-four. I was to pay a very heavy forfeit in case I was not ready at the time fixed in the contract made with the impresario of the theatre. "Notice to artists. To give a concert at the Tacon is equal to laying a plan for a campaign, to putting an opera of Meyerbeer on the stage, or to editing the 'Père Goriot' of Balzac; finally it is an immense effort, requiring a great deal of money, of time, of diplomacy, and muscles of steel in the service of an iron will."

My health for a very long time has been precarious, and it is very far from being altogether re-established. Excessive labour and change of climate have greatly tried it. I must not, according to the advice of my physician, encounter the cold of the North, which, during the past winter, has been excessive. In eight days I probably shall be at New Orleans, and I shall remain there only one or two weeks.

The heat here is already insupportable, and in spite of the efforts made by the opera, and two or three American circuses, nearly everybody has left for the country.

We expect from day to day the company of 'Zarzuela' (a Spanish opera), that Don Carlos Raya, the present impresario of the Tacon, has gone to Spain to engage, and which is to alternate during the whole theatrical season with a numerous and brilliant Italian troupe, which the same impresario promises us at the beginning of December. Until now I do not know anything definite about the *personnel* of this latter company. So many different artists are spoken of that it is impossible to foresee who will be chosen. Basseggio, Lotti, Medori, Tedesco have all successively been announced. The last number of the 'Journal

de la Marine,' of Havana, asserts that the whole four will come. This assertion is so much the more singular, as, besides these four prima donnas di Cartelle, Kennett, contralto, is already engaged, as well as Fanny Natale, soprano sfogato, and Agnes Natali, contralto. Total, seven donne de prime Cartelli. The tenors are Pancarri, Volpini (whose wife is engaged as second prima donna for the operas of 'Mezzo Carattero')!! and Testa, a charming tenorine, whose exquisite method makes up for the deficiency of a sympathetic but feeble voice. The baritone and bass are equally good. The choruses are to be augmented by four men and four women engaged in Paris by Mr. Raya. The orchestra will also be engaged there. The artists engaged for the Spanish opera are—Prima donna, La Latarre, La Nastariz, and La Santa Maria; tenor, Gonzales; baritones, Folguerras and Fuentes. The leaders of the orchestra for the two companies are six in number—a number which appearing exaggerated is nevertheless hardly sufficient for an audience that constantly wishes something new, and deserts the theatre on a second representation; 'La Traviata' is the only opera that has triumphed over the apathy of the public of Havana. Max Maretzek gave it twelve or fifteen times before crowded houses last winter, and nineteen times the preceding season.

It is a fact sufficiently interesting to be noticed that the ladies literally took possession of the theatre every time the posters announced 'Traviata.' On the part of the ladies were sobs, transports, ejaculations at each of the different catastrophes of the drama of Alexander Dumas *fils*, the sight of which was very amusing, and more than once excited the unbecoming laughter of the pit. La Gazzaniga, whose gestures and acting are somewhat violent and often exaggerated and adapted to a southern audience, had become two years ago the idol of the feminine public of Havana. The enthusiasm which she excited bordered on madness. The gentlemen threw their hats to her, the ladies their embroidered handkerchiefs and their bracelets. Two factions were formed, whose disputes, begun in the theatre, were kept up in the streets, and many times frequently threatened to become a riot. One of these factions took the part of Frezzolini; it was the enlightened and con-

servative party. The other for Gazzaniga was composed of the ladies and the young Havanese. The young girls were Gazzaniquistas or Frezzolinistas, and at the aristocratic balls of one or the other faction, the unfortunate dancers who belonged to the opposite party were mercilessly sacrificed. The dressmakers, the tailors, the confectioners, the cafés were partisans. The sign of one bore 'à la Traviata,' and all the Gazzaniquistas supplied themselves at his shop. Another, 'à la Somnambula,' and all the Frezzolinistas ran there. It seems incredible that human passions should be excited so violently by such ridiculous puerilities. It is certain that speculation took advantage of the general effervescence, and that great and rapid fortunes were made in a few months. At her benefit, Gazzaniga received from the public a lyre and a cup of massive gold in commemoration of the double triumph which she had obtained in 'Saffo' by Pacini and the 'Brindisi' of Traviata. The receipts were over twenty-five thousand francs, besides the jewels which were thrown to her on the stage, which were without exaggeration valued at from thirty to forty thousand francs.

La Cartesi, soprano sfogato, had fine success last year in 'Trovatore,' and particularly in 'Traviata.' The exuberance of her gestures and certain ultramontane exaggerations recalled Gazzaniga. She had besides the immense advantage of appearing beautiful on the stage. Nothing more was wanting to awaken the hatred of the partisans. The Gazzaniquistas adopted her. La Gassier, her happy rival, was sustained by the people of taste, and the strife recommenced. The authorities had to interfere, and the encore of pieces was prohibited. The benefits of both prima donnas were magnificent and fruitful ovations. Each of them received crowns of massive gold. The receipts of each representation were estimated at fifty thousand francs.

I have been to Cardenas to give a concert, the subscription for which had been secured to me in advance by the Philharmonic Society of this charming city, which is not more than thirty years old and is already reckoned among the most flourishing of the Antilles. Nearly one-half of the sugar of the Island of Cuba (nearly seven hundred thousand cases of sugar and one hundred thousand hogs-

heads of molasses) is exported every year from Cardenas. Its jurisdiction contains five hundred thousand souls and six hundred sugar houses. With such elements it must be one of the richest of the island. Her business is almost exclusively with the United States. Visited principally by the Yankees, whose activity, enterprising spirit, and industry agree marvellously with the necessities and character of its inhabitants, she is at the head of every enterprise and of all the progress which for some years past have transformed ancient Cuba, and made of her to-day one of the richest, most civilized, and most beautiful countries of the world. Perhaps the preceding statistics may be found useless and tiresome, but it seems to me, now that regenerated Spain has revealed to Europe all her resources, and again takes the rank which formerly belonged to her among the great nations, that it will not be without interest to many persons in the community to know the importance of one of the new ports of its principal colony. The theatre at Cardenas is only a provisional one, and but little worthy of notice. They are constructing a new one, which is only about one-third up, and has already cost one hundred and ninety-five thousand francs, and promises to be like the Tacon Theatre at Havana. The church is of the Gothic style, and has so much the more charm, as I am accustomed to the massive and heavy architecture which the talent of Herrera has made to such a great degree the fashion for the last two centuries. It is elegant and boldly supports two aerial clock-towers which, at a distance, give a picturesque effect by detaching it from the dark verdure of the cocoa trees and palms. The church and theatre are the two prime necessities of a Spanish American city. In the United States, when they found a new city, they commence building a hotel, afterwards a church, and finally the newspaper office. Given, the hotel, church, and political discussions, you have the existence of the Yankee. Immediately after the newspaper office comes the 'Lecture' or 'Concert Hall.' The 'Lectures,' of which French people can have but an imperfect idea, are essentially an American invention, and have become an imperative necessity for a people constantly occupied with popular elections, political or religious discussions, and public discourses on every possible subject.

The profession of lecturer is one of the most lucrative that I know of. Everybody speaks with facility, and with a certain eloquence that demands no special study.

My concert at Cardenas was a complete success, and I was enchanted with the enthusiastic reception which they gave me.

Decidedly my trip to Cardenas has taken fabulous proportions and becomes an Odyssey. Alexander Dumas would have made of it two large volumes of impressions. What still adds to its interest is that I am ignorant as to how it may terminate. I am writing in a railway carriage which is carrying me I know not whither, and whose jerks make my pencil describe curves, angles, and spirals charming to look at; they are very pretty, and afford the eye the same interest as the clouds in whose fantastic forms every one can see what he likes. The page which I have just finished almost resembles an Egyptian obelisk. Perhaps I may be told that jerks are not indispensable to the making of hieroglyphics. But the train stops: "Where are we?" At Marajas. "Where are we going?" We are going back! These questions and answers give me a little knowledge as to my position, of which I have been ignorant for the three days that I have taken, or nearly so, my residence in a train on the road from Cardenas to Havana, for it is well that it should be known (I should have commenced by it) that for three days I have been trying to return to Havana. Invited by the Philharmonic Society of Cardenas, who wished to hear me, I accepted with all the ardour which the desire of again seeing my numerous friends and a charming town, whose remembrance is connected with the happiest memories of my first voyage to Cuba, could give me.

The locomotive scarcely makes two leagues an hour, and advances with the worst possible will, uttering every now and then lamentable groans. Our conductor insists on explaining the bad conduct of the locomotive as resulting from the want of coal and the abundance of green wood. I myself, enlightened by three days of vicissitudes and tribulations, begin to comprehend what tears my ears and penetrates my heart. This groan seems to say to me, "Hast thou then no pity on my sweat and my fatigues? How

far wilt thou thus travel on the iron road? Dost thou forget that I have panted and have been tormented for the last three days, because I have indulged the fallacious hope of going to Havana?" "Alas," I replied, "poor sister in misfortune, our misery is equal. I also am the victim of my sanguine incredulity. I reasoned that, since the proverb says that every road leads to Rome, there was the stronger reason for thinking that the railroad from Cardenas to Havana must conduct me to Havana.

"An error, an illusion of my excited imagination. If not, what signifies the business I have been engaged in for the last three days? Tossed from station to station, from inn to inn, and finding myself further off than ever from the end of our journey! Do not complain, for if thy conductor only gives thee green wood, I endure the horrors of hunger, which has only been partially appeased by the lean breast of a venerable fowl which has been served up to us on the road."

After this dialogue between the locomotive and myself, I placed myself in a comfortable position for a nap, from which I was not awakened until my arrival at Havana, broken down, but happy for having escaped the dangers of a long and fatiguing journey.

CHAPTER II.

THE country of the Antilles imparts a voluptuous languor which is contagious; it is a poison which slowly infiltrates all the senses, and benumbs the soul with a species of ecstatic torpor. I shall never forget the two months which I passed at Caymito, in the interior of Cuba. I had just recovered from a serious illness; some newspapers, indeed, had mourned for me in very fine necrological articles. My two physicians, fearing a malignant fever, had prescribed absolute rest for me, and I was to pass my convalescence in the jurisdiction of Guanajay, near the Sierra d'Anafe. It was a vast plain, in the centre of which rose a large, square, modern building, having only a ground-floor, like most of

the Cuban houses. A friend of mine, who had intended to establish a sugar plantation on this land, placed at my disposal la casa del amo (the master's house), the only one yet built. Every sugar plantation invariably consists of the following buildings, which, for hygienic reasons, and for convenience, are identical: Casa del amo, which occupies the centre, and is isolated from the rest of the *finca*; casa del mayoral, the commandant's or manager's dwelling; casa del moleinda, the building which contains the steam-engine for bruising the canes; it communicates with the casa del calderas (boilers). Afterwards comes *el hospital* (hospital), *el corral*, in which the domestic animals are kept; and, finally, at some distance, las cauchos de la negrada (negro cabins). Every evening the mayoral shuts them up under lock and key, after having called the roll, and made them repeat the Pater Noster and the Ave Maria. Nothing of all this yet existed at my friend's. There was one house only, at which we arrived through an immense avenue of palms. A kind of wooden ascent of twelve steps led to an exterior gallery, a sort of Indian veranda, which is to a Cuban dwelling what a porter's lodge is with the French. From the gallery you look out upon the country; it is an observatory; visitors can be seen coming, and, in the distance, the negroes watched at their work. There, life is passed in the hammock or the butaca, in smoking, sleeping, in drinking coffee, and, above all, in respiring the air of the savannah.

To serve in the casa del amo, or to belong to the plantation, sums up the whole life of the negro. To serve el amo is the marshal's baton of the model slaves. By way of punishment, the negroes of the town, who have committed any peccadillos, are sent by their master to the fields, which serve, in a manner, for the galleys. The beasts of burden of the finca are infinitely better treated, and their existence less compromised than that of the poor slaves, obliged, during the grinding season, to work from eighteen to twenty hours every day, to brave the heat of the devouring sun, or endure the deluging rains without any other clothes than calico drawers. The mayorales, or overseers, treat the sick negroes in their own way. I do not know that they understand anything at all, but these gentlemen

have a passion for systems; then the consequences of these are disastrous. Leroi (a patent medicine) is generally the universal panacea most commonly employed. I knew at Santiago de Cuba a Basque (almost all the overseers of Cuba are Asturians or French Basques) who could hardly read, and treated all the sick with cold water. A large cistern in the middle of the cafetal was the only remedy in the house. I was present during a visit that I made there at the cure of an hysterical young negress, whom they threw twice a day into the basin. She struggled horribly in the water, and by a miracle was not drowned, not knowing how to swim. It is true that she died five days afterwards.

The house which I inhabited was at an hour's distance from the first cabins of Caymito. Throughout the vast plains and the fields of cane not a vestige of a habitation, a true desert for a league round; the mountains of Anafe in the horizon. Méry and Théophile Gauthier would have become mad in contemplating this paradise, in which an Eve only was wanting. Unfortunately, the only company of my Eden was a very ugly negress, who, every evening, after having roasted the coffee, bruised her corn in a hollow piece of wood, and recited the Ave Maria before an old coloured image of the Virgin, came and squatted down at my feet on the veranda, and there, in the darkness, sung to me with a piercing and wild voice, but full of strange charm, the canciones of the country. I would light my cigar, extend myself in a butaca, and plunge, surrounded by this silent and primitive nature, into a contemplative reverie, which those in the midst of the every-day world can never understand. The moon rose over the Sierra de Anafe. The crickets chirped in the fields; the long avenue of palms, which extended from the casa to the entrance of the plantation, was separated into two black bands on the uniform ground of the fields. The phosphorescent arabesques of the fire-flies flashed suddenly through the thick darkness that surrounded us. The distant noises of the savannah, borne softly by the breeze, struck on my ear in drawn-out murmurs. The cadenced chant of some negroes belated in the fields added one more attraction to all this poesy, which no one can ever imagine.

My thoughts flew away with the fumes of my cigar; my ideas became effaced, and I finished by feeling my brain benumbed by that delicious beatitude which is the extreme limit between sleep and life. I should have remained thus until the morning had it not been for the voice of Sereno, who came to tell me that it was *las once*—that is to say, the hour for retiring. I threw once more a last look on all this marvellous nature, and withdrew into my chamber.

Sometimes I read before going to sleep. Now and then a bat, dazzled, struck my lamp and extinguished it. The number of these little animals in the Cuban country houses is immense. The apartments having no ceilings but the roof itself, and being separated from each other only by partitions which are elevated about six or seven feet, the bats establish themselves there in perfect security. Every hole, every chink, every obscure corner conceals a nest. The enormous beams, particularly those that cross the structure of the roof, and which the equivocal taste of the natives covers with indentations by a cutting punch, seem, by preference, to be their quarters. As soon as night comes on, the noise which all this hairy and winged colony makes becomes deafening. I liked to follow with my eyes their wild flight, whose circles, always narrowing, had my lamp for their centre. I liked, also, their sharp little cry that peopled the immense depths of my chamber. Now and then I read. Unfortunately, the library included but four books, the invariable foundation of all the rustic libraries in Cuba, to wit, *El Buen Christiani* (The Good Christian), *El Manuale del Hacendado* (The Manual of Cultivation), and the *Médecine de Raspail*, translated into Spanish. I forgot *L'Oficio de la Santa Misa* (Office of the Holy Mass). There was little of variety and of relative interest, as may easily be understood. Thus it was a precious discovery which I made of a large folio, printed in the eighteenth century, with tail-pieces, blue and red letters, impossible engravings, and a preface by the Reverend Father Don Antonio de los Heros, Canon of Toledo, of the Holy Inquisition, of the Chamber and Private Council of His Majesty Charles the Third, deputed to examine the work by the Archbishop, and in which he declares that he has found nothing contrary to the commandments of our Mother the

Holy Church. This book contained the poetical works of the valiant and very illustrious (thus ran the title of the work) captain of infantry, Señor Don Heraclio Augusto José de los Angeles de Lobo e Ximenes. This brave man of war informs us, in an epistle to the reader, that "Mars had adopted him for his well-beloved son; that Apollo, in gratitude for the worship which he had vowed to the Muses, treated him as a spoiled child." Well, at last here is a sincere preface. One feels at ease with good Captain Lobo, who, in spite of the bullying airs which he takes on, is at bottom the most amiable of creatures. His casque has all the appearance of Membrino's helmet. His sonnets, when he does not turn them against the enemies of the proud Castilian, are the bouquets of Chloris. In the midst of all this burlesque rubbish I found some charming things, some pictures of manners truly striking, and some very minute details. A poem on the taking of Gibraltar, for example, where, swimming in the midst of Homeric denunciations, and of furious imprecations against the English, I discovered some very interesting historical facts of an undoubted character. I found in it the whole gallery of Gil Blas' characters. Whether Lesage has stolen or borrowed his work, he is certainly the only one that has made old Spain known to France. *Apropos* of Lesage, what most irritates the national susceptibility of the Spaniards? Gibraltar, it may be replied; or rather the witty, but slightly veritable gasconades of Alexander Dumas, *à propos* of Madrid. No! What has rendered, and still renders the Spaniards unhappy, is the usurped glory of the author of Gil Blas. I recollect a work which I read in Spain, entitled "Gil Blas, stolen and translated into French by a Mr. Lesage, and restored here to Spanish by a Spaniard, jealous of his honour, and who does not permit any one to ridicule his nation." Must not this Spaniard be slightly related to the illustrious Chevalier de la Mancha? Whether or not this be the case, it is almost certain that Lesage only compiled different works already published at Madrid, which, however, does not prevent Gil Blas from being an exact mirror of the Spain of the eighteenth century, and sometimes, also, of the nineteenth.

I embarked at Havana on June 3 for St. Thomas. On the 6th we were in sight of the coast of Hayti. The night began to fall. All the passengers went below. I remained alone. Leaning against the rigging, I contemplated the desolate country which opened out before me: High mountains whose angular peaks seemed as if they wished to pierce the clouds. Solitary palm-trees hanging sadly over the desert shore. A horizon whose lines were lost on a stormy sky. Altogether, and more especially the name of St. Domingo, seemed to speak to my imagination by recalling to me the bloody episodes of the insurrection, so closely associated with my childhood memories. When very young, I was never tired of hearing my grandmother relate the terrible strife which our family, like all the rest of the colonists, had to sustain at this epoch; the narrative of the massacre at the Cape, and the combat fought in the 'mornes' by my great-grandfather against the negroes of the 'gouiaves.' My recollections, drawn towards them by a mysterious affinity, rose one by one in a striking and lucid manner from the long-forgotten past. I again found myself before the large fireplace of our dwelling on the street 'des Ramparts' at New Orleans, where in the evening, squatting on the matting, the negroes, myself, and the children of the house formed a circle around my grandmother, and listened, by the trembling fire on the hearth, under the coals of which Sally, the old negress, baked her sweet potatoes, to the recital of this terrible negro insurrection. It was the same old Sally who, while listening all the time, spoke in a low voice to a portrait of Napoleon hung above the fireplace, and which she obstinately believed was bewitched because it seemed to look at her, in every corner of the room, wherever she might be. We cast fearful glances under the old bed with its baldachins, and drew closer together by creeping the one between the other, while my grandmother continued. I was without any doubt the favourite of Sally, to judge by the stories with which she filled my head. I was not tired of listening for the hundredth time to the marvellous adventures of Compé Bouqui (the clown of the negroes), and the knavery of Compé Lapin, whose type represents our punchinello of

Europe. We listened to Sally so well that we knew the whole of her *stories* by heart—with an interest that continues till to-day, and still makes me find an inexpressible charm in all these naive legends of our old negroes. I should like to relate, in their picturesque language and their exquisite originality, some of those Creole ballads whose simple and touching melody goes right to the heart and makes you dream of unknown worlds. To return to the recitals of my grandmother. One of my favourite stories was that of John bras Coupé, captain of the runaway negroes of bayou Sarah, who filled the whole of Louisiana with the report of his sanguinary exploits. He resisted alone, this hero of our savannas, all the expeditions sent in pursuit of him. Strange rumours were in circulation on this subject. Sometimes it was a detachment of troops that had ventured to the haunt of this brigand, who disappeared without any one being able to discover any trace of him. Sometimes it was the hunter, whose ball was flattened against the breast of bras Coupé, whose skin was rendered invulnerable by certain herbs with which he rubbed it. The negroes asserted that his look fascinated, and that he fed on human flesh. He was finally captured, and condemned to be hung in the 'square' opposite the Spanish Cathedral. He had been attacked by a terrible scurvy, and the infecting odours exhaled by his corpse two hours after his execution made them bury him, contrary to the law that condemned him to remain suspended to the gallows for two days. Sometimes Sally interrupted the narrative of my grandmother to exorcise a 'zombi,' of which, she said, she felt the impure breath on her face. We narrowed our circle, shivering with fright, around my grandmother, who, after crossing herself and scolding Sally, took up her story where she had left off.

I will not repeat the long series of misfortunes and of bloody episodes to which my family succumbed at the time of the terrible insurrection of St. Domingo. It would be too long, and besides is only the history of those of all the colonists of St. Domingo towards the close of the last century. My great-grandfather, the Count de Bruslé, governed at that epoch the quarter of the *petite rivière*. His family was

naturally one of the first against whom the bands of Biasson were infuriated. My great-uncles were all massacred. Their daughters and wives, fallen into the power of their former slaves, were put to death after having been subjected to the most horrible outrages. My great-grandfather escaped in the dress of an old mulattress 'woudou' (witch), his nurse, and ran, notwithstanding his seventy years, to place himself at the head of the colonial troops, where he was heroically killed. My grandmother saved herself, half naked and dying with hunger, wandering many days in the woods, being finally found by the captain of an English vessel which made sail for Jamaica. Can any one be astonished that the name only of St. Domingo awakens in me sombre memories, and that I could not help feeling an indescribable sentiment of melancholy when for the first time beholding this fatal land with which are associated so many grievous recollections? Our dwellings burnt, our properties devastated, our fortunes annihilated. Such were the first effects of that war between two races who had only in common between them that implacable hatred which each nourished for the other. Can any one, however, be astonished at the retaliation exercised by the negroes towards their old masters? What cause, moreover, more legitimate than that of this people in their agony rising in one grand effort to reconquer their unacknowledged rights and their rank in humanity? In contemplating at this distance of time which to-day separates us from the events of this memorable epoch, the work of regeneration appears to us purged from the stains imprinted on it by human passions. It disengages itself from the shadows which obscured it; the blood has disappeared; the stains are wiped out; and from the bosom of this world which crumbles away rises, sombre and imposing, the grand form of Toussaint l'Ouverture, the enthusiastic liberator of a race that nineteen centuries of Christianity had not yet been able to enfranchise from the yoke of its miseries. The greater part of the colonists emigrated to New Orleans (my grandmother, then very young, was of this number); a great number also to Santiago de Cuba, which is the cause that, now, even in many parts of the island of Cuba, French Creole is spoken in preference to Spanish.

St. THOMAS, July, 1857.

I have been here for fifteen days, and ought notwithstanding to go immediately to Venezuela, where I have been expected for six months, but as soon as the news of my arrival reached the Governor-General he wrote me inviting me to dine with him. I was recommended to him by the Ex-President, General Ech—— of the Republic of Peru. At the dessert his Excellency proposed a toast in my honour, and expressed the desire that I might be heard at least once before leaving the island. A subscription list was opened at the *table*, and next day a deputation of amateurs of the city came to offer me fifteen hundred dollars for three concerts. The last took place day before yesterday, ‘*la Marche de Nuit*,’ ‘*Valse poétique*,’ and the ‘*Banjo*,’ were encored. The event of the evening was a gigantic bouquet of roses and of cape jessamin, that two negroes, bending under the burden, came to present to me upon the stage in the name of the Chevalier de L——, a Genoese gentleman, a dilettante singer, and besides possessing also very uncommon musical erudition. The bouquet was not less than four feet in circumference.

The Chevalier de L—— has lived in this island for many years, and has built a mansion at the foot of the tower of Frederick Barbaroussa, on the summit of a hill which overlooks the harbour, and which was the haunt of the buccaneers and filibusters. Frederick Barbaroussa, their chief at Saint Thomas, made of it a veritable fortress, as its position rendered it impregnable. I found still there the cannons in the embrasures, and some piles of balls; nothing is more melancholy or speaks more to the imagination than these ruins, and some old arquebuses on the wall, and I acknowledge that I could not help feeling a certain uneasiness on descending the subterranean vaults, dug out of the living rock in which they shut up their prisoners of war. Several instruments of torture, and many skeletons of men and women in chains found at a small distance below the soil, which the porter of the villa showed us, recalled to the imagination the most sombre pictures of the bloody dramas which according to tradition have here taken place. I listened shivering at the recital which an old negro officer told me. He spoke in a low voice as if he feared that

Federico el Verdugo might still hear him. He knew the tradition through his father, who had it from another old negro whose father had known Barbaroussa. Every time he pronounced the name of Frederick Barbaroussa he lowered his voice and gave me a mysterious look by which without doubt he wished to make me understand that the spirit of 'Verdugo' still inhabited the tower.

The island of Saint Thomas is hardly twenty-five miles in circumference. The Danish government, understanding at a glance the advantage it might draw from the geographical position of this little island, have made of it a free port, owing to which it has to-day acquired a commercial importance which none of the large islands of the Antilles can now dispute with her,—Saint Thomas is to-day the exchange of the two continents—the market in which are bartered the products of the two worlds. St. Domingo sends her mahogany; Havana, tobacco; Cuba and Porto Rico, sugar; Jamaica, rum; Santiago, cocoa; Antrocuia, emeralds and gold; Venezuela, hides. All these are stored in vast warehouses, true chaoses, where are found all the products of Europe, from the muslins of Manchester and the silks of Lyons, to the bottles of Doctor Girandeaue of Saint Gervais. It is a species of fair to which twice a year all the peddlers of the two continents of Spanish America resort. The commerce in specialties is doubtless unknown, for everybody sells everything here. The perfumer keeps plow-shares, and sells English needles.

Europe in return furnishes her the products more or less reliable of her commerce: Nantes, the wines of Spain, and the hams of Westphalia; Hamburg, Erard's pianos; Cadiz, the oils of Aix; Birmingham, hardware; Paris, china crapes; Sheffield, Toledo blades, etc. etc. St. Thomas is a naval station of the greatest importance. Her port, surrounded by high mountains, affords a safe asylum to vessels of all kinds during the hurricanes so terrible in the Antilles. It is also the point of junction of all the English and American steamers, a network of which extends from Southampton and New York to the Isthmus of Panama, and covers the whole of the coasts of the Atlantic and Pacific as far as Cape Horn.

Unfortunately, the yellow fever rages cruelly at St.

Thomas. According to the official statistics it carries off more than one-third of the sailors who remain in port during the months of July and August.

On my arrival the epidemic was raging in all its violence. The authorities had taken the severest measures to prevent the boats from landing. The steamer was forced to anchor one mile out at sea. The marine hospital had been transported to the other side of the bay, and surrounded by a sanitary cordon to prevent all communication between the town and the port. In spite of all these precautions, two days after our arrival, our steamer had already lost seven of our men belonging to the boat, and three servants on board attacked with the same plague succumbed in a few hours. Another steamer leaving St. Thomas for Southampton at the same period lost during the voyage twenty-eight sailors and fourteen passengers.

My intention on arriving was to take immediately the schooner Isabel, which started for Venezuela twice a month. I remembered that Herz was not willing to venture a concert at St. Thomas, and I knew too well the great experience which my illustrious predecessor had acquired in the art of giving concerts, not to follow his example and 'burn' St. Thomas. The consignee's office of the Isabel was open, and I hastened there and took my passage. "The schooner will leave in two days," the captain said to me. How spend two days unless by visiting the environs on horseback? It is what I undertook to do. There is nothing so picturesque as St. Thomas. Figure to yourself one of those boxes of toys in painted wood from Nuremberg, with their polished white little houses with red roofs, and their trees of symmetrical foliage. Place the houses the one behind the other on three little hills, throw here and there clusters of palms and cocoanut trees, add a background of mountains like sugar-loaves, a foreground of neat, pretty dwellings coquettishly stuck here and there, a sky like that of Switzerland, a pretty little whitewashed fort, pierced for six guns, enabling the fluted breeches of six pretty little green bronze cannon to pass out, not forgetting the big German sentinel, sleeping or smoking his pipe, in his sentry-box, and you will understand the charm which detained me before this agreeable and peaceful scene. I staid there until

the beginning of evening. The night came on, I retraced the road to town, and I did not leave in two days.

Everything at St. Thomas wears an air of gentility and good nature that soothes the eyesight and the mind; especially in leaving Cuba where everything seems in a state of decay. The negroes are free at St. Thomas. The mulattresses seemed to me remarkably pretty—they have preserved the *tignon* (a sort of turban) of bright colors.

The fêtes at the Port de France, on the inauguration of the statue of the Empress Josephine, have been very brilliant. For three days the town has been literally overrun by innumerable strangers who have been attracted from all the neighbouring islands to witness the brilliant solemnity. The hotels were not large enough; some slept *à la belle étoile* (that is in the open air). I have supped with five English officers, who had hired for the night, from a retailer of liquors, the place beneath his counter. It was doubtless impossible for anybody to sleep—thanks to a crowd of invading colonists with whom it was necessary to dispute inch by inch the ground.

I had, tired of the war from the first night, abandoned the field of battle to them, and gone to walk, by the light of the moon, on the 'place' of the town—an immense square bordered with gigantic tamarind trees, in the middle of which was erected the statue of Josephine. This statue is cut out of one block of beautiful white marble. The attitude is simple and noble. The Empress, standing erect, holds in one hand the medallion of the Emperor, and with the other seems to indicate a point of the horizon through which her eyes seek to pierce. That point is the 'Three Islets,' the birth-place of the illustrious Creole.

The vessels of the government, the *Fulton*, *Lucifer*, and *Ardent*, sent to all the little Antilles to bring their governors, who had been invited, have returned with the deputations of the consul-general and governor of Guadaloupe, the consuls-general of Dominica, of Barbadoes, Grenada, Santa Cruz, etc. etc. A chamberlain of the king of Denmark represented all the Danish Antilles. The first day was consecrated by a banquet to two hundred persons, given by the island to her guests. The next day there was a government ball. Fifteen hundred invitations had been


given, that is to say, for four hours people crushed each other with a desperation the more inexplicable as the temperature had become insupportably hot. At supper the enthusiasm reached its highest point, particularly after a very happy speech in French, made by the English governor of Sainte Lucie. The scholars of the seminary were in the upper gallery, and at a signal from the governor of Martinique they sang the national air 'God Save the Queen,' which the French officers had the politeness to make them repeat in the midst of prolonged applause. Apropos of the scholars of the seminary I ought in passing to felicitate them on the manner in which they executed the 'Miserere' of *Trovatore*, arranged for military music, with solo for the saxophone, by their able Professor Don José Ruiz, a distinguished guitarist, who, after travelling and giving concerts through all America, has come to establish himself at Saint Pierre. The programme announced for the last day a grand concert to be given by Gottschalk. The consul-general had called on me to contribute by my talent to the success of the fête, which so far had been so brilliant.

I had accepted a subsidy of twelve hundred dollars, which had been voted to me by the colony for the expenses of a concert, and had asked the services of Madam Budan, a distinguished singer, an old pupil of the Conservatoire, who is better known in the profession, especially at Bordeaux, where she obtained about twelve years since great success, under the name of Madam Koska. All the governors with their staffs were present at the concert. In the middle of my piece 'the Siege of Saragossa,' under a full fire of chromatic grape-shot and deadly octaves, I thought of looking into the hall, where I saw the fine large head of an English major, red and snoring (the major, not the head) like a German humming-top. You may imagine the blow given to my *amour propre*. At the moment that the first cannon gave the signal for the assault of Saragossa, I boldly commenced 'God Save the Queen,' which I combined admirably with 'Partant pour la Syrie;' my big major started out of his sleep at the noise of the plaudits. The bellicose hearer, enchanted with the *entente cordiale* of these two themes, in spite of their opposing rhythms, recognized his national air, and, delighted at

hearing it, applauded wildly, and so warmly that I forgave him, and I even believe that since we are quite friends. Madam Budan sang the air of 'Charles VI.' and the 'Polacca' de Jerusalem in a remarkable manner, which brought down upon her warm and prolonged applause.

PONCE.

I have passed four weeks on the plantation of Mr. K. I there found that cordial and assiduous hospitality which has become proverbial when we speak of Plazuela. But what cannot be imagined is the grace, the distinction, and the cordiality with which Mr. and Madam K. do the honours of their comfortable 'mansion.' What charming souvenirs these four weeks, so rapidly elapsed, have left me!—the happiness this peaceful country life gives me! Solitude, for me, is repose—is the absence of the thousand distractions of this unquiet and giddy existence to which my career of nomad artist condemns me. In solitude I find in reveries and contemplation fertile sources of inspiration. Then I turn my thoughts inwardly; all my faculties are strengthened, and retake their originality, which the incessant contact of society, and the constrained friction of men, had occasioned them to lose. Only then am I myself. I collect my scattered thoughts in the silence; in the face of the majestic and imposing serenity of a beautiful sunset I listen to the interior voices that tell me marvellous things, which art seeks to translate into its language, but of which its most beautiful *chefs-d'œuvre* are but, alas, only the pale and distant reflections. For myself, who, from a sickly and nervous nature, have always had a propensity to melancholy, the stirring and noisy existence which the career of nomad virtuoso imposes on me, is that to which I have the greatest antipathy; thus, above all, I have enjoyed at Plazuela what I have been deprived of for so many years, the first of all joys, "not having to give a concert"—that is to say, not being obliged, at a fixed hour, to bestow a certain quantity of inspiration for the price of a few dollars, but to find one's self in the home-life of the family; that is to say, to have the heart warmed by the contact of good and amiable people, and to forget the thousand and one jealousies and miseries to which the talented artist is exposed.



At Plazuela I again met a distinguished and clever man, old Doctor B., whom I had already encountered in my travels, and whom I loved at first sight for his juvenile enthusiasm for poetry, and his enlightened taste for the arts. Frequently some visitors came from Manaty, Arecibo, or from some of the neighbouring plantations. The Doctor then recited to us some fragments of Racine. I played or improvised according to the caprice of my imagination; Adeline and Madam K. sang a duo.

I have found at Ponce the most flattering and most hospitable reception. Four concerts given at the theatre before a brilliant auditory, whose enthusiastic demonstrations testified their great taste for music, have more than justified, in my eyes, the reputation that Ponce enjoys. The ladies are charming, and dress with the most refined taste. If I was still at that happy period of seventeen to twenty years of age, when the brilliant illusions of our youth carry us with rapid flight on their variegated wings, when one glance only of the loved one, one grasp only of the hand, would have filled me with ecstasies, I do not doubt but that I should have fallen desperately in love with many of the charming creatures who graced the ranges of boxes in the theatre at each one of my concerts. But, alas! it is a long time—thanks to cares and to business that time has thrown in my path—since my heart has become deadened, and feels no more these tender emotions; so I am content with admiring, without desiring more.

ST. PIERRE.

The last political events at Barcelona (*La Côte ferme*) are of a nature to cure radically all artists who have the insane idea of making a tour there. There have arrived here within these last few days a family of Italian singers, named Busati, escaped by miracle from the horrors of famine, thanks to the intrepidity of a captain whose small decked vessel was able in the night to slip between the armed vessels which now close the mouth of the Barcelona River—the only and last entrance through which the unfortunate besieged hope to receive succour. The details which we have gathered are nauseating; they are dying of hunger in the town; and infants and women are being

killed in the streets by way of pastime by drunken soldiers. The American consul, barricaded in his house, supported himself and his family for a month on boiled dry peas, without bread or salt. The French consul, being so imprudent as to open his window, received a ball in his shoulder. Ten or twelve pretenders tearing to pieces, in the midst of every excess of a bloody anarchy, the fragments of that unhappy country. What a fate awaits all the foreign artists who insist on going to try their luck in the Spanish republics! The Busati family have found here a reception worthy of the sentiments of confraternity, which, although we say it, exists in the hearts of all artists. The Creoles are, of all people, the most hospitable and the most prompt to feel. The first concert of the Busati took place at the theatre. Madame Busati, a soprano *sfogato* passed to the state of soprano *sfiatato*, sang nevertheless in good style the cavatina of 'Attila' and of 'Semiramide.' It is too much to demand more of a singer who has been the best Adalgisa to Pasta in the best time of that incomparable Norma. Mademoiselle Busati sang with all the inexperience of her sixteen or seventeen years the cavatina of Betly and the Alla pollaca of 'Lombardi' by Verdi. She lacks warmth and method; I was almost about to say—voice. What, then, remains to her? There remain very fine black eyes filled with fire, which are not a slight compensation for all which she still lacks as an artiste. Mr. Busati, a baritone, an old *caricato* of the Italian Opera at Astor Place and Impresario at Caracas, has caused amusement in the Duo of El Turco in 'Attila.'

An opera troupe is very much wanted—the island demands it with might and main. The theatre of St. Pierre is very handsome. The subsidy granted by the town is fifteen hundred francs per month. It would then be possible for a director who understands his business, with some passable singers, to make not a bad speculation by coming to Martinique and to Guadaloupe.

I am urgently requested to procure a professor of the piano; a conscientious musician who knows, on pressing occasions, how to tune pianos. They will assure to him for two years twenty-five hundred francs per annum, and, according to all probabilities, he should be able to make

from his lessons eight to ten thousand francs. As a matter of course, this figure could not be attained without very great regularity and an assiduous activity. The expenses in this country in leading a regular life could not go beyond three thousand to thirty-five hundred francs per annum. If with this information some Parisian journal could disembarass me from the importunities of a crowd of music-mad fathers, and save from the miseries of the professorship at Paris one of those innumerable estimable artists whom the crushing prestige of great stars condemns to obscurity in a great theatre, but who takes again his rank in a more humble sphere, it would confer a great favour on them. The professorship at St. Pierre is represented by Mr. Maurice Z——, the able leader of the orchestra, formerly at Amiens and at Strasburg; Sikler, a violinist, that the bills of his first concerts, on his arrival at Martinique, presented to us as first violin of the King of Naples; Parnain, a distinguished violoncellist, formerly second prize of the Conservatoire, now professor of the piano and organist.

You who know the ban et arrière-ban of the pianists, come to my aid. Save me from these respectable fathers adorned with charming daughters who drum, in spite of common sense, the key-board from morning to night, and make me curse the day when I brought into the world the 'Bananier,' the 'Banjo,' and all the other exotic products which my concerts have brought in vogue in America. Every one makes me feel how much it was to be regretted that so many brilliant talents should be lost for want of a good director. Seriously, I have found among many young Creole girls an organization such as more than one good artiste might wish for.

I left Martinique with great regret. I have there also devoted and too warm friendships, not to cost me a great deal in leaving this good little island, so charming in its poverty, and whose hospitality had almost given me back all the joys which I had not experienced since I left my family.

A few days since I was present at a soirée given by Mr. L——, one of the most opulent Creoles. There was music; and I played upon a marvellously fine piano manu-

factured by my illustrious confrère, Henri Herz; this piano, which cost fifteen thousand francs, is a piece of furniture—a veritable *chef-d'œuvre* of Parisian industry; it is all of ebony, with mouldings of gilt bronze, chiselled like a bijou of Froment Meurice. But its exterior, beautiful as it was, struck me less than its qualities of sound, its crystalline limpidity, and the equality of its roundness like the voice in all its registers. I compliment the illustrious pianist and manufacturer on his work.

My health is good. I have for some months invariably commenced all my letters with the same phrase for the purpose of falsifying the absurd stories which have circulated, and still circulate, on my account since my illness at Santiago—stories which the newspapers of the United States and of Cuba hasten to publish with a great many commentaries. I wish to speak of my death. This sad event took place at Santiago three months ago. I was carried off in three days by a frightful attack of black vomit; it is the newspaper of 'Savana la grande' who tells it; but the 'Revue de Villa Clara,' without doubt better informed, makes me succumb to an aneurism of the heart, which I much prefer, the aneurism being much more poetical than the vomit. I have written to these gentlemen, assuring them that I am still alive, and requesting them to publish my letter when it reaches them. The newspaper 'Savana la grande' has already been at the expense of a lithograph of the "*deceased and ever to be regretted Gottschalk*," which it furnishes gratis to its subscribers. By what means, in such a case, can they make me return to life? As to the 'Revue de Villa Clara,' it had already announced to its *numerous* subscribers a superb coloured engraving, and a romance composed by an amateur of the town—the whole entitled 'Funeral homage to the bard of the tropics.' I understood what I owed to those who so much regretted me, and consented to remain dead for some days. I will not say anything about the music of the funeral romance of the amateur of Villa Clara, but the coloured engraving merits, from its originality of design and of colour, a very particular notice. The subject of it is allegorical. *The genius of music sheds tears over a*

*broken lyre and casts a black veil over a bust, which the 'Revue de Villa Clara' says is mine. The genius of music is muffled in a troubadour's robe and a pale rose tunic, with a most amusing effect, which recalls that of the Christ of the Cathedral of Burgos, which Christ, the sacristan assured me, when I visited the church in 1852, was human flesh, and had been found swimming in the river. They took it and carried it in triumph to the convent of the Franciscans; but it escaped from thence, and came to place itself in the little chapel of the Cathedral, to the right on entering, where you can still see it, by the help of the trifling sum of two reals which the sacristan demands to show you the miraculous effigy of the Saviour, and to tell you its very truthful history. I return to the engraving of the 'Revue.' The genius of music has his mouth open, and seems prepared to swallow a long serpent, which, after more mature examination, I recognized to be a black ribbon on which are these words, which the genius of music let fall in the depths of his affliction: "*Cruel Apolo lo mirabas con envidia y nos lo has arrebatado!*" I mean to preserve the romance and the engraving. Some newspapers of the United States have persisted, in spite of a letter addressed by me to the 'United States Courier,' in believing me still very ill. Notwithstanding what they say, I was never in better health.*

I have succeeded at Port-au-Prince and at the islands of St. Thomas and Porto Rico. I explored these two latter on horseback, and have gone over them in every sense. I have made some notes on what has appeared to me interesting.

CHAPTER III.

NEW YORK, February, 1862.

HERE I am again, after an absence of six years, once more in New York! Six years foolishly spent, thrown to the wind, as if life were infinite, and youth eternal; six years, during which I have roamed at random under the

blue skies of the tropics, indolently permitting myself to be carried away by chance, giving a concert wherever I found a piano, sleeping wherever the night overtook me—on the grass of the savanna, or under the palm-leaf roof of a '*veguero*,' with whom I partook of the '*tortilla*' of maize, coffee, and banana, and which I paid for on leaving in the morning, with "*Dios se lo pague*" ("God repay you"); to which he responded by a "*Vaya usted con Dios*" ("God go with you")—these two formularies constituting, in this savage country, the operation so ingeniously perfected among civilized peoples, which is called "settling the hotel bill."

When I became tired of the same horizon, I crossed an arm of the sea, and landed on a neighbouring island, or on the Spanish Main. In this manner I have successively visited the Spanish, English, French, Dutch, Swedish, and Danish Antilles, the Guyanes, and the shores of Para. Sometimes the idol of an ignorant '*pueblo*,' to whom I have played some of their simple ballads, I have stopped for five, six, or eight months among them, putting off my departure from day to day, and have at last seriously resolved to go no further; or, detained in a hamlet where the piano was still unknown, by the ties of an affection with which my fingers had nothing to do (O rare and blest affections!), I forgot the world, and lived only for two large black eyes, which veiled themselves with tears whenever I spoke of beginning again my vagabond course, again living as the bird sings, as the flower expands, as the brook flows, forgetful of the past, careless of the future. I sowed my heart and my purse with the ardour of a sower who hopes to harvest an hundred ears for every seed; but the fields in which spent doubloons are harvested, and the loves of spring-time again blossom, were not yet ready for the husbandman, and my heart and purse, exhausted by this double prodigality, one fine day were discovered to be dry. Then, seized with a profound disgust of the world and of myself, tired, discouraged, suspecting men (and women), I hastened to conceal myself in a desert on the extinguished volcano of N——, where I lived for many months like a cenobite, with no other companion than a poor fool that I had met in a small island, who attached himself to me, followed me

everywhere, and loved me with that absurd and touching constancy which one only meets with in dogs and madmen. My friend, whose folly was quiet and inoffensive, believed himself to be the *greatest genius in the world*. He suffered, he said, from a gigantic and monstrous tooth (and it was by this only that I recognized that he was insane, the other *symptoms* being found among too many individuals to be considered as an abnormal trait of the human mind)—a monstrous tooth which periodically increased, and threatened to encroach upon the whole jaw. Tormented with the desire to regenerate humanity, he divided his time between the study of dentistry, which he learned for the purpose of constantly combating the fantastic progress of his molar, and a voluminous correspondence which he carried on with the Pope, *his brother*, and the Emperor of the French, his cousin, in which he pleaded the interests of humanity, and called himself the Prince of Thought, and raised me to the dignity of his illustrious friend and benefactor. In the midst of this intellectual ruin one thing only survived—his love for music. He played upon the violin, and, a singular thing, although insane, he understood nothing of the music of the future!

Perched upon the edge of the crater, on the very top of the mountain, my cabin overlooked the whole country. The rock on which it was built hung over a precipice whose depths were concealed by cacti, convolvuli, and bamboos. The one who had preceded me had surrounded this lower ground with a parapet, and had made of it a terrace, which was level with the bedroom. He had requested to be buried there, and from my bed at night I could see by the moonlight the white tombstone at a few steps from my window. Every evening I moved my piano upon the terrace, and there, in view of the most beautiful scenery in the world, which was bathed by the serene and limpid atmosphere of the tropics, I played, *for myself alone*, everything that the scene which opened before me inspired—and what a scene! Figure to yourself a gigantic amphitheatre, such as an army of Titans might have carved out in the mountains; to the right and left virgin forests filled with wild and distant harmonies, which are like the *voice of silence*; before me twenty leagues of country whose magic

perspective is rendered more marvellous by the transparency of the atmosphere; over my head the azure of the sky; below the declivities, surmounted by the mountain, descending gradually towards the plain; further on the green savannas; then lower a gray point—it is the town; and further on again the immensity of the ocean, whose line of deep blue forms the horizon.

Behind me was a rock on which broke a torrent of melted snow, that turned from its course, leaped with a desperate bound, and engulfed itself in the depths of the precipice which gaped under my window.

It was there that I composed '*Réponds moi*,' '*La Marche des Gibaros*,' '*Polonia*,' '*Columbia*,' '*Pastorella e Cavaliere*,' '*Jeunesse*,' and other unpublished works. I let my fingers run over the key-board, wrapped up in the contemplation of these marvels, whilst my poor friend, to whom I did not listen, divulged to me, with childish loquacity, the high destiny to which he proposed to elevate humanity. Do you comprehend the contrast between these ruins of intelligence, that, like a clock out of order, strikes all its ideas at random, and the majestic serenity of that nature which surrounded me? I felt it instinctively, and my misanthropy softened, became indulgent towards others and myself; I was cured of my wounds, my despair vanished, and soon the sun of the tropics, which gilds all things, dreams as well as fruit, gave me back my vagabond life, strong and confident.

I again began to live according to the customs of these primitive countries, which, if they are not strictly virtuous, are, in retaliation, terribly attractive. I saw again those beautiful '*Trigueñas*,' with red lips, and brown bosoms, ignorant of evil, sinning with frankness, without fearing the bitterness of remorse. All this is frightfully immoral, I know it; but life in the savannas of the tropics, in the midst of a half-civilized and voluptuous race, cannot be that of a London cockney, a Parisian idler, or an American Presbyterian.

In the depths of my conscience I heard sometimes a voice which recalled me to what I was, to what I ought to be, and imperiously commanded me to return to a healthy and active life. But I had permitted myself to

become by the languor—the '*far niente*'—morally benumbed, so far that the idea of again appearing before a polished audience seemed to me, very honestly, absurd. For what good? I said to myself. And besides it is too late: and I continued to live, to sleep, to awaken, to run over the savannas on horseback, to listen to the female parrots coquet in the guava-trees at sunrise, to the crickets chirp in the fields of sugar-cane at night-fall, to smoke my cigar, to drink my coffee, to cradle myself in my hammock—finally, to enjoy all the pleasures beyond which the '*Guogiro*' sees only death, or, what is still worse, the feverish agitation of northern society. Here is the secret of the atrophy of the new Spanish colonies. Go then and talk of stocks, of *crédit foncier*, of exchange, to that sybarite, king of the savanna; who can live the whole year on exquisite bananas, on savory cocoa which he has not had the trouble to plant; who smokes the best tobacco in the world; who replaces the horse of yesterday by a better chosen in the first '*Caballada*' that he meets with; who, clothed with his linen drawers, sees the seasons succeed each other with a perpetual summer; and who in the evening, under the palm-trees, finds beautiful, dreamy girls impatient to bestow their love on him—who shall know how to murmur in his ears these three words, eternally beautiful, "*Yo te quiero*" (I love thee).

The moralists, I well know, condemn all this; and they are right. But poetry is often in antagonism with virtue; and now that I am shivering under the icy wind and gray sky of the North, that I hear discussions on Erie, Prairie du Chien, Harlem, and Cumberland, that I read in the newspapers the lists of dead and wounded, the devastation of incendiaries, the abductions and assassinations which are committed on both sides under the name of retaliation, I find myself excusing the demi-savages of the savannas who prefer their poetic barbarism to our barbarous progress.

Recalled suddenly to real life by a great grief, I wished to break all the ties that bound me to these six years that are lost.


It was at this period that Strakosch wrote to me, offering me an engagement for a round of concerts in the United

States. I hesitated an instant, cast a last glance at the past, gave a sigh, and signed. The dream was finished—I was saved; but who shall say if in this salvage youth and poesy had not been wrecked? Poesy and youth are by nature vagabonds; they are butterflies. Shut them up in the cage of reason and their transparent wings are broken against the bars of their prison. Regulate their flight and you take from them their scope and boldness—two qualities which are often found in inexperience, and whose loss is not always compensated by maturity of talent.

NEW YORK, February 15, 1862.

My first concert at New York, after six years of absence, took place on the eleventh. I played badly. I felt too much emotion for my fingers and my mind not to be affected by it. I recognized among the audience all the well-disposed physiognomies of unknown friends, who, during my long series of concerts at Dodsworth's Hall in 1855, had constantly encouraged and sustained me and contributed the first to the success of 'Marche de Nuit' and 'Last Hope' which I had just then composed. Richard Hoffman, one of the rare brotherhood of the piano, who has always given me proofs of good-fellowship, had lent me his co-operation to play my 'Guillaume Tell' and my 'Ojos Creolos.' Of all the pianists who have visited the United States, there is not one whose talent merits more esteem than that of Richard Hoffman. A conscientious artist, a perfect musician, a distinguished and modest man, he has arrived legitimately and without effort at the high position which he occupies. His taste and the moderation of his judgment have preserved him from coteries. He is neither the chief nor the instrument of any clique. He admires and understands the great dead (I mean the classics); but he does not conclude from this that he must kill the living who possess talent. He does not believe that in admiring Schumann, he is compelled to believe that Rossini is a fool. He comprehends Bach, but does not shrug his shoulders on hearing the name of Bellini. In conclusion, he is an artist and a *gentleman*.

My impressarios, Strakosch and Grau, having discovered that my first concert in New York on my return from



Europe in 1853 took place on the *11th of February*, decided to postpone my reappearance for some days so that it might take place on the *11th of February, 1862*—a memorable coincidence of which the public (whom it did not interest the least in the world) was informed through all the newspapers. A question by many of my friends: "*Why do you say such things in your advertisements? Why do you not strike out such ambitious epithets in your placards?*" Alas! Are you ignorant that the artist is merchandise which the impressario has purchased, the value of which he enhances as he chooses? You might as well reproach certain pseudo-gold mine companies for announcing dividends which they will never pay, as to render an artist responsible for the lures of his contractor. A poor old negress becomes, in the hands of the Jupiter of museums (Barnum), the nurse of Washington. Why, then, do you think you should be astonished at the magnificent titles which are coupled with my name?

The artist, once thus sold, belongs no longer to himself, but becomes the property of the impressario, who endeavours as he sees fit to heighten his value. His friends help him, and shout that he is of good quality; his enemies that he is trumpery, and worth nothing. The impressario being vulnerable only through the pocket, that is, through the artists whom he cries up, it is upon the latter that the blows fall; like coachmen who, every time they meet the horses of their rivals whom they hate, strike them with their whips, so it is upon us that the critics, who have quarrelled with the impressario, revenge themselves.

Thus far the press of the United States have treated me with great kindness, with the exception of two newspaper writers, one of whom is an old minister, who does not understand music, and the other an obscure writer, who uses his pen in the service of his personal antipathies. If they had used the one-hundredth part of the efforts which they have employed to prove that I am a fool, in acquiring, the one a knowledge of the art of which he pretends to be a luminary, and the other in correcting one or two pieces for the piano which he has published, they might have succeeded in arriving at an honest mediocrity, instead of remaining malicious nobodies.

I again met in New York with the same kindness ; time had not changed the old sympathies. Unfortunately, the systematic ill-will of some of my old detractors remained the same. Mr. H. continues to distil from his sourish little pen the personal spite which he pours out every week through his little musical drain, which, fortunately, has nothing to do with the musical world.

The 'Murmures Eoliens,' which I have just published, appear likely to have some success. They are encored at all my concerts. 'Pastorella e Cavalliere' and the 'Ojos Criollos' are always called for again. *Apropos* of 'Murmures Eoliens,' I am led by the chain of my recollections to measure the emptiness of human things. When, in 1853, I returned to the United States, which I had left eleven years before (at eleven years of age), my reputation, wholly Parisian, had not, thus to speak, crossed the Atlantic. Two or three hundred concerts, given in Belgium, in Italy, in France, Spain, Switzerland, etc., had given me a name; but this name, so young, was not yet acclimated in America. My first concert at New York was a success, but the receipts did not amount to one-half of the expenses. The second, given at Niblo's theatre, was a fiasco; in the two concerts I lost twenty-four hundred dollars. The excellent Wallace had offered me, with that good-natured kindness which was so natural to him, to conduct the orchestra, and Hoffman, the admirable and conscientious pianist, whom at all times I have ever found ready to oblige me, played with me two pieces on two pianos. In these two concerts I then lost twenty-four hundred dollars. It was a decided failure. Barnum then made me the offer of an engagement for a year, offering me twenty thousand dollars and my expenses paid; but my father had his prejudices (unjust) against Barnum, in whom he obstinately insisted in seeing only a showman of learned beasts. I refused. We left, my father and I, for New Orleans, my native city. My fellow-citizens received me in triumph. I was at that time the only American artist who had received the sanction of the European public, and, the national self-love assisting, I was received with an indescribable enthusiasm by the Louisianians, less, without doubt, because I deserved it—I already have said so—but because I was first cele-

brated in Paris under the name of the 'Pianiste compositeur Louisianais.' From my birth I had always lived in affluence—thanks to the successful speculations entered into by my father. Certain of being able to rely upon him, I quietly permitted myself to follow those pursuits in which I anticipated only pleasure and enjoyment. Poorly prepared for the realities of American life by my long sojourn in the factitious and enervating atmosphere of Parisian salons, where I easily discounted the success which my youth, my independent position, the education which I had received, and a certain originality in the compositions which I had already published, partly justified, I found myself taken unawares, when one day, constrained by necessity and the death of my father, hastened by a series of financial disasters, I found myself without other resources than my talents to enable me to perform the sacred duties bequeathed to me by him. I was obliged to pay his debts, which my concerts at New Orleans had already in part lightened the weight of, and to sustain in Paris a numerous family, my mother and six brothers and sisters. Of all misery, the saddest is not that which betrays itself by its rags. Poverty in a black coat, that poverty which, to save appearances, smiles, with death at the heart, is certainly the most poignant; then I understood it. Nevertheless, my brilliant success in Europe was too recent for me not to perceive a near and easy escape from my sad troubles. I believed success still possible. I then undertook a tour in New England. At Boston my first receipts exceeded one hundred dollars; at the second concert I made forty-nine dollars. I have not related that it was an hour before commencing a concert at Boston, that a despatch from one of my uncles apprised me that my father was in the pangs of death, and had just blessed me—singular and touching wandering of his great intelligence at the moment of his dissolution—in seven languages, which he spoke admirably. I cannot describe to you my despair, but let those who comprehend it add to it the terrible necessity of appearing in public at such a moment. I might have put off the concert, but the expenses had been incurred; the least delay augmented my loss. I thought of those to whom I had become the only prop; I drove back my despair, and played! I do not

know what I did on that evening. H—— thought it his duty, in view of my prostration, to make known to the public the circumstances in which I was placed. I need not say that Mr. X., who, from my first appearance, had not ceased to disparage me in his musical journal, continued to attack me after this concert, not permitting the great affliction which overwhelmed me to disarm him. Another newspaper had the melancholy courage to say that doubtless it was unfortunate that I had lost my father, but the public had paid a dollar for the purpose of receiving a dollar's worth of music, and had nothing to do with the personal affairs of Mr. Gottschalk—a logic which was more rigorous than Christian.

Throughout all New England (where, I am anxious to say, some years later I found the most sympathetic reception), there was but a succession of losses. A. S., in a newspaper, devoted a whole column to my 'kid gloves;' another to my handsome appearance, and my French manners. At P., after my first concert, at which there were seventeen persons, one editor gave a facetious account, in which he asserted that he hated music, but that mine was less insupportable to him, because, in the noise that I drew from my piano, there was no music. Be it as it may, I lost sixteen hundred dollars in a few months.

Killed by the gross attacks of which I had been the object, discouraged by the injustice of *soi-disant* musical judges, who denied me every species of merit, undeceived, disgusted at a career which, even among my own countrymen, did not promise the means of providing for the wants of my family and myself, I returned to New York.

My compositions continued to have a large sale in Paris. Then it was that I received a letter from one of my old friends and patrons, the respectable and old Countess de Flavigny, who afterwards was appointed lady of honour to the Empress Eugénie. She exhorted me to return to Paris, and held out to me the probability of my being soon appointed pianist to the Court. But I was withheld through bashfulness. It was painful to me to return to Paris, first theatre of my great success, and confess that I had not succeeded in my own country, America, which at this epoch was the Eldorado, the dream of artists, and which from

the exaggerated accounts of the money which Jenny Lind had made there, rendered my ill success more striking.

I had composed a few pieces, one of them of a melancholy character, and with which was connected a touching episode of my journey to Santiago de Cuba, that seemed to me to unite the conditions requisite for popularity. A publisher purchased it from me for fifty dollars, advising me to endeavour to copy the style of the pianist Gockel, of whom a certain piece—how I do not know—had just obtained a great run.

At last one day I played some of my compositions to Mr. Hall, the publisher. "Why do you not give a concert to make them known?" he said to me. "Ma foi," I answered him, "it is a luxury that my means no longer permit me!" "Bah! I will pay you one hundred dollars for a piano concert only at Dodsworth's Rooms."

Eight days after I played in this small hall (whose proportions are such that I should never wish to see them exceeded, as they are those that make the piano heard advantageously before a select audience) my new pieces, 'Le Banjo,' the 'Marche de Nuit,' the 'Jota Aragonesa,' and 'Le Chant du Soldat.' Its success surpassed my most brilliant expectations. During *five months* I continued, without interruption, a series of weekly concerts for the piano only, in the same place, without being forsaken by the public favour. 'Le Banjo' and 'La Marche,' and many other pieces purchased by Hall, were published and sold with a rapidity which left no doubt as to the final result of Hall's speculation, and which time has only corroborated. Everybody knows of the enormous edition which was published of 'Banjo,' and 'Marche de Nuit.' I then concluded a contract which assured to Hall the exclusive property in all my compositions for the United States. As Hall wished to possess my works anterior to those which he had just published, and having faith in my talent as a composer, he addressed the publisher of the melancholy piece of which I have already spoken, for the purpose of purchasing it. "Willingly," was the reply; "it does not sell at all; pay me the fifty dollars which it has cost me, and it is yours." This little piece was 'Last Hope,' of which more than thirty-five thousand copies have been published in America,

and which still produces yearly to its publisher, after a run of more than twelve years, twenty times the amount which it cost him. I have always kept at the bottom of my heart a sentiment of gratitude for the house of Hall, who first discovered that I was worth something; and from that moment dates the friendship which unites me to that family, and which time has only ripened.

But my ill-will towards those publishers who, when I stood in most need of them, continued only to discourage me, increased with my success. Returned to-day to New York, after an absence of six years, and in a position which I have conquered inch by inch, I revenged myself by refusing all those who approached me to offer, one five hundred, another one thousand dollars for one piece only. One publisher, the one who had first purchased the 'Last Hope' (a gentleman, I must say, toward whom I have no grudge), offered me one thousand dollars for my 'Murmures Eoliens.' This sum made me smile on comparing it with the thirty dollars, at which price I had offered in vain my pieces some years before. It then was gratifying to me to give a proof of my gratitude to General Hall, with whom my contract had expired. I sent to him 'Murmures Eoliens,' 'Pastorella et Cavaliere,' 'Ojos Criollos,' and many other pieces, asking him to fix the conditions of a new contract, which I was ready to sign.

NEW YORK, February, 1862.

What astonishes me is to again find New York, in 1862, at least as brilliant as when I left it for the South in 1857.

The majority of foreign journals give so opinionated an account of the events of our war that it is impossible, at a distance, to form an exact idea of the state of the country. For a year I have constantly read that *the theatres are closed; that the public finances and private fortunes are exhausted; that the North is a prey to famine; that the terrorism of Robespierre is revived by the American republicans; that they kill each other in open day* (I came near having a duel at Puerto Rico for having doubted this fact, which was asserted by a Spanish officer); *and that bands of incendiaries laid waste all our large houses.*

"Can you think of giving concerts before a public who want

bread?" one of my friends said to me, at Havana, on learning that I had decided to return to New York, and, although my national pride did not permit me to admit that they were right, I acknowledge, between ourselves, that I thought the same thing myself. Let no one tax me with exaggeration. I have still a newspaper in my possession in which a correspondent writes from the United States that the depreciation of our money is such that he has seen a workman, dying with hunger, offer a baker one dollar in paper to obtain a piece of bread. The number of these veracious correspondents increased in the direct ratio of our prosperity and the umbrage which the enemies of our government took at it.

There are but few governments which are not interested in the fall of the republican edifice. The least enlightened fear it; the more liberal are jealous of it. "*It is a fine thing in theory, but it is a Utopia,*" said a celebrated statesman to me. Unfortunately for the adversaries of democratic principles the thing so far seems possible, whatever they may do. The truth, carefully sifted by the organs of their press, reaches sometimes the people by fugitive gleams, which sets them to thinking. One understands that, under such conditions, they have profited by the clouds which may have obscured our political horizon, and which they have availed themselves of as an irrefutable argument.

When we consider the political importance and the commerce of the United States, the facilities of communication, the numerous works written on the country, we can hardly comprehend or explain the ignorance in which so many foreigners remain who are relatively instructed on the value of the three or four of the greatest nations of the globe. The Viscount Duquesne, a French Admiral, asked me, at Havana in 1854, if one might venture in the environs of St. Louis without fear of being attacked by the Indians. For many, the country remains the same as it was when Châteaubriand wrote '*Les Natchez*,' and saw paroquets(?) in the branches of the trees carried by the majestic floods of the Meschacébé (Mississippi).

The father of a talented French pianist, who resides in New York, wrote from Paris to his son some years since

to learn if the *commerce in furs was exclusively carried on by the Indians at New York!*

Her Highness the Grand Duchess of Russia asked me, in 1849, if Barnum was not one of our great statesmen! A great French newspaper made an army march in a few hours from Richmond to Charleston. I know that all this is so absurd that it appears almost impossible; but I do not advance anything which is not true, and which I cannot prove. There certainly is an intelligent class who read and who know the truth; but it is not the most numerous, nor that which is the most interested in doing us justice. Proudhomme, that vast and luminous mind, who always fights for progress, sees in the pioneer of the West only an *heroic assassin*, and in all Americans *half-civilized savages*. From Talleyrand, who said that "*l'Amérique est un pays de sales cochons et de cochons sales*" ("America is a country of dirty hogs and filthy hogs"), to Zimmerman, the director of the piano classes at the Paris Conservatoire, who refused to receive me without hearing me, because "*l'Amérique n'était qu'un pays de machines à vapeur*" ("America was only a country of steam-engines"), there is not an eminent man who has not spit his petty spite upon the Americans. Perhaps here it is not out of place to say that *le petit Américain*, refused as a pupil in 1841, was appointed in 1849 to sit as judge on the same bench as Zimmerman at the exhibition for prizes at the Conservatoire.

There is no doubt that there are immense lacunæ in certain details of our civilization. Our appreciation of the *beaux arts* is not always enlightened, and we treat them like parasites which occupy a usurped place. The wheels of our government are, like our manners, too new not to grate upon the ear sometimes. We, perhaps, worship a little too much the golden calf, and do not often enough kill the fatted calf to feast the elect of thought. Each of us think ourselves as good (if not better) than any other man—an excellent faith which engenders self-respect, but which often leads us to wish to reduce down to our own level those to whose level we cannot attain. These little faults happily are not national traits; they appertain to all young societies. We are, in a word, like the beautiful children, of whom Montaigne speaks, who bite the nurse's

breast and whom the exuberance of health sometimes renders turbulent.

I heard Brignoli last night in 'Marta.' This favourite tenor has still his pretty voice, and has preserved, notwithstanding the progress of an *embonpoint* which annoys him, the aristocratic elegance which, with his fine hair, and his handsome white neck, have given him so much success with the ladies. Notwithstanding the defects which his detractors reproach him with, he is an artist whom I admire above all singers, who are all, for the most part, uncouth. He understands music, and knows how to judge of a musical work. His enemies will be much astonished to learn that he knows by heart 'Hummel's Concerto' in *A minor*, which he studied when, quite a child, he thought of becoming a pianist, and which he still plays in a charming manner! He knows how to sing, and if it were not for his fear of the public, which paralyzes all his powers, he would be classed among the best singers of the age. Besides, he is careful of his toilet, which, among artists, is one of the rarest qualities, and which I place among the most brilliant of those possessed by Brignoli. I knew him in 1849, at Paris, at the period when, still quite young, he made his *début* under the amorous ægis of the beautiful Madam R.

My companion in the desert of M——, the poor maniac, has followed me to New York. He is wild in the midst of the bustle of a great city. He is an excellent man, a striking example of the part which circumstances have in the formation of what is called a man of genius. He is a great man spoiled. The stuff was in him; but fate had willed otherwise. Born at Guadaloupe of parents, one of whom was a negress, the other a European, his taste for music developed itself at an early age. He played on the violin when only eight years old, and learned alone to play the piano. He wrote verses, read Voltaire, Rousseau, and the philosophers, and had learned his alphabet alone. But, unfortunately for him, it was before 1848. Slavery still existed in the French colony, and he soon learned that the sphere in which he must move became more contracted on account of the prejudices of caste, as soon as he endeavoured to become free.

CHAPTER IV.

CHICAGO, April 14.

THE corps of General Wallace arrived here last evening. American industry is everywhere. The city of Chicago is almost on a level with Lake Michigan, and was flooded about five years ago. In certain quarters the yards of the houses had the appearance of little lakes. The whole of the city has been raised from ten to twelve feet. This has been done by means of immense steam machines which raise the house, foundation, and edifice without shaking them. Fremont Hotel, which occupies a superficies of nine hundred square yards, of cut stone, and six stories high, was raised eleven feet without any of its inhabitants being aware of it. Not the least shake; only, in leaving the hotel, instead of descending five steps to attain the level of the pavement, it was necessary to descend a dozen. The city of Chicago alone has at this time in her storehouses one hundred thousand barrels of flour, and five million bushels of grain. In a few days Lake Michigan will be navigated by more than one hundred strong vessels laden with the products of the West, destined for the seacoast.

MILWAUKEE (State of Wisconsin), April 15, 1862.

I have just seen, exposed in the shop of a tinman, a trophy of the Indian War. It is the banner of Ma-na-wau-na-ma-kee; in English, 'Great Hole in the Day.' This chief, who commanded the Sioux, became celebrated by his audacity, his astuteness, and his cruelty. (Since this was written, the Sioux have ranged the State of Minnesota, and have massacred eight or nine hundred of the inhabitants.) I have seen the portrait of a warrior who had himself killed *two men, six women, and eighteen children*. One hundred of these miserable beings have been shot, and forty of their chiefs hung. The trophy I have

spoken of is a long pole, terminated by a little ring, which makes it resemble a butterfly net; over the ring is stretched, like a tambourine, the skin of the neck, of the head—all the scalp, in fact—of another chief whom Ma-na-wau-na-ma-kee killed in battle. The hair of the vanquished, very long, and black as a crow, hung from the ring over the pole like the Turkish standards. The wind, shaking these long locks, caused the hundreds of rings of copper and silver, and the eagle feathers attached to them, to jingle in a very sinister manner. Every ring indicates an enemy killed and scalped by Ma-na-wau-na-ma-kee. What is frightful to behold, are the ears, the nostrils, and the gaping holes of the eyes on this human skin, the wrong side of which is covered with red and brilliant resin, which adds to the horror of this bloody spoil. I had a great desire to purchase it, but I was asked eighteen hundred francs for it—three hundred and sixty dollars.

Milwaukee is one of those Western towns of the United States which, born but yesterday, are built as by enchantment. Principally peopled by Germans (in a population of sixty thousand souls, they number forty-five thousand), it promises—thanks to the industry of this economical, laborious, and industrious race—to become one of the most flourishing depots for grain in the West.

It already possesses a Philharmonic Society, a theatre, a concert hall, and a magnificent hotel. Do not forget that we are one thousand miles from New York, and very close to the Indian territories. The cook of the hotel is a Bordelais. The good man is wild with joy since our arrival. He had not spoken French for ten years. He had heard me, it appears, on my passage from Bordeaux in 1852, and absolutely insisted on giving me a dinner, to which I invited my travelling companions—Brignoli, the tenor; Susini, the baritone; and the Maestro-Muzzio, the friend and pupil of Verdi. If you have ever been at Bordeaux, you must have retained the remembrance that they know how to eat there, and that the *ceppes à l'huile*, and the *rognons au beurre frais* deserve to partake of the glory of the Chateau Lafitte and Saint Emilion. I must add that our good Bordelais, true artist as he is, made it a point of honour, and I declare that the *salmis* which he served up to us were all simply incom-

parable. We have invited him (the proprietor cook) and his family to our concerts.

I shaved before the concert. My barber, while scraping my chin, assured me, with an important air, that I must be upon my best behaviour, for "*we have here a gentleman amateur of great talent.*" Mercy on us! who shall deliver us from these *amateurs of great talent*, whose species multiply and monopolize all the little villages of our planet?

Milwaukee is on the shores of Lake Michigan, which lake, by-the-by, is as large as the Black Sea, and has swallowed up, during the stormy season this year, forty or fifty vessels.

April 18.

At one of the stations, going from Chicago to Toledo, we found a convoy of wounded from the last battle—Pittsburg Landing. It is a heart-rending sight. All the ladies of the place are nursing them. The 'Miss Nightingales' multiply here.

April 19.

Yesterday the ice finally broke in the strait between Lakes Michigan and Huron, and permits the steamers of the Far West to return eastward. The West furnishes grain in abundance to the New and the Old World.

TOLEDO, April 20.

The rage of conversion, the fever of proselytism, which constitutes one of the characteristics traits of Americans, is discovered at every step where we travel. At the hotel we found framed placards in which the Reverend So-and-So very cordially invites his brother travellers to visit his church. Sermons every Sunday at 10.30 o'clock, 1 o'clock, and at 7 o'clock in the evening. It is to an American a great satisfaction to take to church his friend whose faith is doubtful. To him the excellence of his own religion is so clear that he has no doubt about the conversion of any one whom he takes to his church. It is a certain conquest, and he has saved his friend.

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HAMILTON, Canada, April 23.

English soldiers, jointed dolls all of a piece, very neat, but brutalized by the discipline and religious worship which the so-called liberal education inculcates on each Englishman for the hierarchy and the fictitious superiority of name and money.

The taste for music is not well developed. An officer very candidly said to me after the concert that the people were not satisfied. I ought to have played themes from the operas of 'La Sonnambula,' 'La Lucia'—in short, a London repertory; "that is," said he, "some true music." "You should have played some themes without ornament." Let us never listen to the public. We should hang ourselves in despair. At St. Louis, the wife of a judge said to me that I was deficient in charm; that my music was too learned (I had just played a transcription of the 'Miserere'); that I ought to play national airs—'Yankee Doodle,' 'Hail Columbia,' 'Dixie's Land,' etc. At Havana, Count O'Reilly discovered that I played too loud. At New York, H—— said that I played too soft.

April 24.

Composed a serenade for Simpson, on the words of a friend of Pond's.

April 26.

In the car I met Monseigneur the Bishop of Chicago (Roman Catholic), who was on his way to New York to embark for Europe. Mdlle. Patti had already been to see him to obtain the setting at liberty of her brother Carlito, whose name appeared in a list of prisoners from the South. The bishop lives in a beautiful building that overlooks the lake.

TOLEDO.

We took a carriage ride at Toledo with M——, Carlotta Patti, and a young German, a music-seller. I gave him a cigar. At the moment I was least expecting it, he was taken with nausea, and, *ex abrupto*, he unconsciously besprinkled me.

April 27.

At a station on my journey back to New York, a crowd consisting of women, of children, and a respectable old man, in mourning, awaited at the station the arrival of the train. The old man frequently wiped his eyes with his handkerchief. The conductor informed us that he was the father of a young officer killed in the last battle (Pittsburg Landing), whose body was expected, and was about to be received by his family and friends. The coffin will not arrive this evening. The old man, with the singular stoicism of his race, coldly inquired the hour of the conductor, and, when our train left, we saw him with his little company disappear behind a turn in the road. In the background we perceived the principal houses of a pretty little village, whose inhabitants seemed to be all in a state of excitement. What a sad thing is war! The sky is blue, the air bland, the verdure begins to appear! I never shall easily forget that poor old father, who, with trembling lips and eyes red with tears, thought that he concealed from us his grief.

Return to New York from Lockport, a journey of seventeen hours and a half. Lockport will be a very pretty town, but for the present it is only a village, notwithstanding its eleven thousand inhabitants.

Concert of four hundred and fifty persons, who appeared never to have seen anything of the kind before.

A short time since a young soldier of the Army of the Potomac was brought before a court-martial for having been found asleep while on duty. An example was necessary. Neither the age of the soldier, almost a youth, nor his good conduct anteriorly, could influence the judges. He was condemned to death. The President was informed of it, and, taking into account the irreproachable character of the poor condemned one, immediately sent a telegraphic despatch to the general-in-chief telling him that, in virtue of his power, he pardoned the young man.

May, 1862.

St. Louis is the capital of Missouri, and contains about two hundred thousand inhabitants. It is a dull and tire-

some town. Like all American cities of French or Spanish origin, it is composed of heterogeneous elements which have not yet amalgamated. Society is divided into separate cliques. The Catholics (old French Creoles from Louisiana), who, as I have already said, at the end of the last century, went up the Mississippi, and founded St. Louis, are in the majority, and are so much the more fervent, as the Episcopalians (Anglo-Saxons), also very numerous, are animated with the spirit of proselytism, and make a bitter war on them, which the others return with interest. The Germans (they are numerous here, as throughout the West) have organized a Philharmonic Society, which performs the works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Wagner. I was introduced to an old German musician, with uncombed hair, bushy beard, in constitution like a bear, in disposition the amenity of a boar at bay to a pack of hounds. I know this type; it is found everywhere. It should be time that many great unknown musicians should be convinced that a negligent toilet is the *maladroit* imitation of the surly and misanthropic behaviour of the great symphonist of Bonn, that it does not constitute a sufficient title to merit the admiration and respect of their contemporaries. Besides, soap is not incompatible with genius; and it is now proved that the daily use of a comb does not exercise any injurious influence on the lobes of the brain.

My concerts are not very profitable. We are in Passion Week; and neither the Episcopalians nor the Catholics go to concerts in the second half of Lent.

St. Louis is not a handsome city, so much is lacking. The streets are badly paved, and its buildings are irregular; but it possesses an interest for me, which none of the sumptuous new cities of our continent inspire me with. It recalls to me New Orleans. The names, even of the old families, are familiar to my ears. Indeed, a great number of the old French inhabitants of Louisiana ascended the river and took up their residence at St. Louis. I even see that the city was founded by an old Louisianian. I too often have present in my memory one of those stupid remarks of Trollope in his book on the United States. Thus, when he speaks of Baltimore, which he loves, he found in it an English air, and drank there excellent Madeira; but never-

theless let me be permitted to say, that to me St. Louis is a species of relaxation from the noisy isolation (!) in which I live, thanks to my respectable friend, Mr. B., at whose house I always find a home-like hospitality, and whose family circle always recalls to me the domestic hearth.

I have been to mass at the church of Father Ryan. The music rather gave me pleasure; notably a trio of men's voices, without any accompaniment, in which, to my astonishment, the voices did not seem ardently to wish to shake off the yoke of the tune to run at random into independent regions. The tenor, a German, I believe, reached *B flat* from the chest, which would have done honour to any artist.

Alas! why does the priest who chants the mass invariably think himself obliged to get out of the key? Music is the attire in which the words are clothed to do more honour to God. It ought, so to speak, to perfume the thoughts. When shall we understand that to sing falsely and through the nose is unworthy of God? That which is unworthy of our ears, is still more so of God. What torture is it not for the faithful who have ears to hear the whole of the Gospel chanted in a key lower than the organ accompaniment! The priest generally commences correctly, but lowers his tone insensibly. In spite of the organist, who gives him the key-note, he soon passes to a lower one, and insensibly would descend into the cellar if the litany did not finish in time.

Why give to God the prerogative of bad music! What! shall we in our concerts sing just and true, and sing false and badly to God? Understand that I do not wish trilling or theatrical expressions in the church, which shock me, and destroy holy meditation, any more than I would permit wit or frivolous elegance of language in pulpit eloquence.

Noticed in the choir of the church a tablet with this inscription—

“Donné par le roy de France, 1818.”

ST. LOUIS, 1862.

At St. Louis they gave a serenade to General Halleck, who came out on the balcony, and made a speech. He

announced, in the midst of an enthusiasm impossible to describe, the capture of the island and the fort which for three weeks resisted the flotilla of Commodore Foote and the army of General Pope. We have taken five thousand prisoners, one hundred and twenty-five cannons of large calibre, ten thousand guns, three generals, etc., and at the same time the bloody battle of Corinth took place, twenty thousand dead and wounded—a sad victory! and even sterile, since Beauregard has re-entered without molestation into his entrenchments at Corinth where he is protected by formidable works and an army of one hundred thousand men.

Last Sunday at St. Louis they expected, at six o'clock in the evening, the first arrival of the wounded from Pittsburg Landing (Corinth). Besides the ordinary hospitals, they have converted two or three of the most beautiful buildings in the city into hospitals for the same purpose.

At Cincinnati I saw a superb library and lecture hall of the Young Men's Mercantile Association. There are three hundred thousand volumes—all the French classics—I found there 'le Nord,' the 'Gazette d'Augsburg,' the 'Charivari,' 'Figaro,' all the illustrated papers of Europe, and all the great newspapers of the world. The expenses of this establishment are thirty-seven thousand dollars per annum, which is defrayed by an annual contribution of three dollars from each of the members. I saw there a superb bust in white marble by our great sculptor, Hiram Powers.

The commerce of Cincinnati is principally confined to lard and hams. Three or four millions of hams are forwarded from this, the largest city of Ohio, to every part of America. I have visited the principal slaughter-house, and manufactory of hams. An ingenious and gigantic steam machine seizes the poor animals, kills them, scalds them, cuts them up, cleans them, washes and salts them. All this is done without solution of continuity, and if you have the patience to go and watch the other end of the machine you will see them come out of it in the form of a ham, ready to be eaten, from the poor innocent pig who entered full of confidence the other side of the machine. Nine hundred hogs are thus dispatched daily!

May 25.

The news received yesterday, Sunday, of the defeat of Banks by Jackson has aroused the patriotic enthusiasm, which the rapidly succeeding victories of the last two months had weakened by inspiring an exaggerated serenity. The Seventh New York Regiment, composed exclusively of young men belonging to the aristocracy of that metropolitan city, leaves this evening for Washington. It numbers twelve hundred able-bodied men. Seven other regiments leave New York to-morrow.

The State of Massachusetts will send in a few days ten or twelve thousand more. They fear that the Confederacy, on taking the offensive, have a design of marching upon Washington. There was a riot yesterday in Baltimore. The people wished to hang a man who expressed secessionist sentiments. An imposing force of police guard the streets.

A bad business for me, who ought to give a concert there in two days. I very well understand how to fill the hall; but it is dangerous. It would be to announce that I would play my piece called 'L'Union,' and my variations on 'Dixie's Land.' In the first I intercalate 'Yankee Doodle' and 'Hail Columbia.' The second is a Southern negro air, of which the Confederates, since the commencement of the war, have made a national air. It is to the music of Dixie's Land that the troops of Beauregard invariably charge the soldiers of the North. At the point at which men's minds are now—the hall would be full of partisans of both sections, who certainly would come to blows. But I should make three or four thousand dollars. It is true that in the tumult I might be the first one choked.

May 26.

Superb concert at the Academy in Philadelphia. The passengers who left to-day (this morning) for Washington have not been able to get further than Baltimore, the trains having been entirely taken by the government for the purpose of transporting with the least delay the volunteers from the Northern States, who pouring in from all parts are burning to meet with the Confederates. This

evening the whole of the generals, majors, brigadiers, and colonels of the troops from the State of Pennsylvania have received orders from the State government to put all their soldiers under arms and leave in twenty-four hours. The State of Pennsylvania has already furnished one hundred thousand men, she will send from here in four days eight thousand more; the State of New York one hundred thousand men.

I have played 'L'Union.' Unheard-of enthusiasm. Circumstances gave to it a real interest which has been the pretext for a noisy and patriotic manifestation on the part of the audience. Recalls, encores, hurrahs, etc. !

If I had played it at Baltimore at this time when the effervescence is at its height, I probably should have been knocked down.

1862.

After having given fifteen concerts in New York, and eight in Philadelphia, I left for Baltimore and Washington. My impatience greatly increases as I approach the theatre of war. I desire, above all, to see the Army of the Potomac. The advanced lines of the Confederates are but a few miles from the Federal capital. From Philadelphia to Baltimore the route presented nothing new to me. It only recalled a trip which I made in 1856, from Washington to New York, during which myself and four or five hundred other travellers in the train were on the point of dying of cold and hunger. We were surprised by a great storm of snow, so furious that in a few hours the road was completely obstructed. We remained stationary the whole night. Our provision of wood and coal was exhausted; our food also. The cold became insupportable; the morning found us literally buried under the snow, masses of which were piled up above the doors of the cars. Our position was no longer tenable; our only hope was to see arrive, I think from Wilmington, the nearest town, a snow-plough, and a party of labourers. While waiting, hunger made its demands, children wept, the women cried lamentably, the conductor swore like an Irishman, and I myself shivered with cold. All this made a frightful tumult. Mounted on the roof of a car, I explored the country, which, as far

as the eye could see, presented the aspect of a gigantic cream-cheese on which a few flies had been caught. The country was intersected with ditches and brooks; it was out of the question for us to venture through the snow, the depth of which seemed prodigious. I saw at last a man in a sled, a quarter of a mile off. With my handkerchief and my arms I made a series of telegraphic evolutions, so violent that the farmer who drove the guardian sled stopped and made a sign to me to come to him, pointing out the direction which I must take to avoid falling in the holes or ditches hidden by the snow. After having disappeared twenty times, to be buried anew, on coming to the surface I arrived almost frozen at my guardian sled. My man gained a road, which he knew. In two hours I arrived at Wilmington, and forgot my sufferings before a huge fire and a slice of roast beef. As to my travelling companions, whom I left to get out the best way they could, for which I have many times accused myself for having abandoned at a critical moment, they arrived hungry and angry at nightfall.

The winter of 1856 was one of the most severe that had ever been experienced in New York. The bay itself was frozen over. From New York to Albany the Hudson was frozen so hard that wheeled vehicles ploughed the river for the distance of one hundred and fifty-five miles. One night, in returning from Brooklyn, where I had been to give a concert, our steamer was blocked by the ice at the falling of the tide, and I did not arrive in New York until six o'clock in the morning—that is to say, we had taken seven hours in crossing, what every day, under ordinary circumstances, only occupies five or six minutes. The boats which are used for crossing in winter are of iron; their prow is armed with a blade of steel, which cuts the ice and makes a channel through the solid surface.

At this moment the weather is beautiful. The sun floods joyfully the country. The green fields recall to me those of Escaut; there is not one irregularity. The river Delaware flows on peaceably. At every station I notice pickets of regulars. Every branch of the railroad line, and every bridge is guarded by posts of volunteers. We reach the

Chesapeake, the width of which is considerable in this place.

CHESAPEAKE.

Crossed in going to Washington 27 May, 1862. Spring-time. Health below zero.

ROUTE TO WASHINGTON.

I still notice pickets of regulars at every station; at every branch of the road, and at every bridge. I just have again a proof of that incessant activity of mind which torments the Yankee. We have in our car many individuals whom, by their appearance, I judge to be Western farmers. Our train stops to await the one from Washington; one of the farmers has profited by it to get out. I see him from here walking in a field alongside the road; he has dug with his heel a little hole, and he is about to study the nature of the ground. No doubt if he finds it rich he will think nothing of quitting his farm in the West to establish another in these latitudes.

The *adaptability* of the Yankee is wonderful. He is ready to set his hand to anything; to settle himself down anywhere if he sees the least chance of success. His imperturbable confidence in himself, an indomitable fund of energy, and we must also say a greediness for gain, which too often extinguishes every other feeling, explains his facility in adapting himself to all the circumstances of life. My music publisher, Hall, was first a lawyer; afterwards, by turn, a dealer in furniture, manufacturer of guitars, music publisher, piano manufacturer, member of Congress, senator of the State of New York, general of militia, and to-day he is to be found in his music shop, busy at work, making bargains, and selling my compositions. I ought to add that through all these numerous changes he has merited the esteem of his fellow-citizens by the incorruptible honesty of his dealings and the uprightness of his mind.

IN THE CARS GOING TO WASHINGTON, May 27.

Scarcely was the proclamation of the President published (in which he calls for reinforcements to defend Washington in case the Confederates take the offensive), than at once all

the soldiers of the Northern States are on foot. In twenty-four hours five hundred thousand men were equipped, armed, and on the march for Washington. The Federal army already amounts to nearly a million of men; with the reinforcements which they will receive from the National Guards, not serving as national troops, they might be valued at a million and a half.

Our train possesses a car, fitted as a kitchen for an excellent restaurant, which occupies the head of the train. A servant comes to hand to each traveller the bill of fare for the day, which is, *ma foi*, very varied and tempting. At Philadelphia, as in all the large towns on the route which had to be travelled by the troops on the way to the theatre of war, the ladies and young gentlemen have formed associations for the purpose of providing food for the different divisions at each of the stages. In the city of Philadelphia alone, the ladies have given two suppers and two dinners to three hundred and fifty thousand men.

It is needless to say that these succours are spontaneous and voluntary, since the government provides the ordinary rations for the troops.

In every village the ladies are enrolled as nurses, and I assure you that, on seeing at St. Louis the white hands that dressed the wounds of Halleck's soldiers, wounded at Pittsburg Landing, I have more than once regretted that my laborious profession did not leave me the least hope of being thus, one day, the object of these touching cares of our beautiful and charitable patriotic ladies.

3 o'clock P.M. At a branch of the railway we are stopping to let a train of soldiers pass us; it is the Fifth Volunteer Regiment of New York Artillery going to Washington. They exchange three enthusiastic cheers with us, and are out of sight, their train being 'an express.'

The restaurant boys pass through the cars with glasses filled with lemonade, ice cream, and cake. Decidedly, these Yankees are the only true travellers in the world. At St. Louis I was struck with the marvellous comfort of the sleeping-cars, in which, for one dollar more, a magnificent bed is prepared for you, with elastic mattress and pillows. The cars are so arranged as to enable them to give every

family the number of beds it desires. As soon as day dawns, they are again converted into ordinary cars. The mechanism by which the beds are made is most ingenious, and does honour to the inventive spirit of the Americans.

CHAPTER V.

WASHINGTON, May 30.

I WAS present at the rehearsal of a concert which is to take place at the Convent of the Sisters of the Visitation, during a fair for the poor. The convent, which the Lady Superior invited me to visit, comprises a small park, a monastery for the professed sisters, a concert hall, magnificent halls for study, and for the recreation of the scholars, large gardens, a beautiful collection of philosophical instruments, and spacious dormitories which hold one hundred beds.

The young girls who at this time are receiving their education here are nearly all from the South, and many of them have not heard from their relatives for nearly a year. A charity school and an asylum for the poor are attached to the convent. The kind reception which these good sisters gave me prevents me from expressing my opinion on their music, under pain of being horribly ungrateful. It may suffice for you to know that the only professor of music in the convent is an *English sister*, seventy years old, who teaches the harp, the piano (I was about to say the harpsichord), and singing, and whose compositions constitute the whole repertory of the pupils. One of the pupils, the daughter of General B——, who has taken New Orleans, and occupies it at this moment, has made in my honour an incursion into profane music by playing for me in a stormy manner ‘l’Orage’ by Lacombe and the fantasia of Ascher on ‘Lucrezia.’

Two hundred most charming young girls are present at this preparatory rehearsal. Some of them who had been to my concerts knew me. I had requested the Lady

Superior not to ask me to play, the fatigue of my journey and of my concerts forcing me to avoid all superfluous effort, but soon two of the sisters got up, and, calling to their assistance two young girls, who introduced themselves to me as being the daughters of General W——, Governor of Louisiana, requested me as a compatriot to satisfy the desire which the whole community had to hear me play.

On leaving, the Lady Superior presented me in the name of the scholars with a box containing some pieces of charming embroidery work, which I take precious care of in remembrance of the pretty white and rosy little fingers which worked them.

The convent is at Georgetown, three miles from Washington, on an eminence which overlooks the country. There is nothing more picturesque. In the chapel they made me take notice of a very fine tablet presented to the community by King Charles X. On entering the city we met a convoy of rebel prisoners and some wagons filled with wounded. This afternoon a regiment of volunteers from Rhode Island has made its entry. This regiment numbers one thousand two hundred men, and has answered, in three days, the call of the President, although they were five hundred miles off.

WASHINGTON.

There was at Washington a young English juggler, prestidigitateur, and professor of the piano. His lessons not succeeding, he took to travelling as a virtuoso prestidigitateur. His exhibitions of sleight-of-hand are embellished with piano forte variations—to which the name he has given himself on changing his profession (of Palmer he has made Heller) gives a certain interest, many persons thinking that he is the author of ‘*La Chasse*,’ while he has only become the rival of Robert Houdin.

It is asserted that Titiens and Negrini are engaged by Ullman for next winter, as also Ristori. The first two will certainly have great success. I have strong doubts about the last. Except New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, where there are many foreigners, Italian is unintelligible, and a course of Japanese would do as well as the tragedies



of Alfieri or of Pellico for an audience of honest Yankees. I hope Ristori may not be disappointed. The success of Rachel in the United States must not be considered as evidence of the taste of the Americans for foreign actors. Rachel had a name consecrated by a series of triumphs without example for twenty-five years. Her name had pierced the envelope of indifference to foreign art which is peculiar to Americans. Besides, everybody understands, or ought to understand, French, whilst the Italian, which is not a commercial language,—and for many Americans it is of no use except as it serves to scan the melodies in the operas of Bellini and Verdi,—is only a language *de luxe*, and is not spoken. Except ‘Io t’amo,’ which is proverbial, I doubt if among one hundred thousand persons out of New York, one hundred are to be found who can understand one phrase of what Madame Ristori is prepared to give them.

EN ROUTE FOR PHILADELPHIA.

Midnight, May 30. The battalion of a regiment which was in the last battle is just entering the station, covered with dust; some wounded officers are supported. We have just taken up at a station many wounded and sick. They are generally young officers belonging to rich Northern families. I have never in my life seen a more heart-rending sight than the spectacle of these heroic victims of our monstrous war. A young officer whose features, naturally handsome, are disfigured by wasting, enters the car, supported by two soldiers, sweating from fever and shivering notwithstanding the temperature of June; he is carried to his car. He is a living skeleton. I have since learned that the bursting of a bomb shattered his thigh. A convoy of wounded went through the town yesterday. The hospitals being full they were sent to the naval arsenal. They were so feeble that many of them had to rest frequently on the road. They were escorted by an immense crowd of children, women, and citizens, all anxious to give them marks of sympathy. The street boys offered during their passage to carry their knapsacks and arms for them.

The Opera House (Academy of Music) at Philadelphia is certainly one of the most beautiful in the world. It


holds very nearly two thousand eight hundred persons, comfortably seated. To-night the last act of '*La Favorita*,' with Brignoli, de Lussan, Susini and four choristers, and the second act of '*Lucia*' with Kellogg, were given. The four choristers all Germans. What pronunciation!

At Washington I had the whole diplomatic corps at my concert. They were all placed together in the first rows of orchestra stalls—Count Mercier, French Minister; His Excellency M. de Tassera, a distinguished poet, Spanish Minister; Baron Stockel, Russian Minister; Mr. Blondel, Belgian Minister; Chevalier Bertinati, Italian Minister.

I was to play the '*Union*,' a patriotic fantasia, in which I have intercalated the American national airs. The idea came into my mind to salute each one of the gentlemen by playing to him the national air of the country which he represented. This entered into the conception of my piece, enlarging the whole, its title being, as I have told you, '*The Union*.' I had the pleasure of seeing all these official countenances brighten successively as fast as appeared '*Partant pour la Syrie*,' '*La Marcha Real*,' Garibaldi's Hymn, '*God save the Czar*.' Not knowing the Belgian Hymn, I was satisfied by playing, as counterpoint, to '*Partant pour la Syrie*,' Blondel's air, '*O Richard, ô mon Roi*.' Mr. Blondel, the minister of Leopold—I was about saying the minstrel—whose taste for art renders his mansion the rendezvous of all the artists that visit Washington, found my impromptu to his taste, and rewarded me with some beautiful verses, which I intend to set to music.

LINCOLN.

President Lincoln is the type of the American of the West. His character answers but little to the idea which they have in Europe of a nation's ruler. Tall, thin, his back bent, his chest hollow, his arms excessively long, his crane-like legs, his enormous feet, that long frame whose disproportioned joints give him the appearance of a grapevine covered with clothes, make of him something grotesque and strange, which would strike us in a disagreeable manner if the height of his forehead, the expression of goodness and something of honesty in his counte-



nance, did not attract, and cause his exterior to be forgotten.

Lincoln is eloquent in his own way. He can speak a long time and utter no idle words. How many great public orators would be embarrassed to do as much! He possesses the three qualities which are required in our popular government—an *inflexible firmness*, an *incorruptible honesty*, and *good sense*, which make him find the natural solution of questions the most difficult in appearance. Brilliant eloquence, without good sense and honesty, is not only dangerous, but also of pernicious influence. Lincoln is essentially good and benevolent. He loves to tell jokes, and does it with a humour which is always very comical, but the salt is not always the *purest Attic*, if all the stories are authentic which are attributed to him.

June 3.

Gave a concert alone at Worcester (Massachusetts). Brignoli, Amodio, and Madam de Lussan are at Boston; they gave a concert there last evening; the whole weight of the concert fell thus on my shoulders. Played the *prelude in D flat of Chopin*, under the name of 'Méditation Religieuse,' 'Last Hope,' 'Banjo,' 'Union,' 'Trovatore,' and 'Murmures Eoliens.' Recalled several times. A crazy amateur, having a book of Beethoven's sonatas under his arm, came to seek me between the first and second part of my performance, requesting me to play an andante of Beethoven. I consented by playing that in A flat of the 'Sonata pathétique.' I had the satisfaction of seeing my amateur while I played, with his eyes fixed on the text, in the English style, to see if I made a mistake. Of all the absurdities practised by the Anglo-Saxon race in matters of art, this is what makes me suffer the most. Their manner of playing music is wholly speculative; it is a play of the wits. They like to see such or such chords solved. They delight in the *episodes* of a second repetition. "They comprehend music in their own way," you will tell me; but I doubt if that is a right one. Music is a thing eminently sensuous. Certain combinations move us, not because they are ingenious, but because they move our nervous system in a certain way. I have a horror of musical Puritans. They are arid natures,

deprived of sensibility, generally hypocrites, incapable of understanding two phrases in music. They never judge until they are assured that it is proper, like those tasters who do not esteem a wine until they have seen the seal, and who can be made to drink execrable wine imperturbably, which they will pronounce excellent if it is served to them in a bottle powdered with age. These Tartuffes of sound often commit deplorable mistakes. It is the Englishman before a picture, his look perfectly indifferent; seeking the number in his little catalogue, he takes care not to compromise himself by an impromptu judgment. He admires only when he is perfectly sure. His catalogue says, "*chef-d'œuvre* of Rubens;" he then lets go in all confidence the trigger of his false enthusiasm. He thinks, in good faith, he understands the *chef-d'œuvre*, because it is placed under his notice by a consecrated judgment.

The Anglo-Saxon race lack the pensive element, so indispensable in the arts. Patience, perseverance, laborious effort, excite their admiration. Then, again, they must find in music the stiff and starched gait, which they like in themselves. This is the reason of their rage for oratorios. They discover an air of great respectability in this music, which they do not understand, but which they listen to with comic gravity; saying, as for these bitter drops, of which they are amateurs, "they are excessively bitter to swallow, but assuredly they are excellent for the stomach."

Chickering has just had constructed, in one of his magnificent warehouses, a music hall, a perfect gem, which he graciously places at the command of artists who visit Boston. The hall contains nearly four hundred stalls. It is decorated in exquisite taste, with gold and white. Caryatides support the ceiling, which is of metal. It is admirably adapted for sound.

In the battle before Richmond, which commenced the 1st of June, the aeronaut succeeded in maintaining his position for many hours above the scene of action. He had carried up with him an electro-telegraph apparatus, the wires of which were attached to the quarters of General McClellan in such a way that our generals were instantly informed of the enemy's movements.

The Seventh Regiment of New York Volunteers, the

most aristocratic corps of the United States, since it is composed entirely of the sons of wealthy families, have taken with them, for a service of three months, their band of music. This fancy of millionaire soldiers will cost them fifteen thousand dollars. It is a magnificent military band, numbering more than sixty persons, all meritorious artists.

Mr. B., a furrier, who has made more than two hundred thousand dollars by selling beaver skins from Canada, and bear skins from the Rocky Mountains, has become almost a theatrical monomaniac. He is forty-five years old, with a small, sourish voice. He has a daughter sixteen years old, pretty, but singing false, and a wife forty years of age, who sings badly. With these elements he has formed an Italian opera company, in which he is tenor assoluto, his daughter prima donna, and his wife contralto. It must be admitted that his operas are got up regardless of expense; but figure to yourself 'La Traviata' by a merchant of otter skins and his interesting family! Their *début* took place at the Academy of Music. The eccentricity of the thing had drawn an immense crowd; all the rabbit-skin merchants strutted there. They applauded Mr. B., whose mimic was adorable, and all obtained a success in bursts of laughter. They were recalled. Miss B. managed to appear the same evening in four marvellous toilets, which cost, it is said, five thousand dollars. The father, B——, was dressed absurdly. In the first act he was muffled up in a troubadour's cloak, and funnel-shaped boots which reached to his waist, and gave him the appearance of a mock scavenger. Besides, he had not been willing to sacrifice to the demand of the stage a magnificent pair of whiskers. We are going to have in a few days 'Il Trovatore,' Madam B. singing Azucena. I have known people less crazy who were sent to the madhouse.

June 5. Second concert at Providence. All my pieces encored. Recalled three times. After 'Rigoletto,' the public opened a subscription in order to persuade me to give a matinée, on the 9th, for piano alone. I shall play six pieces announced in the programme, and six others left to the choice of the audience.

Tillman has taken the Academy of Music for one week, intending to give monster representations like those of Julien's in London. Miss Kellogg, Madame Hermann (the wife of the prestidigitateur), Madame Borchard, and Madame d'Angri, prima donna, are engaged; also, Brignoli, tenor; Amodio, baritone; Susini, bass. I shall play between the acts two or three pieces, and the evening will terminate with a seance of sleight-of-hand by Hermann, whose success in Spain, ten years ago, attained prodigious proportions. Hermann has just made a very profitable tour in the West; he is very adroit, and, above all, understands the difficult art of attracting the public. His wife sang at his representations; and I see by the papers that, at Chicago, St. Louis, and Baltimore, they gave with some success the 'Noces de Jeannette.'

PORTSMOUTH, June 5.

A charming little town; beautiful and clean. All the houses are of wood, painted of a virgin whiteness. The streets are lined with trees, whose foliage, meeting at the top, sifts the daylight, and makes them look like an alley in a park. Every house has a little garden in front, and a kitchen garden with large fruit trees in the rear. Our arrival was an event. A number of charming young girls passed before the hotel with the evident intention of seeing us and of being admired. They are very pretty, though a little provincial in their stiffness. At the station we met three or four hundred persons; there were numberless embraces. We learn that it is a couple just married and gone off on the consecrated tour.

This evening a concert at Portsmouth. Extraordinary enthusiasm. All the pieces encored. The hall is used on Sunday as a church. It is an amphitheatre. The "baby" show which Barnum has announced for many months takes place at the Museum. The public crowd there.

PORTLAND, Maine, June 6.

A magnificent concert—the most beautiful I have had for many years. I played admirably. Encored; recalled. The hall contains twenty-five hundred persons, and is one of the finest in the world for its acoustic properties. The

public are desirous that I should return and give another concert. Extraordinary enthusiasm.

SALEM.

Concert, Saturday, June 7. Much success. A small town. Before the commercial development of Boston, it had a large trade with India; now it is torpid. The old and rich merchants of Boston retire here. We remarked on our way to the hall a great number of young girls going and coming. It is the town library, and they go to change the books they have out for new ones. These libraries exist in all the United States.

Leaving at 8 o'clock, there remains for us the perspective of passing a Sunday at Salem. "Rather die!" said Susini. We hire a gigantic four-horse coach. It has the form of an English stage, and holds four inside and four outside. The weather is beautiful. The horses pace the road. We visit the Naval Arsenal at Charlestown. They work there by gaslight.

We arrive in the morning at 1½ o'clock.

'Madamina' of Don Juan is, at my concerts, almost always encored. Susini sings it with his beautiful voice. Is it the beauty of the music which is so sparkling that it attracts even Western audiences? "Yes, without doubt," the believers will answer me. How is it that, every time he sings it without announcing it, there has been a complete failure? Is that not sufficiently convincing? How, then, do you explain the complete silence of the public every time that Susini sung the barcarolle of Ricci's 'Sulla poppa?' And one day that the programme announced 'Madamina' Susini sang by mistake the work of Ricci. Wild applause from the amateurs, who were transported in thinking they heard the music of Mozart.

June 18.

Going to Providence, I found in the car Mason, the pianist, who is about to give a concert at the Young Ladies' Academy.

The country is delicious: a little bay very near New Haven; the sea on the right; nice sailing parties riding at anchor; a cluster of trees behind a pretty village; and a church whose sharp steeple seems to pierce the sky.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., June 28, 1862.

Visited a large manufactory of guns belonging to the government, where as many as twelve hundred rifles are made daily by a machine. Three thousand workmen are employed here.

NEWARK, June 30.

MATINÉE.

(State of New Jersey) Pop: 70,000. A remarkably active manufacturing town. It reminds me of Holland, the country being little or not at all broken. The Passaic River meanders capriciously and unrolls itself in windings. The country is so flat that one might think the little sail-boats were sailing on firm land among the tilled grounds.

BURLINGTON, Vermont, July 3.

A small town built on Lake Champlain. I have never seen in Switzerland anything more beautiful than the mountains which surround it. My concert had attracted many. Two steamers freighted with people from St. Albans and a train from Jericho have arrived expressly for the concert. Bishop Hopkins, of the Episcopal Church, was present. I played for him the prelude of Chopin's. After the concert he invited me home to take tea with him. The bishop is a charming man, and also an excellent painter. I remarked at his house a copy of 'La Vierge à la Chaise.' His wife and his sons and grandsons are good musicians, and I found a good piano. Near his house, on a hill which overlooks the lake, he has built a large boarding school, and a chapel in Gothic style.

EN ROUTE FOR MONTREAL, July 4.

I am happy to escape the noise of the 4th of July. I smell Canada, or guess it to be ahead. We take up at the station passengers who are recognized to be Canadians by their appearance, as also by the horrible French which they speak. It is a mixture of old Norman with the expressions of Molière. The Canadians are behind the age and ignorant.

10 o'clock. Arrived at Montreal. The train stopped at the station opposite Montreal, which, as well as the lake, opened magnificently on the sight. In the distance are splendid buildings, among which we must mention Notre Dame, a beautiful cathedral, with very fine steeples. We cross the lake on a steamboat. We are hardly ten hours in Canada, yet we have already met some specimens of that surly, conceited, egotistic type, of which the English only has (and it is fortunate) the secret.

FROM MONTREAL TO LA CHINE, July 5.

On the road I saw a tailor's sign, 'Hardes toute faites.' It is old French. Arrived at La Chine. Opposite, on the other shore, we see the church of a village entirely inhabited by Indians converted to Catholicism. It is called Coylm-awaggher. The church, whose small cupola is covered with copper, glistens in the sun like a minaret. The St. Lawrence is magnificent. We see some rafts descending the current, it is frightful to behold. They cut timber up the St. Lawrence, and, to avoid the expense of transportation, they attach the trunks of the trees together and thus let them float to Montreal. Two or three men, with long poles, direct this singular raft. It would make your hair stand on end to see these men guide them over the rapids of the river; the raft glances, rebounds, disappears amid the foam, and passes the rapids like an arrow. At the invitation of three officers of the Scotch Guards, we went in a canoe as far as Alvarge Island; two soldiers followed us in a boat with provisions. The daughter of Trobriant, Madam Stevens, of Boston, Colonel Reid, and two Misses Reid accompanied us. We sang in chorus the quartette of 'Rigoletto.' The large wild birds flew away frightened by our harmonious accents. Kam is the life of the company, as are also Captain Blair and Lord Dunmore. The peasants wear buckles in their shoes.

July 6.

Arrived at Quebec. Citadel on the top of a cliff four or five hundred feet high, that commands the harbour. The suburbs commence at the shore, but, to speak properly, the town is wholly on the top of the hill; it is reached by a crooked, narrow, and silent street.

At Montreal, 'l'Ange déchu' of Kalkbrenner is the object of attraction. The blind pianist Letendalè (French) is very polite to me. 'La Belle,' the organist (the Canadian names are very singular; I will give a list of them hereafter), paid me very obsequious attention. Lord Paulett, General of the Guards, was present at the concert. The pieces played in English at the theatre are translated from the French.

The cathedral is very handsome. The streets are crowded with priests, and Sulpician convents abound, there are sisters of every sort, sisters gray, sisters blue, Sisters of the Visitation, of the Villa Marie, of St. Joseph, etc. The old noble Franco-Canadian families have preserved the name of 'Seigneur.' Is it simply the translation of the English word 'Lord,' or a vestige of the Middle Ages?

I improvised with great success, at my concert, on the air, 'à la Claire Fontaine.' I heard them whistling in the streets several of my pieces.

The population is ugly and apathetic. Despised by the English, they return it in hatred and jealousy.

On the terrace at Quebec, I am five hundred feet above the bay, and at my feet the country is stretched out, producing a singular optical effect. I perceive the steeple of a church, its spire is thirty feet below me. I can cast my eyes into the courts of all the houses and look into all the chimneys. On Sunday afternoon it is the general promenade of the city.

The commerce of Quebec, much reduced, consists in timber, the forests being immense. The garrison consists of two thousand men. The churches, as I have said, are very numerous, and exercise a very great authority. Thus they prohibit the theatre, but permit travelling circuses, puppet-shows, and magic lanterns. I leave you to judge of the intellectual level under such a rule.

Everything reflects the sacristy in Quebec—dull countenances, sallow complexions, and thin women. The streets, the houses distil ennui. I see in the streets quite a number of young men in long, blue frock coats, with yellow piping, and a long green scarf around their waist. They have a pretended air of Seminarists, and the cut of the sur-

tout, which is too large for them, and the bad sleeves recall the cassock. These are pupils of the college.

The pronunciation of the Canadians is ridiculous and pretentious, the more so as they think they speak so well. Mr. Cauchon was the Minister of the Interior for some years. Those are called demagogues here who have not contributed to the subscriptions for the Pope.

J'aparrçouais ein via (vieux) homme près du bouis (bois), (Canadian pronunciation). Mr. Cauchon laughs very much at the ridiculous pronunciation of the Parisians, "Rachail surtout exagerait leu français et lui fésa régretta leu Canada."

"Ses louais" (laws) are local; England has nothing to do with them.

July 8.

Saw the interment of a sergeant of artillery, who was killed by a soldier. A detachment of the 17th Rifles of the artillery gunners, and one hundred sergeants, with the staff officers, accompanied the body, which was placed on a gun carriage. The music was singular. The drummers beat a roll which lasted one bar; then a rest for one bar, and a blow of the bass drum on the weak part of the bar; then a harmony of eight bars in the minor mode, played by flutes in minor thirds. It was melancholy and mournful, and filled you with profound emotion. I followed them for a quarter of an hour, not being able to tear myself away from the melancholy charm of this strange music. The sound of the bass drum in counter-time, the rests alternating with this lugubrious roll, the plaintive melody of the flutes, and the slow rhythm marked by the tread of the soldiers, produced an effect which I had never before imagined.

QUEBEC, July 9.

Review on the Esplanade. The troops are superb, and of fine appearance. The Governor-general walked in citizen's dress. The band of music is large, and has played 'Dixie,' which is very popular here, not only on account of its melody, which is very original, but because, being the air adopted by the Confederates, they are delighted in being able by this means of proving their sympathy for the South.

After the review, the band played 'God save the Queen' before the colours, which were escorted by a guard of honour and all the officers; afterwards, the national colours, accompanied by the band playing 'Rule Britannia,' marched the whole front of the ranks, the soldiers presenting arms, and the officers their swords. It was a magnificent sight. The immobility of the men was surprising.

Afternoon, 4 o'clock. Took the steamer to return to Montreal.

Obliged to play for the ladies; greatly applauded. A waiter, of whom I asked the time, answered me "ouiturécor" (8½ o'clock).

July 11.

Leave Montreal by the train for Ottawa.

CANADIAN NAMES OF PERSONS.

Abraham l'épine.	Lapin.	La fontaine.
Drôlet.	Lelievre.	Pain chaud (doctor).
Poulain.	Pigeon (grain merchant).	Robineau.
L'osier.	Franche montagne.	La chance.
Le hardi.	Rosier.	Genaut.
Casse grain.	La voie.	La vigueur (violinist).
Grenier.	Poirier.	Du charme (pianist).
Pas mal.	Le rose.	La belle (organist).
Canon (juge).	Pommier.	L'arrivée.
Beaupré.	Le meilleur.	

Lord Dunmore, a handsome fellow of twenty years, lieutenant of the Grenadiers of the Guards, amused himself a month ago, on board the Nesleville, of rebel notoriety, in trying to run the blockade. He was very near at first being taken by the Yankees; afterwards he was stopped near Charleston by the rebels, and was not able to justify himself. He amused himself, during his short captivity, by making sketches. I have smoked excellent cigars with him. Kam, a charming and very amiable fellow, is another young officer in the Scotch Fusileers.

July 11.

Arrived at Ottawa. They are building a house of parliament here which, considering the narrowness of the town, and the number of deputies which it is required to accommodate, give it the appearance of Robinson Crusoe's canoe. As in Washington the dwellings are scattered. It

is a city in prospect. From the station the convent of Gray Sisters, who educate young girls, can be seen. Its cathedral is handsome, and possesses an organ made in England at the cost of £1700 sterling. The Bishop is from Marseilles—his name is Joseph Guyges. There is also a college for young men kept by the Oblate Fathers; a very numerous order in Canada.

CHAPTER VI.

OGDENSBURG, Sunday, July 12.

I WAS walking on the border of the River St. Lawrence, whose tumultuous waters rolled like the waves of the sea. The 'Ballad to the Moon,' by Alfred Musset, was recalled to my mind on seeing the sun go down. His deep red disk drowned in the violet mist, appeared to hang balanced on the top of a church steeple, of which I had a glimpse on the Canadian shore. The night drew on, the air had a delightful freshness, and the streets were o'ershadowed by large trees whose thick foliage imparted an air of mystery to all the dwellings. A Protestant church concealed behind a cluster of trees attracted my attention. The sound of the organ and a hymn sung by female voices rose above the silence and calm of the night. Nothing could be more beautiful than this hymn; in spite of myself I was melted to tears. It was Sunday's evening service.

EN ROUTE FOR WATERTOWN, July 13.

In the cars was a crowd of soldiers and some Irishmen *dans les vignes du seigneur* (drunk). Decidedly I do not like the Irish; they are a rude, ignorant, superstitious race. Watertown is a pretty spot. My concert has taken place—a great success—received some bouquets. There are many French people living here, so many that a French paper, "Le phare des lacs," is published here.

At Watertown I found a singular type of Frenchman. He gives lessons in dancing, in French, singing, and fencing, and now and then is an impressario and an agent for

concerts. He has engaged Thalberg for four months, and has built a very handsome concert hall. He also raises horses, has many fine trotters, and offered me a superb one in exchange for fifteen concerts in Canada, to be given for his benefit; I have declined.

KINGSTON, Evening, July 15.

A fine concert and very great enthusiasm.

17th. A pretty town more animated than most of the others in Canada. Much enthusiasm at my two concerts. To go from here to Toronto we shall have to leave at 11 o'clock this evening by a special train, which the company have had the goodness to freight for me and my piano.

TORONTO, July 18.

My first concert under the patronage of Major General Napier. Some officers who knew me in Paris were present.

At the theatre 'The Marble Heart' was played, a translation from 'les Filles de Marbre.' Dion Boucicault, the prolific purveyor for the English theatres, is the most impudent plagiarist in the world. Not a comedy, not a French drama is published without his translating them and putting his name to them, and thanks to some alterations they become his own works.

BATAVIA, July 22.

Charming little town.

ROCHESTER, July 22.

Great enthusiasm. The musicians of the military band are playing under the balcony while waiting for me.

AUBURN, July 23.

Here is a state prison which contains eight hundred prisoners. Magnificent concert.

CANANDAIGUA, July 24.

In the cars three persons are reading 'les Misérables' in English. Everybody is at this time reading it. Canandaigua is a charming town on the borders of Lake Canandaigua surrounded by mountains.

In the middle of the town is a beautiful green lawn in

whose centre a large tree covers with its dark shadows a rough stone under which an Indian, one of the last occupants of the country before the arrival of the whites, is interred. He was an Indian Chief. Mr. Wood, who first settled at Canandaigua, was his friend. He was an old man who died many years ago. He had never failed during his life to paint with white every year the tomb of his friend.

GENEVA, July 25.

Geneva is situated on the lake, which is forty miles long and three broad. Immense concert—an inundation of bouquets. The shores of the lake are exactly like those of Lake Geneva (Switzerland) and its water is so cold that persons drowned in it never rise to the surface. I spent the day at the house of the Rev. Mr. Reed, a very well informed gentleman who keeps the college at Walnut Hill. He has a charming dwelling built of brown stone, covered with ivy and moss. I took a sail in a yacht on the lake.

July 26

On going from Geneva to the extremity of the lake (in a steamer) to take the train for Elmira, the most beautiful country in the world is seen. Young girls from a boarding-school are on board, each one has her basket filled with dainties. The mistress and her husband carry a basket filled with cold eatables. They were going on a picnic and left us at a charming little landing place. The thick tufted trees threw their branches almost to the water on the edge of the lake. A white little church pierced through the foliage of the hill. Shady ravines seemed to invite them to be seated. Decidedly these young girls have chosen a delicious place to pass a charming day and dine upon the grass.

ELMIRA, July 26.

Gave a concert, and (by the bye) have conducted myself badly towards the audience. It is true that the audience did not deserve better treatment.

OSWEGO, July 29.

Passed four hours at Syracuse on the road. A pretty good concert at Oswego. Found there the excellent Barry,

and his neat, pretty wife, as amiable as ever. Great enthusiasm. The commerce of Oswego consists in lumber for buildings, and all sorts of grain. Near Oswego is the greatest flour-mill probably in existence. Last year it ground 550,000 barrels of flour. I took a walk on the shores of Lake Ontario, which is a vast blue ocean. On my left a tongue of land, covered with thick shade, ran out into the blue mirror of the lake. On my right stands Fort Oswego, with its wooden wharf. I was on a steep cliff, about one hundred feet high, which looked out on the country around me.

ROME, July 30.

Neat little village, but I will, nevertheless, never go there again.

UTICA, July 31.

A charming town of 27,000 inhabitants. All the houses have in front a green grassplot. The streets are lined with trees, which give a park-like appearance to the town. Ivy covers the houses, and its festoons reach to the roofs, falling back gracefully over the windows.

They say that McClellan, under the influence of his old sympathies, and the memories of his comradeship with the Southern generals, who, for the most part, were his friends and schoolfellows, has not pushed the war as vigorously as they had a right to expect from him. You must recollect that Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War at the period of the Crimean war, and that it was he who first discovered the merits of Captain McClellan, and sent him to Sebastopol, where he made himself known by the sagacity of his observations and the depth of his judgment in the report on that celebrated siege which he made to his government. Others say that he is in favor of slavery, and consequently less hostile to the South than he is to the Republican party of the North; the party by which, for some time, the President seems disposed to be influenced. It is said that treason lurks in the highest region of our government, and that, obedient to the sympathies of the family, McClellan has revealed, at many times, the Federal plans before Richmond. I know nothing about it. So many absurd

and contradictory things are said that it becomes necessary to renounce an opinion founded on rumours, and admit only those probabilities which are approved by the strictest good sense and the most rigorous moderation.

CLEVELAND, Sunday, November 23.

It snows, it blows, the lake is furious; waves of muddy water rise up like mountains, and roll and spread themselves in sheets of foam on the shore, on which they first break with a crash. I hear their roarings in my chamber. Nothing can give you an idea of the gloom with which it inspires me. Sunday is always a splenetic day in all Protestant countries, but in Cleveland it is enough to make you commit suicide. Lake Erie is dangerous at this season; like all the great lakes of America, it is a sea, plus tornadoes of wind and the dangers of the coast, which are multiplied in consequence of the proximity of the shore.

November 24.

In going from Cleveland to Detroit we met in the car Madam Stephen D——, the wife of the famous Senator who contested the presidency with Lincoln, and made himself the leader of a great party. The beauty and elegance of Madam D—— have passed into a proverb, and are as celebrated as the eloquence of the Senator, who has been dead for nearly a year. She still possesses great beauty, appears to be about twenty-five years of age, although her intimate friends (alas! who has them not?) pretend that she is past thirty. Her strictly black costume; her bonnet, from which peeps out the widow's cap of white tulle, marvelously sets off the beauty of her complexion and the regularity of her features. She is a woman such as doubtless the Greeks imagined when they consecrated a worship to beauty, and, after having once seen her, it is more difficult to forget her than to have her always present to the imagination.

TOLEDO, November 26, 1862.

Nothing interesting. Audience stupid. In the Artist's Room there was a bill attached to the wall: "If, before commencing the concert; the performers do not pay the rent of the hall, the porter has orders from the proprietors

to turn off the gas." That does not give us a very high idea of the honesty of the artists who have performed before the Toledian public, or of the liberality of the amateurs of the town.

November 27.

Going from Toledo to Erie (Pennsylvania), on a seat near me in the smoking-car, some farmer, without doubt, played the fife. He studied conscientiously. His stock of music was limited to some Scotch and Irish airs. Only he played everything in F. I should have seen nothing amiss in it if he had not invariably taken it into his head to play B natural instead of B flat. At the beginning I was shocked, but at length I was singularly pleased with it. The obliterated note once introduced there was a fight between the C and F, which, by turns, seeming to dispute the possession of the singular and melancholy harmony, plunged me into a sleepy reverie. I saw unfolded before my eyes all sorts of charming things, without doubt, since they ravished me as long as my reverie lasted, but I was not able afterwards to recall them. The Scotch melodies are, according to my mind, those which have the most character; it is, in truth, the music of the mountains and of fantastic legends. I discover in it the reflection of the Scottish character, mystical, exalted, very superstitious, poetic, dreamy, and wild. Its intervals of a fourth, and the frequent employment of the plagal chord, the rhythm weakened by the absence of accented cadences, powerfully contribute to give them their character of strange melancholy and of twilight poesy.

ERIE, Pennsylvania, November 27.

Three or four days ago, being at Cleveland at the hotel Augier (the most frightful, filthy eating-house in the world), I was looking through the window and saw at some distance a small cemetery. A rector, to whom I had been introduced that morning, told me respecting this subject, that the cemetery had for many days been the theme of conversation, that every night for a week past a ghost took his pastime there, and adventured even into the streets. Some women were said to have seen it. The story appeared foolish to me, like all ghost stories. Nevertheless

I read in a Cleveland paper this evening the following article: "Last night two Irish servants met the ghost of the cemetery in Erie Street. The fright which these poor girls received has been such that one of them fainted, and the other has had a nervous attack, which still continues, and places her life in danger."

SANDUSKY, Ohio, December 4.

Small town and very strange audience. The applause here consists of whistling, which frightened Patti very much.

In the car where I have gone to smoke, I find myself in the midst of a mountain of trunks. I end by squatting down among them, from whence I hear the conductor say to his companion, "I have there two embalmed bodies!" Imagine what I felt!

ZANESVILLE, Ohio, December 5.

There were many soldiers in the audience. The hotel very passable, and the landlord did all he could to be agreeable to us. I forgot to mention a remarkable incident at Sandusky. During the concert a warrant of arrest for me because I had not paid the license to the town. "Very well! Let us pay the six dollars, and I do not go to prison." These things are amusing, and break the monotony of our existence. I had just finished 'Murmures Eoliens,' which the public had encored. I returned into the artist's room, and found myself in the presence of the constable. Oh! the instability of human things. On the one side glory, on the other the sombre dungeons of Sandusky. The Capitol and the Tarpeian Rock! Strakosch, the new Decius, has offered himself up, and, thanks to six dollars, has saved me from the horror of captivity.

December 6.

In going from Zanesville to Columbus, after seeking in vain for a seat in the smoking-car, I found myself in a car filled with men badly clothed and with long beards. I thought at first that they were recruits, but learned that they were prisoners of war, and had no more doubt on the subject on hearing one of them whistle 'Dixie.' Not hav-

ing any seat I was invited by a young and handsome fellow of twenty years to sit down alongside of him. He had an old torn hat and an old blanket on his shoulder. This young man was from Virginia, and, judging from his refined manners, belonged to a good family. His behaviour singularly contrasted with his tattered dress. They were all under the guard of three or four officers and soldiers of the United States. This sight was heartrending. One of the soldiers bought five cents' worth of pop-corn, and gave a handful to one of the prisoners, who shared it with two other companions. I wished also to give them something, but was afraid from fear of compromising myself. These poor unfortunates wore that air of indifference and stoicism which the miseries and sufferings of war have unhappily impressed on their countenances.

Is it not singular that Americans who seem to possess a clear and practical judgment and more than an ordinary power for understanding principles, as soon as they enter into the domain of the æsthetics of art, for the most part go astray, and repeat absurdities which their good sense should make them reject? I lately made these reflections on reading an article on Blind Tom, in a magazine remarkable for the talent of its contributors and the general tone of its articles. I refer to the 'Atlantic Monthly.' The author of this article, himself without doubt a talented writer, judging from his style, asserts so many errors and commits so many blunders that it is impossible for those competent in the art to permit the further continuance of the celebrity of Blind Tom, whose title to posterity, as a musician, is, I fear, as authentic as that of the old negress of Barnum to have been Washington's nurse. And, first, what would you say of an audience who should declare exact a repetition, made by a child from memory, of five or six thousand words which it had heard but once? You certainly would say, that an audience capable of verifying from memory such a long discourse would be altogether as phenomenal as the phenomenon itself. Nevertheless my hypothesis is based upon a discourse that is in words familiar even to the ears of a child, on matters having relation to human passion, to its interest, its affections, that is to

say, on things which all comprehend, know, and feel. But with Tom we have to deal with music, that is to say, an art whose subtilty must necessarily escape the profane. 'Tom,' says the author, 'repeats the piece from memory.' This is supposing, what is not proved, that Tom had no knowledge of the piece; what was the piece? If it was simply one of those known melodies with its invariable dress of variations consecrated by long usage, I shall astonish no person by remarking, that any child studying music and endowed with a good musical organism, does as much every day. If the piece is difficult and complicated, I absolutely challenge the competency of the public to judge the correct accuracy of its reproduction. The writer of the article will pardon me for telling him that he recalls to me an audience that I saw assembled, to be present at a most extraordinary thing that a mathematical phenomenon was about to perform, which was instantaneously from memory to resolve the most complicated problems. Mr. Ampère of the Academy proposed a most difficult problem to him. The infant prodigy gave him an answer, and the audience applauded with confidence to the skies. He might have answered whatever he wished, the honest people did not know a word of algebra, and ingenuously thought that what they heard was really marvellous. I will go further and affirm that 'Yankee Doodle' can be played in five hundred, six hundred, or one thousand different ways, provided the theme is generally preserved, without more than ten in the audience perceiving the least difference.

December.

Invariably at every concert a small note of 'Pattes de Mouches' requests me to play 'Last Hope.' The other day I received one composed as follows: "Mr. G., voudra t'il bien faire le plaisir à 36 jeunes filles de jouer la 'Dernière Espérance' qu'elles jouent toutes."

At Cleveland the cold is intense, the north wind blows, the lake roars. To complete our misfortune we go down to the 'Augier House,' where it appears that the old proprietor has sold out, and the new has not yet taken possession; we fall into an interregnum, that is to say, something

which is not anarchy, but not much better. Besides, the stoves are broken, and everywhere in the hotel we are frozen. The meals take place at such precise intervals and the discipline is so severe, that you are always too soon for dinner, or else come in when it is over, unless you stand on guard in the passage and push your way in at a given moment. We ask for the wine-card, an interminable list is handed to us, but it is not possible to obtain any of them. Nevertheless, we finally obtain a bottle of Lafitte, but not having any salad to dress, we think it more prudent not to drink it. In return the bills are swollen in the ratio of what we have suffered. On venturing a trivial remark, we are insulted.

MADISON, Wisconsin, December, 1862.

This town is hardly more than twelve years old, and nevertheless is already remarkable. The cathedral (Catholic) and the marble capitol are superb.

December 12, 1862.

Monseigneur the Archbishop of Cincinnati last Sunday preached a sermon of which this is very near the tenor. He is not a precisian and voluntarily practises tolerance, seeing that he detests above everything the spirit of Puritanism, but the theatre is to-day so scandalous that he can no longer close his eyes to the deplorable effects which it produces upon the masses. He glorifies himself for never having put his foot in such a place, and for never having seen a theatrical play. He has never even read a play of Shakespeare's, etc., and ended by recalling to his audience how much Bossuet condemned the theatre, and made allusion to the discussion of the Bishop of Meaux with an Italian monk. He recalled to himself, having heard that an actor who filled the character of a bishop in a theatrical play was struck with paralysis in the right arm during the representation—"a judgment of God," he added. Behold what is unfortunately the state of religion in the United States; it struggles with the convulsions of the Shakers; with the inspired; with the Methodist shouters of camp-meetings; with the Mormons; and the superannuated thunders of ignorant Ultramontanes. Since I have visited

Canada and have been able to measure the degree of brutishness to which the absolute reign of faith as understood by the Marist fathers and the Sulpicians can lead a people, I tremble, on seeing the Irish emigration increased in a ratio that threatens to overrun the whole United States; it is the saddest of all on account of the ignorance, the brutal instincts, and the blind and ferocious superstition of all the Irish. I however do not know which I should fear the more, the fanatics of the Bible or the fanatics of Rome. The Puritans are as rabid as the monks of the fifteenth century. They think only of proselytism, and of the propagation, in spite of everything, of their faith. Like all other fanatical sects, they have forgotten the spirit to attach themselves to the mere letter. In 1856, in the State of New York, individual subscribers had furnished more than one hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of printing Bibles! It is impossible to be serious in thinking on the results obtained by these immense efforts! Fifty thousand Bibles sent to China, six thousand Bibles to Chandernagore, five thousand little books to the coast of Africa—and in English. Is it not a monomania, and ought not this way of understanding religion to be cured by cold-water baths?

INDIANAPOLIS, December 15.

Alongside of my own chamber I have that of a major, who has been sick for two months. He is under an indictment for disobeying the orders of his superior. Four soldiers are on guard in the corridor, and two sentinels guard his door. The State of Indiana has a formidable party in favour of the rebellion. One of the soldiers coughed horribly. I offered him a lozenge, which has cured me of a cold from which I was suffering greatly for some days. He accepted it with thanks. At the moment of swallowing it, one of his comrades said to me, distrustfully, "Ah, ha! are you not a secessionist! We shall die soon enough without your coming to poison us." Poor unfortunates!

The snow has been let loose over the whole country that I have travelled through for the last two days (from Kentucky to Indiana). I think with heart-breaking of the wretched men in the field; of thousands of men without shelter, sleeping on the snow, and not having even a blanket.

I met at Louisville an inspector of cavalry, an old lieutenant in the Belgian Guards. He has already inspected in the three months he has been in Kentucky fifteen new regiments of cavalry. The personnel and equipage he told me are magnificent. Our artillery also is immense, and I do not believe that finer could be found in Europe.

For four days the telegraph has been giving us eventful news of a great battle which is being fought at Fredericksburg. The whole force of two great armies are engaged. The result is still undecided. The carnage will be frightful.

What singular audiences I meet with! You can imagine what the population of little towns must be, which, founded only seven or eight years ago, nevertheless give receipts of three or four hundred dollars, and sometimes more. The other evening an honest farmer asked me, before the concert, pointing to my piano, what that "big accordeon was." He had seen square pianos, upright pianos, but the tail bothered him. Eight or ten days since, at Zanesville, a charming young girl, and her honourable mamma, passed the whole of the concert in watching my feet. They did not know the use of the pedals, and saw in my movements only a kind of queer trembling, and odd and rudimentary steps in dancing which, for two hours and a quarter, afforded them an inexhaustible source of amusement. They were on the front benches, and greatly annoyed me.

What with difficulty I become accustomed to are the whistlings of some enthusiasts. Whistling is here applause carried to its highest point. Where the hands and the voice would be insufficient, they have recourse to whistling. Another annoyance is the people who arrive late at the concert, and who traverse the hall in the middle of a piece, marching as if they were marking time for a battalion of raw recruits. There are also those who talk during the concert, but as these last are not found only in the concert hall, I merely speak of them by way of memorial.

I live on the railroad—my home is somewhere between the baggage car and the last car of the train. Certain naturalists pretend that insects reflect in their physiological conformation the peculiar characters of the vegetation upon which they live. According to this (if this peculiarity of insects extends as far as pianists) I ought to have the gait of

a locomotive and the intelligence of a band-box. All notions of time and space are effaced from my mind. Just like the drunkard, of whom some one asked the distance between the Chaussée d'Antin and the Porte St. Denis, who replied, "ten small glasses." If you ask me what time it is, I will reply, "It is time to shut up my trunk," or "It is time to play the banjo," or "It is time to put on my black coat." These three events are very nearly the most memorable of my daily existence. I console myself by thinking that I am not the only one of my species.

CHICAGO, December 20.

I have just read in a Milwaukee paper (Wisconsin) that Richard Storr Willis, in his magazine of 'Once a Month,' announces that "Gottschalk is, it is said, about to marry a young lady—a millionaire—of New York." Permit me to assert that the news is not true. Receive the assurance of it, O my friends, with all the affliction which I have in giving it to you. No, alas! I have not this moment the least hope of ever attaining that oasis in life which is called marriage. I have not yet arrived at that blest haven, where after so many storms and tempests I might cast anchor, and my *fiancée opulente* is a myth, which, as I advance along the arid path of celibacy, becomes more and more fabulous. Is it not sad? and are we not worthy of pity—we old bachelors who, like stray travellers, see the fatal time draw near when we shall remain alone on the road of life? We must travel the desolate way which still separates us from the sovereign goal, without a holy love to partake our joys and our griefs, or a friendly arm to sustain us in our last hours.

Not being able to do better, I console myself by thinking on the muse, the eternal bride always young, always constant for those who love her, and whose chaste caresses defy the outrages of time. For her, there are no old bachelors, no wrinkles, no white hairs, no winter of life, but the perpetual spring-time of illusions. She sweetly sings in my heart marvellous things which ravish, console, and soothe my grief, and her seductions are as powerful at the close as at the dawn.

But I perceive that I have become pathetic, and after

having carefully driven back the solitary tear which curiously hangs to the balcony of one of my eyelashes, seeming to admire the lyrical sentence which I have just written, 'je reviens à mes moutons.' My marriage has been an old rumour for ten years, which makes its appearance periodically by changing, only to rejuvenate itself, the initial of the myth to whom I am engaged.

Between South America and the United States it has so often been said that I was married or dead, that if only one-half of the deadly and matrimonial events, of which they have made me the hero, were realized, I should have had the fortune of half-a-dozen funereal shows, and should have been obliged long since to emigrate to Utah to avoid certain nice susceptibilities of our modern legislation.

These apocryphal marriages recall to me the poor devil of a dervish in an Arab tale, who, with empty stomach and purse, was invited to dine *tête-à-tête* with an opulent nobleman, but of capricious disposition, at Bagdad. The table was sumptuous, the crystal sparkling, and vessels of gold and silver covered it in profusion. The master of the house did the honors magnificently. "This salmis de faisan is delicious, permit me to offer you some. Taste of this wine of Schiraz, it is exquisite; these figs of Damascus are divine," repeated the master of the feast as he presented the plates and decanters to him.

Salmis de faisan, figs from Damascus, and wine from Schiraz! The devil, you will say, this lord of Bagdad prepared good things, and your dervish is a fortunate fellow! Do not be too hasty in your judgment, and, above all, do not interrupt me any more; on which I proceed.

Far from being fortunate my dervish is suffering the tortures of Tantalus, seeing that the plates and decanters contain nothing, which, however, does not prevent the host from pretending to taste the one and to relish the emptiness of the others. The dervish awaits with anxiety the arrival of each new dish hoping to be more fortunate, but the courses succeed each other in the midst of all the usual ceremonies of a great feast without the shadow of any food appearing, and the poor dervish leaves the table, his spirit saturated with the gastronomic vapours of this imaginary

repast, but with empty stomach and more hungry than ever.

I am the dervish and the newspapers which marry me to fanciful young heiresses are so many opulent noblemen of Bagdad, and you will discover the moral to my cost without my assistance, and as I shall be accused of writing without any reason what possesses as little substance as the repast offered to the dervish, I hasten to speak about my concerts at Chicago, which have been very substantial as to the receipts. I have given there four concerts, and must return there to-morrow to give the fifth and last. Chicago, of all the Western cities, is the one which most resembles New York. It is animated and flourishing, one feels that it is young, full of sap, and asks nothing better than to enjoy life. It possesses taste and enthusiasm, I think of a higher standard than all the other cities in this section of country. What I also prefer in it is that it is exempt from that provincialism which one feels the more in proportion as one leaves the intellectual focus of the United States.

The ladies wear here beautiful furs. The commerce in furs is considerable. They come by land from the Russian possessions in America. The ladies who always possess a fertile inventive genius when it concerns their clothing, have found means to render their enormous fur bonnets graceful, in which they muffle themselves this winter. These hats remind me of the skin cap of the drum-major, but flatter and terminating in a kind of fox's tail which hangs over the neck.

The stores are immense. In one block alone I counted five fashionable warehouses which are each five stories high and employ from eighty to one hundred clerks. The small merchants from the interior of the territories among the Mormons come here at the beginning of winter to make their purchases.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has 60,000 inhabitants, splendid residences, parks, marble fountains, etc. A female furrier paid me a visit. She is the daughter of the Comtesse de ——. On learning that I knew the Grande Duchesse Anne de Russie she however became more reserved, and I thought she was afraid that I might discover that her title, of which she makes here a great display, is not as legitimate

as her Alsatian accent which she in vain sought to conceal. It is remarkable that almost all the Russians who are in America are Counts, just as almost all the musicians who abound in the United States are nephews of Spohr and Mendelssohn.

CHAPTER VII.

NEW YORK, December, 1862.

I HAVE just finished (it is hardly two hours since I have arrived in New York) my last tour of concerts for this season. I have given eighty-five concerts in four months and a half. I have travelled fifteen thousand miles on the railroad. At St. Louis I gave seven concerts in six days; at Chicago, five in four days. A few weeks more in this way and I should have become an idiot! Eighteen hours a day on the railroad! Arrive at seven o'clock in the evening, eat with all speed, appear at eight o'clock before the public. The last note finished, rush quickly for my luggage, and *en route* until next day to recommence always the same thing! I have become stupid with it. I have the appearance of an automaton under the influence of a voltaic pile. My fingers move on the keyboard with feverish heat, and for the moment it is not possible for me to hear the music, without experiencing something of the sensation of that hero of Alexander Dumas *fil's*, condemned for one month to eat nothing but pigeon. The sight of a piano sets my hair on end like the victim in presence of the wheel on which he is about to be tortured. Whilst my fingers are thus moving, my thought is elsewhere. Happier than my poor machine, it traverses the field, and sees again those dear Antilles, where I gave tranquilly a little concert every two or three months comfortably, without fatiguing myself, where I slept for weeks the sleep of the spirit, so delicious, so poetical, in the midst of the voluptuous and enervating atmosphere of those happy lands of the 'Dolce far niente,' whose lazy breezes murmuring softly bear on their wings the languid and distant harmonies of the country, and whose

quiet and dreamy birds seem never to arouse from the contemplation of all the marvels of this terrestrial paradise except to love and to sleep. What an awakening for me after five years of this tropical gypsy life!

The libertines please themselves with peopling their paradise with a crowd of imaginary houris. I do not imagine mine except under the express prohibition of giving a concert under the penalty of being precipitated into purgatory. By way of retaliation hell ought to be the general entrepôt for all the harpsichords little and great, past and future. This perspective freezes me with terror.

I have taken some notes during the long hours of travel in the West. They are written *en courant*, and I shall have, myself, trouble in deciphering them from the leaves of my memorandum. The jolt of the railroad makes my lead pencil describe all sorts of fantastic figures; there are zig-zags, hieroglyphics, and Gothic cathedral steeples.

For some time I had wished to give three concerts in one day (I had already done it at St. Louis, and I claim, in default of other merit, to be the first pianist who has accomplished this *tour de force* in America), but the question was of three concerts echeloned over a route of one hundred miles. Leaving New York in the morning I arrived at Newark, a *matinée* announced at noon; had there complete success; at one and a half o'clock I took the train for Albany where a second concert was to take place at half past four o'clock; the third was to be at Troy, and was not to commence until eight o'clock in the evening. So far everything went well, "but man proposes and God disposes!" I had in the car for neighbours a charming young girl and her mother, both hampered with boxes, umbrellas, and other movable utensils, embarrassing, invading, calamitous, without which no female having any respect for herself could ornament the interior of a car. They stopped at Fishkill. On seeing them get up I did as much under the influence which two pretty eyes always exercise, and rushed out, my heart in my mouth, my right arm gracefully bent (the left carried a cage and a canary, another feminine article which I had forgotten to mention in the inventory of these ladies and which I had heroically seized), I offered my hand to them to descend. Here, my

readers may interrupt me to say that my story is not amusing and has nothing extraordinary in it. Wait then! *Que diable!*

Wait! alas! it is just what the locomotive did not do. In the midst of the courtesies of my travelling companions and of the little *consecrated* conversation which I owed to them, *felicitating myself on the happy chance that . . . with hope that . . .* and a thousand other pretty things of the same kind like knight errants who meet beautiful princesses, the whistle was blown, the conductor had cried 'all aboard,' and I only came to myself to see the last car of my train disappear behind a turn in the road!

Behold me upon the road without any baggage at Fishkill station, that is to say a half hour's walk from any habitation, and with a concert to be given at Albany in an hour! "Frankly," you say to me, "I only half pity you, you still have the two princesses!" The two princesses! Bitter mockery! One of them, the mother, is walking with her husband who has come down to meet them at the station, the other, the daughter, turns her back to me and hanging on the arm of a handsome fellow, one of her friends (whom I thought frightful), gives him a thousand tender looks. The whole of them jump into a pretty phaeton (the young man's, without doubt) which drives off rapidly, leaving me in the dust under a sun like that of Arabia Petrea, a prey to the horrors of being left alone, and given up to corroding reflections on the inconvenience of being too susceptible. I swear (a drunkard's oath) I will never be caught again. Don Quixote after the fight with the windmill could not have presented a sadder figure. Firmin, I was about to say Sancho, whose life passes in packing, unpacking, and repacking my trunks, and who seems from this intimacy to have contracted a tender affection for them, thought of the telegraph office. It was four o'clock. The hall at Albany was probably full. He sent a dispatch to Strakosch commending to him his dear trunks and advising him of the accident. I, for myself, recalled to mind that Church, our great and inimitable Church, the painter of Niagara, of the Andes, and of so many other beautiful pictures, had many times spoken to me of a marvellous property which he had purchased on the banks of the Hudson near Fishkill. A little lad was dis-

covered just then whose father, a carpenter, worked for Church. I again took courage, and giving some money to the boy, made him conduct me to Church's residence, where I passed a charming afternoon.

There is a class of individuals for whom the arts are only a fashionable luxury, and music, in particular, an agreeable noise and elegant superfluity that agreeably revives at a *soirée* the conversation when it languishes, and commodiously serves to fill up the interval that separates the time for lemonade from the time for supper. For them all philosophical discussions on the æsthetics of art, are no more than puerilities, analogous to that of the fairy who occupied herself in weighing grains of dust in a scale of spider's web. The artists (to whom, through a prejudice which goes back to the barbarism of the Middle Ages, they persist in refusing a place in the higher sphere of social order) are for them only merchants of the lowest rank who trade in questionable products, the most of the time awkwardly, since they rarely make a fortune.

Performers are for them mountebanks or jugglers, who ply the agility of their hands, like dancers or acrobats that of their legs. The painter, whose *chefs-d'œuvre* decorate the wall of their saloons, figures in the budget of their expenses under the same title with the upholsterer who has covered their floor with an *Aubusson*; and if they were left to themselves, they would value according to the price of the canvas and the oil, the 'Heart of the Andes,' of Church, or the 'Le Marché aux Chevaux' of Rosa Bonheur. It is not for these, who are disinherited by thought, that I write, but there are others, and it is to those that I address myself, who recognize in the artist the privileged instrument of a moral and civilizing influence, and who appreciate art because they draw from it pure and unspeakable enjoyment; who respect it, because it is the highest expression of human thought aspiring towards the Eternal Ideal, and love it as the friend into whose bosom they pour their joys and their griefs to find there a faithful echo of the emotions of their soul.

Lamertine has rightly said, "*La musique est la littérature du cœur, elle commence là où finit la parole.*" Indeed, music is a psycho-physical phenomenon. It is in its essence

a sensation, and in its development an ideal. It suffices, not to be deaf, if not to understand at least to perceive music. Idiots and furious maniacs have submitted to its influence; not being confined to the precise and restricted meaning of a word, and expressing only the status of the soul, music has the advantage over literature that every one can assimilate it to his own passions, and adapt it to the sentiments which dominate him. Its power, limited, in the intellectual order of things, to the imitative passions, is illimitable in that of the imagination. It answers to that innate, undefinable feeling which every one possesses, *the Ideal*. Literature is always objective; it speaks to our understanding, and determines in us impressions in harmony with the limited sense which it expresses. Music, on the contrary, is perhaps by turns objective and subjective, depending on our state of mind at the time we hear it. It is objective when, under the wholly physical sensation of sound, we listen passively, and it suggests to us impressions. A warlike march, a waltz, the flute's imitation of a nightingale, the chromatic scales imitating the murmuring of the wind in the 'pastoral symphony,' are examples of it. It is subjective when, under the influence of a secret impression, we discover in its general character an agreement with our psychical state and assimilate it. It is then like a mirror in which we see reflected the emotions which agitate us with a fidelity so much the more exact as we ourselves without being aware of it are the painters of the picture which is unfolded before the eyes of our imagination. I will explain myself: Play a melancholy passage to an exile thinking on his distant country, to an abandoned lover, to a mother mourning for her child, to a conquered warrior, and be assured that each one of these various griefs will appropriate to itself these plaintive harmonies, and will recognize in them the voice of its own suffering.

Music in itself is still a mystery; we know that it is composed of three principles: the air, vibration, and rhythmical symmetry. Strike an object under the exhausted receiver of an air-pump—there is no sound, because there is no air there; touch a resounding glass—it becomes silent, because you have arrested the vibration. Take away the rhythm of the simplest air by changing the

duration of each of the notes which compose it—you will render it unrecognizable and obscure, because you have destroyed its symmetry.

But why, then, do not several hammers striking in cadence make music? They nevertheless possess air, vibration, and rhythm. Why does the accord of a third tickle the ear so agreeably? Why is the minor mode suggestive of sadness? There is the mystery; there the inexplicable phenomenon. We do not hesitate to say that music, which, like speech, is perceived through the medium of the ear, does not, like the latter, call upon the brain for an explanation of the sensation produced by the vibration of the nerves; it addresses itself to a mysterious agent within us which is superior to the intelligence, since it is independent of it, and makes us feel that which it can neither conceive nor explain. Let us examine the different attributes of musical phenomena.

1. *Music is a physical agent*; it impresses on the body shocks which shake the organs to their base. In churches the flame of the candles oscillates to the murmurings of the organ. A powerful orchestra near a sheet of water ruffles its surface. A learned traveller speaks of an iron ring which swings to the murmur of the falls of Tivoli. In Switzerland, I excited at will—in a poor child afflicted with a frightful nervous malady, hysterical and cataleptical crises—by playing in the minor key of E flat. The learned Doctor Bertier asserted that the sound of the drum gave him the colic. The sound of the trumpet, some physicians assert, quickens the pulse and excites, although most insensibly, perspiration. The sound of the bassoon is cold; that of the French horn at a distance, and the remote harmonies of the harp are voluptuous. The flute, played softly in the middle register, calms the nerves. The low notes of the piano frighten little children. I had a dog who would sleep on hearing music, but as soon as I played in the minor key would howl piteously. The dog of a celebrated singer, whom I knew, would moan bitterly, and give signs of violent suffering, when his mistress sang a chromatic scale. A certain chord produces on my nerve of hearing a sensation analogous to that which the heliotrope

produces on my sense of smell and the pineapple on my sense of taste. Rachel's voice charmed by its ring before one had time to seize the sense of the phrase or to appreciate the purity of her diction.

We can affirm, then, that musical sound, rhythmical or not rhythmical, influences our whole economy: quickens the pulse, slightly excites perspiration, and produces a species of voluptuous and transient irritation in our nervous system.

2. *Music is a moral agent.* Through the medium of the nervous system it brings into play the superior faculties; its language is that of sentiment. Moreover, the ideas which have presided over the combinations of musical art establish relations between its composers and the soul. We sigh with Bellini in the finale of 'La Sonnambula;' we shudder with Weber in the sublime phantasmagoria of 'Der Freischütz.' The mystical inspirations of Palestrina, the masses of Mozart, transport us into the celestial regions towards which they rise like melodious incense.

Music awakens in us reminiscences, memories, associations. A celebrated pianist, a friend of mine, related to me that he knew in a city where he was giving concerts a charming young girl. He was twenty years old, with all the poetic illusions of this romantic age; she was sixteen. They loved each other without daring to confess it, and perhaps without knowing it themselves. But the moment for parting came. He was passing his last evening at her house. Watched by the family, he could scarcely shake hands with her stealthily at the moment of bidding her adieu. Alas! the poem begun was arrested at its first page; he never saw her again!

Disheartened, frantic with grief, after having wandered at random through the dark streets, he found himself again without knowing how, under her window, at two o'clock in the morning. She was also awake. Their thoughts, united by that divine tie which merits the name of love only in the morning of life, had met together, for she was playing softly in the solitude of her chamber the first notes of a mazourka which they had danced together. "My tears flowed," said he to me, "on hearing this music, which seemed

to me sublime. It was the stifled plaint of her heart; it was her grief which was exhaling from her fingers; it was the eternal farewell!"

"For years I thought this mazourka was a marvellous musical inspiration, and it was not until a long time afterwards, when age had dispelled my illusions and effaced the adored image, that I discovered that it was only a vulgar, common composition. The gold had been transmuted into brass."

The old man, chilled by age, may remain insensible to the pathetic accents of Mozart and Rossini. Repeat to him the simple and artless song of his youth; the present vanishes and the illusions of the past return.

I was acquainted with an old Spanish general who hated music. One day I took it into my head to play to him my 'Siège de Saragosse,' in which I introduce 'La Marcha Real' (the national hymn). He commenced crying like an infant; this air recalled to him the immortal defence of the heroic city, behind whose fallen walls he had fought the French, and sounded, he said, like the voice of all the holy affections which constitute 'home.'

The mercenary Swiss troops formerly in France and Naples could not hear, without being affected, the 'Ranz des Vaches,' that air of old and rude Helvetia, when from mountain to mountain the signal of revolt summoned the three insurgent cantons to the cause of independence. The desertions caused by this air became so frequent that the government had to prohibit it.

The comical effect may be remembered, produced on the French troops in the Crimea, by the Highlanders marching to battle with the bag-pipe, whose sharp and discordant sounds inflamed these brave mountaineers with warlike ardor by recalling to them their country and its heroic legends.

Napoleon III. finds himself obliged to allow the Arabs, the *Spahis* and *Turcos*, whom he has incorporated with his army, their barbarous music of flutes and tam-tams, under the penalty of seeing them revolt. The tam-tam enables these soldiers to make marches under which, without this powerful auxiliary, their strength would succumb.

Play to a Creole of the Antilles one of his dances, with

its quaint rhythm, its plaintive and dreamy melody, and immediately you will see him filled with enthusiasm.

The 'Marseillaise' contributed as much to the republican victories of 1793 against the invaders of France as the genius of Dumouriez.

3. *Music is a complex agent.* It acts at the same time on life, its forces, its instinct, its organism ; it has a psychological action. The negroes charm snakes by whistling to them. It is said that fawns permit themselves to be captured by a pretty voice ; the pipe tames bears ; canaries and sparrows love the flageolet ; in the Antilles and South America lizards are hunted with the whistle ; spiders have been seen not to leave a fiddler. In Switzerland the shepherds hang to the neck of their finest cows a large bell, of which they are so proud that they march at the head of the drove as long as they are permitted to wear it ; they have been seen to refuse their pasture and to die after it has been taken away from them. In Andalusia the mules lose their ardour and their power of endurance if their innumerable bells with which these intelligent animals are accustomed to be adorned are taken off of them. In the mountains of Scotland and Switzerland, the flocks pasture best to the sound of the bag-pipe ; and in the Oberland, the stray cows in the mountains rejoin their keeper at the sound of the horn.

Donizetti, a year before his death, had become imbecile, owing to a softening of the spinal marrow. They endeavoured by every means to revive a spark of that intellect once so vigorous. All of the doctors were baffled. Once he seemed to recover a gleam of intelligence, and this was on hearing one of his friends play to him the septuor of his opera, 'La Lucia.' "Poor Donizetti," he exclaimed, "*what a pity that he died so soon !*" and this was all.

In 1848, after the horrible battles of the Insurrection, which had made of Paris an immense field of carnage, I hastened to conceal my sadness and my disgust at the house of one of my friends who superintended the immense insane asylum at Clermont-sur-oise. He had a small organ, and sang pretty well. I composed a mass, and we invited a few artists of Paris and also some of the most docile patients of

the asylum to hear it. I was struck with the bearing of the latter, and I induced my friend to repeat the experiment, and extend the number of the invitations. The result was so favourable that we were soon able to form in the chapel a choir of the insane of both sexes, who rehearsed on Saturday the hymns and chants which they were to sing at mass on Sunday. A raving lunatic, a priest, who became more intractable from day to day, and to whom the strait-jacket was very often applied, noticed the periodical absence of some of his companions, and manifested some curiosity to know what they were doing. We admitted him once into the chapel; he listened to the sacred music, and he appeared interested in it. The following Saturday, on seeing his fellow patients prepared to go to the rehearsal, he expressed the desire to accompany them. The doctor told him that he would permit him to go, provided he would suffer himself to be shaved and decently dressed. This was the thorny point, for he was never willing to wash himself, and became furious when he was required to dress. But to our great astonishment he quietly consented. Not only this time did he listen quietly to the music, but we further discovered him frequently endeavouring to join his voice to that of the choir. When I left Clermont, my poor old priest had become one of the most assiduous at the rehearsals. He had still fits of raving madness, but they were less frequent, and he was seen when Sunday came dressing himself neatly and impatiently awaiting the hour for going to chapel.

I will sum up: Music being a *physical agent*—that is to say, acting on the individual without the assistance of his intellect—a *moral agent*—that is to say, reviving his memory, exciting his imagination, developing his sentiment—and a *complex agent*—that is to say, having a psychological action upon the instinct, the organism, and the forces of man—I thence conclude that it is one of the most powerful means of ameliorating and ennobling the human mind, of elevating the morals, and, above all, of refining the manners of the people.

The truth is now so recognized in Europe that we see there the Orphéons, or popular musical societies, increasing as if by enchantment under the powerful impulse which

the government gives them. I do not speak, for instance, of Germany, where all sing, and whose industrious, peaceful, and intelligent people have always associated choral music with its labours and its festivals. But I will more particularly mention France, which to-day has more than eight hundred Orphéons, composed of workingmen. How many of these latter, who passed at the cabaret their moments of leisure in drinking, now find a pleasant recreation in these re-unions where the spirit of association and of fraternity is engendered and developed; and, if we could get a comparative statistic of crimes, without doubt it would be discovered that they have diminished in proportion as musical societies have increased. In fact, you are better; your heart is in some way purified when it is strongly impregnated with the noble harmonies of a fine chorus; and it becomes difficult not to trust as a brother him whose voice is blended with your own, and whose heart is united with yours in a community of pure and joyful emotions.

If Orphéons are ever established in America, be assured that the 'bar-rooms'—the scourge of the country—and revolvers will cease to be national institutions.

January, 1863.

I have been confined to my bed for four days by a severe attack of neuralgia in one eye and one side of my head. I have suffered very much, but, thanks to the attention of Dr. Smith, the most amiable companion that a sick man could desire, and to the attentions of all connected with the Tremont House, the best hotel I know of (with the 'Continental' at Philadelphia), I am greatly better, and hope in a few days from this to recommence my 'concertizing' peregrinations. I was alone in my room when a moment ago a friend brought me a journal of last month containing a letter from a lady in Indianapolis on my concert in that city. It is 7 o'clock, New-Year's Day! Magical epoch, which, when we are children, excites in us a glow of indescribable felicity, and which, as we become old, brings with it only the remembrance of lost happiness. I was recalling to myself family joys, and was measuring the extent of what we all lose as we advance in life. Each of these

periodical festivals is like a milestone on the pathway of existence. We stop a moment to cast a look behind; we count the void spaces which have been made around us, and, what is saddest still, those which have been made in ourselves. What ruined illusions! what noble emotions extinguished! what friendships (which in the generous impulsions of youth we thought eternal) we look back upon! Our heart contracts, and we understand that happiness is no longer in the future, but in the past, and we have let it escape us without knowing it.

These impressions which we all experience are perhaps more lively in me, the kind of life to which I am condemned causing me to dwell on them more. To be always only a musical abstraction, not to have the right of applying any of the sympathies accorded to the artist to the individual, to be inclosed within the walls of the concert room without the power of acquiring any of those strong affections which ought (whether right or wrong), independent of that prestige which celebrity bestows, to belong to all, and to no one in particular, to be a public thing which the first comer manipulates as he pleases, such is the sad reverse of the brilliant (?) career to which I am condemned. It was under the influence of these thoughts that I commenced the article from Indianapolis which my friend sent me.

Let me, first of all, describe the pleasure that it gave me. I have often received praise in the course of my artist life (and who has not? I say this that it may be understood that I am not convinced that I have merited it), but I do not think that I ever received anything that has so delightfully affected me. Had I obtained only the approbation of this mother, I should think that I had not lost my time in writing '*la Berceuse*' ('cradle song'). Although I have not yet arrived to the dignity of marriage, my love for children makes me understand by intuition the whole of that holy poetry which surrounds the cradle. Again I repeat it, no praise in my life has so much touched me as that of this mother recognizing in my poor, little composition, humble as it is, a reflection of her affection for her little infant, when hanging over its cradle she recalled to herself '*la Berceuse*' which she had just heard at my concert.

“The cradle song—is it not a mother’s heart set to music? Bending over my own little sleeping one, now, on coming home, I felt like blessing him who has thus given melodious utterance to the holiest of human feelings—a mother’s love. A *good* man must he be—the composer of the ‘Berceuse.’” (Indianapolis correspondent of the ‘Home Journal,’ signed “Mrs. Frank Smith.”)

Music, you know, is a mirror in which, according to our mood, we see a reflection of the images which engage us most. It is a sketch which we colour with our own dominant passions. Its language being comparatively undefined, it has the advantage over written poetry; of imposing no boundaries upon the hearer’s thought; of opening infinite spaces wherein his soul may spread its wings to rove unmanacled. Thus, a sweet and plaintive melody, heard by a mother who has lost her babe, a lover who bewails his mistress, an exile who dreams of his far native land, to each of these sorrowing hearts will appear the echo of its own proper grief, and the reflection of its musings.

I was led to compose the ‘Berceuse’ by memories of a younger sister of mine, dearly loved and brought up by me, whom I cradled in my arms during her infancy through a painful illness which threatened to take her away from us. Finally, thank God, she triumphed over it. I imagined her lying in her cradle as of old, and at the thought of losing her, all my youthful emotions, all my affections, ripened by age and strengthened by absence, sprung up afresh to be condensed into this little *morceau*, which, despite its trifling artistic value, I dearly love, because it recalls to me a great sorrow once spared my heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

SPRINGFIELD, Illinois, January 8, 1863.

St. Nicholas Hotel (!!!!) Each one of these exclamation points, if they could speak, would tell you a story of tribulations, of all kinds of mortifications which should

render the St. Nicholas Hotel, Springfield, forever celebrated! First, the Legislature being in session, the house is full, which is the same as saying that the beefsteaks are leathery, the eggs too hard. Let him explain who can the affinity which exists between victuals and a crowd, and what makes one the consequence of the other; but such is the fact. I have bitterly realized it at the Burnett House in Cincinnati. One of my agents had to share his chamber with three persons. One stole his gold watch, his chain, and his frock coat. We are cooped up, six of us, in a little room hardly large enough to hold one bed comfortably. The water to wash with is as black as ink. The proprietor charges us for a supper which we have not eaten, and upon a timid observation which we make respecting it, looks at us as if he wished to crush us, and addressing the porter throws out this memorable phrase, which seemed to me not to speak very highly in favour of the honesty of the travellers with whom he is in the habit of dealing: "Billy, take care that the trunks are not taken away before the bills are paid!"

O excellent Lincoln, Springfield has been your home, but that does not increase my admiration for its inhabitants!

March 5.

Given my first concert at Washington—great success. Audience variegated! diplomats, generals, etc. In the first row I recognized General Herron, my old friend from New Granada. The porch of the hotel is always crowded. There are some thousands of soldiers, uniforms of every nation, German, French, Polish, Austrian, Croats, etc. I particularly remark a regiment from the west, I think, whose shakos, a sort of monument, which has behind the appearance of a Tyrolese hat, and before is ornamented with a visor, is surmounted instead of a plume with a squirrel's tail, which twists around the felt crown and covers over the top. This crowd, these diverse uniforms, these different idioms, which mingle in every way, remind me of a scene in Schiller's 'Wallenstein.'

After the concert, a squint-eyed gentleman requested me, with a mysterious air, to grant him an interview for ten minutes to-morrow. He has come! I thought it was for

the purpose of bleeding my purse, I am so accustomed to it. The number of fathers out of work, of orphans of tender age, and of widows without support is invariably singularly developed the morning after a concert, and my lodgings are generally overrun; but my squint-eyed professor is simply only a professor of physiology at the University. He has remarked, he said, that I played more quickly than any other, and as he has seen that one of his confraternity, in a book just published, has affirmed that the number of percussions given by the human nerves could not transcend more than twenty-five in a second he should be happy to prove the falsity of his rival's assertion. He dared to hope that I would confirm his observations. He gave me a long dissertation, and repeated to me that he was happy to have known the pianist who could make more than twenty-five *percussions* in a second.

O Art! where art thou? I took enormous proportions in his eyes by telling him that I play the 'mouvement perpétuel' of Weber in less than two minutes. What would you wish me to have said to this ignoramus? Could I resolve to descend from the pedestal on which he had placed me? Here I am then definitely classed scientifically by this squint-eyed gentleman among the most powerful known motors.

Third concert to-morrow, the 8th March. Second, this evening, the 7th. To-morrow I shall go to General Wadsworth's camp. Two young cavalry majors are to send us horses, the roads being so broken that it will be difficult, even with our hackneys, to get to the camp, which is on the other side of the Potomac. The government has done us the favour of sending us a safe-conduct. Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, desires to see me, not as an artist only, but as a Louisianian remaining faithful to the Constitution.

The day before yesterday the house of Baron Mercier, the French Minister, was burnt. All the furniture and the wardrobe of Mr. and Madam were lost to that extent that Madam, the Baroness, had to borrow stockings from Madam Rigo. Interesting details! The city has the appearance of having been just taken by assault. Military everywhere. Soldiers on every side. An immense crowd.

I have solemnly taken the oath of allegiance to the government at Washington. My horror of slavery made

me emancipate, ten years since, three slaves that belonged to me. Although born in the South, I recognize but one principle—that of the Constitution. In a republic where universal suffrage is not a chimera, where the citizens are free and intelligent men and not servile machines, where the ambitious never separate their personal glory from that of their country, no honest and republican conscience ought to feel embarrassed. What timorous minds find in the Catholic dogma regarding doubtful points, I find blindly in politics. I bow down before that interpretation made by the supreme authority with so much the more facility as having the conviction that those who rule the destinies of the country are truly the legitimate expression of the will of the greatest number, and I know that thus I fulfil the fundamental duties of the republican system. Besides the South—whose courage and heroism I honour, whilst deploring the blindness which has precipitated them into a war without issue—the South leans upon two political errors. In the nineteenth century nationalities are no longer broken—the general movement tends to unification. No one fraction of the people has the right to reclaim its autonomy, if it does not carry with it greater guarantees of progress and civilization than that of the majority who is enslaving it. But the South in wishing to destroy one of the most beautiful political monuments of modern times—the American Union—carries with it only slavery. It is, indeed, unbecoming my fellow-citizens of the South to ask for the liberty of reclaiming their independence, when this independence is only to be made use of for the conservation of the most odious of abuses and the most flagrant outrage upon liberty. I do not have any illusions regarding the negro. I believe him very inferior morally to the white. No race so maltreated as this has been by chance could have remained as ————. (Remaining part not found.)

ALEXANDRIA, April 27.

I have for a long time desired to see this little city on the northern boundary of Virginia, therefore I came here from Washington. This city has played a very important part in the war—occupied by turns by the Federalists and

the Confederates, and finally becoming the general quarters of the first—that I experienced on going there a little of that indefinable sentiment which seizes us when we find ourselves on an old field of battle, and in our thoughts represent to ourselves the great victory of which it has been the theatre. Besides, every inch of Virginian soil is American, for we find on it everywhere the footsteps of Washington.

We put up at the 'Marshall House Hotel,' almost entirely occupied by officers. The garrison of Alexandria amounts to from thirty to forty thousand men. The general hospital of the Army of the Potomac has been established at Alexandria, therefore we meet invalids at every step. The sight of a mutilated soldier is always a sad spectacle; here it is heart-rending; almost all those whom I meet being young men—some almost children. The 'Marshall House' is celebrated in the annals of actual war. It was here that Colonel Ellsworth, a young hero of nineteen years of age, was killed. This Ellsworth, a new Charles XII., from his birth dreamed only of wars and combats. Love, it is asserted, had never knocked at his heart, and he died, it is again asserted, a virgin.

CHAPTER IX.

As in the past, I continue to be whirled in space. This agitated life is a distressing monotony. The Chartreux themselves have not a rule more unpitiable and of more unchangeable rigidity than that to which my destiny submits me. *Pianistomonambulist!* Everything is foreseen, everything is marked, everything is regulated in my peregrinations. Thanks to the experience of my agent, I know in advance, within a few dollars, the amount of the receipts in a town of a given number of inhabitants. I know, with my eyes shut, every one of the inextricable cross-threads that form the network of the railroads with which New England is covered. The railroad conductors

salute me familiarly as one of the employés. The young girls at the refreshment-room of the station, where five minutes are given, select for me the best cut of ham, and sugar my tea with the obliging smile that all well-taught tradespeople owe to their customers. At 8 o'clock I salute in my black suit my audience, and give them 'Il Trovatore.' At a quarter to nine they encore the 'Murmures Eoliens.' At half-past nine they call again for 'La Berceuse,' in the midst of the enthusiasm of some young romantic virgins, and some papas slightly inclined in a semi-conscious state to sleep, who find the piece full of agreeable effects. At ten o'clock I carry off my patriotic audience to the belligerent accents of 'The Union' fantasia; and at half-past ten I throw myself, exhausted and depoetized, into the prosaic arms of the blessed Morpheus, whom I should be tempted to canonize if I were Pope, and if the good man (I speak of Morpheus) had not chosen to live before the invention of canonization.

This morning breakfasted in a hurry, and, alas! five, six, seven, eight, or ten hours of railroad, and always the same thing—the crowd, and to be isolated! Isolation is certainly sometimes a sad thing; but to be alone and find yourself surrounded—or be jostled by the multitude and feel that, outside of the indirect relations of the 'ticket office,' no other tie attaches you to those who surround you—is it not worse than ostracism or the desert? I indemnify myself by making physiognomical observations on those whom I meet. I classify individuals.

A book written by a talented observer on the physiognomy of the public would be very interesting. Lavater, if he had had the great misfortune of being obliged to give concerts, would certainly have studied the character of that collective being—that monster—gentle and ferocious, satiated and famished, gluttoned and corrupted, artless and capricious—which is called the public. You would not believe how much there is that is interesting in the public (outside of the receipts which are naturally the most important of its phases). Do you remember the story of the prisoner in the Bastille, who, midst the horrors of his captivity, found amusement in taming a mouse—the only companion of his solitude; and of that other who beguiled the monotony of his time by hunting in the dark for a pin

which he threw away at random? I am like them. The horrible monotony of concerts, the invariable repetition of the same pieces, the daily round of railroad cars, isolation in the midst of the crowd (the saddest thing of all), force me to seek for distraction in my torments themselves.

Whilst I play I study, not the physiognomies, but the public. I propose for solution the following problems: Why does the public on one day applaud to the skies? Why does it remain cold on another? I have got into feeling its pulse at my first appearance. I understand by the sound of the applause if there is in the town a professor favourable or hostile to me. I could, if required, tell you by the general expression of the countenances if they are German or Dutch (I call German the countrymen of Schiller, Goëthe, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven, and Dutch those whose only characteristic traits of their mother-country are love of beer, a cordial hatred of every person who combs his hair regularly, sometimes washes his hands, and has the unpardonable weakness not to circumscribe his geographical notions to the Rhine or Danube).

I could, if necessary, even tell you if such or such a musical journal has or has not many subscribers in my audience — if 'Mason's Musical World,' or 'Dwight's Journal,' or the 'Home Journal,' are in the majority — by the warmth or coldness of the audience.

I do not know what sorry jester said that there was only one fantasia for the flute; alluding doubtless to the intolerable effect of the tepid-water pipe upon all the lucubrations imprudently confided to the perfidious instrument of Pan.

I have come, in the maze of the giddy whirl of the concert in which I find myself, and thanks to the invariable periodicity which thrusts me every evening upon the stage before the same piano, to imagine that there is only one public. It is dangerous and capricious in its humour, but I recognize its identity by invariable and characteristic signs.

First. The young girls from the boarding-school (may I be permitted to confess that it is the most interesting element of the audience, and that upon which my attention most willingly rests). 'Last Hope' and 'Pastorella,' the first, doubtless, on account of the romantic tint of its title, the

second, thanks to the small talk between the malicious and awkward young girl, and the amorous chevalier, have generally the privilege of awakening in an unequivocal manner the notice of the pretty battalion on the left or right wing. At one or the other extremity, like the guardian of the flock charged with the care of keeping on the road the refractory sheep, is generally found the local Beethoven, who is not celebrated, and whose immaculate and delicate taste can not be pleased with the plain water-gruel served up to the barbarous vulgar, and who feeds only on the divine ambrosia emanating from the masters (dead—this is important, and purified in the crucible consecrated by opinion and by time); this is of the best tone, seeing that aristocracy is always conservative. The great dead! how many little crimes are committed in their name! It is sweet to be able to crush a living youth who incommodes you (and what way is more commodious and less compromising than to throw an old name at his head!).

Chopin's genius has developed itself within the fifteen years since he has rid his contemporaries of its perishable envelope. One could scarcely believe how much his compositions have improved.

Thirty years ago he travelled in Germany, when his compositions only obtained the disdainful criticisms of the worshippers of suns that had set.

The form! O pagans of art! The form! When then will the time come, routine fetish worshippers, when you will have the courage or the talent to avow that there is more genius in the pretty waltzes of Strauss than in five hundred pages of school-work; in eight notes of genius, wholly without ornament, ignorant of their nakedness, but beautiful in their ignorance, than in a logarithmical problem?

There was a period in France, in Italy, and in Spain when the *concetti* were the rage. The poetical mania in its licentiousness, deceiving itself in its devouring fervour, clung to a worship of material *tours de force*. The idea! What is it then? It matters not what sensualists, endowed by God with the power of creation, can imagine it! But the form, the arrangement, the science, the metre, in this lies the difficulty.

Already under the lower empire the rhetoricians of By-

zantium, in the midst of the general decadence, were led astray in that labyrinth in which poetry was lost for so many centuries. The writers of *concetti* did better. Had they, for example, to write upon a cup they set themselves to work to compose a kind of Chinese puzzle, of lines (the meaning of them being almost indifferent) whose different lengths should, in their *ensemble*, give to the eye the appearance of a superb cup! What patience, and above all what marvellous knowledge in all the combinations of the phrase! Others proposed to themselves to write a poem in which the letter A should be excluded; and for twelve thousand verses they promenaded the astonished reader amid an ocean of metaphors without ever striking against the banished letter.

The self-made Aristarchus generally gives lessons on the piano. His hair is uncombed, as becomes all men of genius, who respect themselves a little. He professes a particular esteem for beer, and seeks in it (without excluding other stimulants) his inspirations. Hoffman, the fanciful, has contributed in no small degree to the immoderate use of liquor. No artist can truly worship art who does not drown his faith in the waves of the fecundating liquid, since it has been asserted that Hoffman got drunk to write his fantastic tales. Beethoven and Liszt have contributed to the advent of long hair.

There is within me a want of equilibrium between my aspirations and my aptitudes. The first desire to soar towards regions of incommensurable sublimity, while the latter tend toward the lowest depths of reality, fettering in some way the flight of my aspirations and keeping me prisoner. Thence my lack of confidence in myself and my irritability when I am criticized.

If I write my imagination takes the wings of Iris, it traverses space and shows me fairy lands. As soon as I wish to place it upon paper, from being a butterfly it becomes a bat. The wings become weighty under the burden of my phrases, and fall heavily. The mischievous thing tempts me, draws me on, intoxicates me, offers me a thou-

sand encouragements to follow it. With pen in hand I try to give a form framed in my own words to the pretty things she permits me to have a glimpse of, but like the will-o'-the-wisp that the belated traveller pursues, it vanishes into the darkness at the moment when I think I have grasped it.

For fifteen months my existence has been that of a carpet-bag. I should certainly become brutalized by this daily routine of railroad travel, and of concerts, if I had not set myself to work to find some possible way to combat the weariness and perils of the road, which threaten my intelligence. I have tried sleep, and have slept a great deal, but one cannot always sleep. I soon perceived that my temper was becoming soured by being, in the midst of a delicious dream, awakened with a start by the conductor striking me on the shoulder, and decisively calling out, "Tickets, please."

I had to try some other means. I had somewhere read that the Arab of the desert, to appease his thirst, put small pebbles into his mouth—the salivary glands, irritated by the foreign contact, dilated, and in feeling his mouth moistened, the poor traveller deluded himself into thinking that he had drunk (a German would not fail to call it a confusion between the objective and subjective). Here was a ray of light. Why not, said I to myself, should I not try this means; and by transferring the 'hydro-lithic' process of the Arab from the physical to the moral order of things, obtain a similar result? And I commenced writing my notes of travel. Such is the monotony of my travels, that I soon understood that what I wrote was much less the reflection of my surroundings than the expression of what took place within myself. But as that notion moistened my brain, constantly menaced with petrification, I did like the Arab, I accepted a saliv——salutary illusion by which I could traverse, without succumbing, the 'Sahara' of concerts through which I have whirled for more than two years.

I am fond of my pocket-books (I was about to say my pebbles), they never leave me. They are like an intimate companion for me, a mute confidant who has this immense advantage over all the railroad friends I have ever met, of hearing me without my being obliged to strain my voice

over the sharp summits of the highest notes, since it listens to me and never interrupts me, it is discreet (of what friends could as much be said?) to that extent, that had you under your eyes the ten or twelve pocket-books that I have filled from the Mississippi to the St. Lawrence, and from New York to the Mormon Desert, they would take great care to prevent you from discovering anything else than undecipherable hieroglyphics; every one of their pages looks like the side of an obelisk. The jolts of the road, and the haste with which I write, assist, it is true, marvellously in making them discreet. There are steeples, spirals, lozenges, rockets—what should I say? but of writing—none. One sees in them everything and nothing, like flying clouds chased by the wind, in which every one, as he fancies, sees a house, or a man on horseback, or a chain of mountains.

Decidedly I think that my pocket-books would greatly gain by being translated into vulgar language. Imagination might see in them charming things, which some readers, alas, will search for in vain at the end of my pen. I am only a pianist, do not forget it, and an American, which is more than I require to be pardoned for my bungling style and awkward language.

ELMIRA, New York, Sunday, June, 1863.

I am convinced that some savant will one day discover that time is a fluid which expands and contracts according as it is exposed to such or such moral atmospheres. No one will ever make me believe, for instance, that Sunday at Elmira is composed of twelve such hours as the other days of the week.

This morning, after breakfast, I took a nap. Then I went down into the parlour of the hotel, where I found two ladies with their Sunday faces on—that is, looking as dismal as possible. I also found there a large Bible. Every one knows how strictly Sunday is observed in all puritanical countries. To judge from appearances, it is a day devoted to lamenting the irreparable affliction which God has inflicted on us by the gift of existence. It is to die of the spleen.

I do not know if God in his goodness ever thinks of us; but if he thinks of casting his eyes, on a Sunday, upon his

creation in America, it is very doubtful whether he rejoices in his work, on seeing so many disheartened faces. As to the Bible (like that I found in the parlour), I should not have remarked it except for its colossal proportions. The zeal of the Bible societies is such that you cannot find a hotel—what do I say?—a chamber in a hotel or steamer without one or more Bibles. The number of Old Testaments which the Bible societies gratuitously dispose of amounts annually to two millions; two-thirds of the books are sent to the Malays, Chinese, Hindoos, Caffirs, Malgaches, and Siamese, who doubtless receive them joyfully, and sell them to their grocers by weight; the remainder are distributed in the United States, especially among the soldiers. I dare to assert that among them miscreants are to be found, regardless of the Hebrew epics, whose sacrilegious pipes are lighted with the erotic heat of the canticle of canticles of Solomon.

Besides the Bible societies there are, in every town, Tract societies, which rival the ardour of the first, and whose mission is to scatter profusely all sorts of religious Bible stories, edifying anecdotes, miraculous conversions, parallels between infidels and Protestants, and the sectarian excellence of the sect — (here place the name of one of the two or three hundred sects that flourish in the United States, each one of which aspires to govern the others). All this in pamphlets, fly-leaves, etc., which rain upon the traveller in the steamer, in the hotels, in the railroad cars, in the streets, everywhere, finally, where the presence of a man gives promise of a soul to be saved and a recruit into the ranks of the phalanx, be it Universalist, Methodist, Calvinist, Puseyite, Baptist, Spiritualist, or something else. I recall a good man who was always found in the trains going from New York to Philadelphia, at seven o'clock on Sunday evening (the only train permitted on that day), and who strove to slip, whether or no, into the travellers' pockets a little sermon on the non-observance of the Sabbath day, and the terrible punishments reserved for those who by travelling on Sunday committed the crime of high treason against the Divinity.

What could I do? No stores open, no carriages in the streets, not the least noise, not the least sign of life, except

a few passers-by, who, gliding along rather like shadows than living beings, were going to or returning from church, which makes it all dull, silent, desolate. The town appears as if it had been visited by the plague or cholera. Wearied to death, I opened the great Bible; after having "traversed the desert with Moses, been drowned in the sea with Pharaoh, and having been present at one or two massacres of the Philistines," I felt inclined to meditate thereon, and went up-stairs to my room to sleep.

O human inconsistency! The piano, which has been a torment to me all the week, possesses for me to-day an irresistible charm. It is the charm of forbidden fruit! for, although it is permitted (by going to the bar through the back door) to take an indefinite number of brandy, whiskey, or gin cocktails, to play on the piano, except under certain psalmodic restrictions, is positively prohibited. The harp perhaps might be tolerated—for David played the harp—but the piano, fy!

About seven years ago, one Sunday at Cape May, I sat down in my chamber to practise a polka—the 'Forest Glade'—which I was then composing. Just as I commenced, a violent thunder-storm burst over the hotel, and, at the first flash of lightning, several ladies and a clergyman, seeing in the storm an unmistakable sign of Divine wrath, came rapping at my door imploring me to stop my profane, though anything but tempestuous, music. I now remember, too distinctly, the scandalized countenances of these worthy people for me to venture again on any such experiment.

Fortunately the gong (which is no respecter of the Sabbath, or any other day) sounded for dinner. Somebody had 'appropriated' my hat, doubtless involuntarily, as I found another in its place; but somehow in all such cases, by a phenomenon which I cannot undertake to explain, the hat which is left in the place of yours is invariably an old one.

This reminds me of an incident connected with the Princess de Solm. This charming and accomplished woman (she was only a countess by right, though people persisted in calling her princess, probably on account of her problematic relationship to the Emperor Napoleon) was in 1851, the time I was presented to her, merely a delicious

little creature, full of wit, who was trying her wings in Paris before attempting to soar, but whom, under some absurd pretence, official and other stupid circles refused to receive. The gossips pretended, though I never believed a word of it, that she had taken out her letters of naturalization in the Cytherean Valley, which extends along the heights of Notre Dame de Lorette.

Baden-Baden was at this epoch only the rendezvous of hypochondriacs, wealthy do-nothings, and gamblers. Berlioz had never thought of fledging his operas there, nor Octave Feuillet his comedies, nor, in fine, Mme. de Solm her 'Proverbs,' to which, and her beautiful eyes, she was indebted for her ascendancy in certain literary and gallant coteries.

You know that she was married again, some months ago, to Chevalier Ratazzi, the celebrated minister of the King of Italy. At the period of which I speak, her beauty was certainly ravishing, and her wit sparkling; but she had two defects. One, that she was deaf (alas! she still is); the other that she had Monsieur de Solm for a husband—Monsieur de Solm, whom society, with that instinctive perception, which is the infallible characteristic of the masses, never called otherwise than the "husband of Madame de Solm." He is dead, now, poor man! and without ever having seen the Chevalier Ratazzi, his successor. I think I may boldly affirm that she has lost nothing by the change.

One evening at the house of the Marchioness of Salcedo (she is said to have been a particular friend of Ferdinand VII., King of Spain, who was also visited frequently at the time by Mlle. de Montijo, now Empress) I found in the place of my hat, which was new, one so old and of such singular shape, that despite my good nature, I could not keep from loudly protesting against the change. One of my friends heard me, and touched with my misfortune, proceeded to examine the fossil chapeau I had in my hands. "Why that," said he, "is the hat of the husband of Madame de Solm;" I recognized it at once; nobody but he wore such old hats. Whereupon I approached the Count, and, sure enough, he had my hat under his arm. He made me a thousand excuses—for after all he was a gentleman—and to our mutual satisfaction we entered once more into possession of our legitimate coiffures.

We leave to-morrow for Williamsport, in Pennsylvania. I have given this week ten concerts in six days in ten different towns.

I might have gone this evening to hear the Rev. Mr. Beecher, who has a church here; but I was told he is but a copy—minus the eloquence and talent—of his brother, another minister, whose congregation is considered to be the most aristocratic and the richest in New York or Brooklyn. The Beechers, father and sons, are ministers, and all very distinguished. The present generation reckons five brothers, all ministers, and one sister, Madam Beecher-Stowe, the celebrated author of ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin.’ The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher has acquired great notoriety outside of his evangelical jurisdiction by the impassioned enthusiasm with which he combats slavery. He is the idol of his congregation, to such an extent, that they have lately offered to pay all the expenses of a five months’ voyage to Europe, besides his ordinary salary. He has accepted the offer, and at this time is visiting England before going to Paris, where he cannot fail to distinguish himself.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Monday, June 15, 1863.

Left Elmira this morning at 4 o’clock. Arrived at Williamsport after a journey of seven hours. Williamsport is a very pretty town, containing about five thousand inhabitants. On a milliner’s sign I saw the words ‘Ice Cream.’ This hybrid business reminded me of the Island of St. Thomas, where the publisher of the ‘Tidende’ (a Danish newspaper) is a manufacturer of bathing-tubs, and where tobacconists sell preserves and patent medicines. The milliner has a very pretty little boudoir in the rear of her shop; it is the sanctum sanctorum, where she probably tries on the dresses. A small marble-top table makes one suspect that it is also the refreshment saloon. In the window I see baskets of strawberries and straw hats, the former looking like bonnets *full*, and the latter like baskets *empty*. The music seller is a clock maker. There is an air of ease, simplicity, and cheerfulness about the place that reminds me of the Swiss villages.

4 P. M. The town is all in commotion. A despatch has been received announcing the invasion of the State by

three columns of Rebels, marching on the capital. The despatch is placarded on all the street corners. You may easily imagine the agitation caused by this news. For myself, I am less surprised at it than worried. The apparent inactivity of General Lee had too much the appearance of a feint not to leave us to suspect him of appearing unexpectedly on some one of the weak frontier points of Maryland or Pennsylvania.

Do not be in a hurry to accuse the Federal general-in-chief of want of skill. Do not forget (as the European journals have done) that our war embraces an extent of territory equal to the whole of Europe—Russia excepted. What army of observation could flatter itself with preventing an incursion of the enemy on a frontier line whose extent, on the north, should be hundreds of leagues, at one end of which should be placed a capital to be defended in the face of another formidable army always ready and eager to pounce upon it?

Remember, also, that friends and enemies, loyal and disloyal, Federal and Confederate, speak the same language, have the same manners, the same physiognomy, or nearly so, and almost the same uniforms; circumstances which by facilitating espionage at the same time neutralize the services they might otherwise render. The people themselves—Secessionists to-night, Unionists to-morrow, and *vice versa*, according as the vicissitudes of war make them fall into the power of one or the other party—offer so many embarrassments to the Federal general, who feels the imprudence of listening to the information he receives, not knowing whether the source from which it emanates is worthy or suspicious. This will explain the state of things at Yorktown, with its Quaker guns, and a few pieces of veritable artillery holding the army of General McClellan in check little more than a year ago, while the Confederate artillery had been transported, unknown to the Federalists, beyond the Chickahominy.¹ The front of Lee's army threatening Washington was formidable for three weeks,

¹ That General McClellan could not have been aware of the true state of things, with all the resources of the Federal Government at his back, and with the most daring and intelligent men under his command, is not to be conceived of by any one of ordinary intelligence.—TR.

and apparently menaced it; but the Confederate general had filed off the flank of his best divisions, and, thanks to the co-operation of the inhabitants, his manœuvres were not discovered until his first columns had entered for two days into the Cumberland Valley.

Besides, Pennsylvania is a mountainous country, covered with impenetrable forests, intersected by rivers and brooks, with immense spaces of uncultivated ground, that is to say, with all the elements fitted to complicate or render inefficient the vigilance of an army of observation. Finally, Lee is a great general, judging from the testimony of General Scott, who considered him before the rebellion the best strategist in America. Again, it must not be forgotten that the Federals have had to attack the Confederates on their own ground; they defended themselves; and as an old Spanish proverb says: "*Es tan fuerte un hombre en su casa que aun cuando muerto se necesitan cuatro para llevarlo*" ("A man is so strong in his own house that, even when dead, it requires four men to carry him out").

5 P. M. Another despatch from the Governor of Pennsylvania calling all able-bodied citizens to arms. The Confederates, says the despatch, have seized Martinsburg, and are making forced marches on Hagerstown. This last town is only forty-five miles from the State capital.

I go out into the streets. The crowds multiply and increase every moment. I pass again before the shop of the fruit-milliner: her hats full of strawberries and her beribboned baskets are still there, but the poor woman appears terribly frightened.

A volunteer military band (the only one in Williamsport) draws up in battle array on the principal square; is it necessary for me to say that it is composed of Germans (all the musicians in the United States are Germans)? There are five of them: A cornet à piston with a broken-down constitution (I speak of the instrument), a cavernous trombone, an ophicleide too low, a clarionet too high, a sour-looking fifer—all of an independent and irascible temper, but united for the moment through their hatred of time and their desire vigorously to cast off its yoke. I

must confess that they succeeded to that extent that I am doubtful whether they played in a major or minor key.

Fresh despatches received excite the greatest consternation. The Confederates are marching on Harrisburg. The crowd is stirred up; patriotic meetings are organized. An old gentleman in black clothes, with a large officer's scarf around his waist, harangues from the porch of the hotel many of his friends. The band strikes up, and marches through the streets, which fills the people with military ardour, thanks to the strains, more noisy than harmonious, of this performing cohort.

With all this, the chances for the concert this evening are rather dubious. The receipts, which promised famously this morning, are suddenly paralyzed.

11 P. M. I played this evening, after all, before a very respectable audience, which listened with marked interest and a more sustained attention than I always meet with in the audiences of small towns. My little piece entitled the 'Union,' was much applauded; it suited the moment.

Madam Strakosch also (sister of Adelina Patti, and wife of Maurice Strakosch) was very much applauded. She possesses a very agreeable contralto voice, a sympathetic appearance, and a popular name, three conditions of success, enhanced, in her case, by distinguished manners, and a private life which the tongue of slander has never assailed. The family of the Pattis is truly a dynasty of distinguished singers. The father, Salvator Patti, was still twenty years ago an excellent tenor *di forza*. His wife (the mother of Adelina) a fiery lyric tragic actress, of the name of *Barili* (she was first married to Signor Barili), is still celebrated in Portugal, Spain, and Naples, where she achieved some great triumphs. I said that she was a fiery actress. She sometimes had transports not always connected with Art, and, it is reported, several times allowed herself to be carried away into violent apostrophes against the audience for not listening to her with all the attention and respect due to her talent. A very worthy woman otherwise. These freaks were readily forgiven, thanks to her fine voice and to her large black eyes, which Adelina has inherited.

Her eldest daughter, Clotilde Barili (deceased some four or five years ago) was eminently successful in New York and all Spanish America, particularly at Lima and San Francisco. Her sons, Ettore Barili, a distinguished baritone, Antonio, a basso profundo, and Nicole Barili, basso chantante, bravely maintained the reputation of the family. The children of the second marriage (Patti) are, Amalia Patti, married to Maurice Strakosch, a very distinguished pianist, whose charming compositions deserve to be better known; Carlotta, whose extraordinary voice and marvellous agility have set wild the United States, and are just now exciting in London a second edition of the enthusiasm which Adelina has gained there. After Carlotta come Carlo and Adelina; the last Europe is already acquainted with; as to Carlo, he is a fine fellow, rather Bohemian, as his adventurous temper has led him to California and Mexico (where he played the violin in a very remarkable manner); to New York, where he sung, married, and divorced (he was then seventeen years of age); to Memphis, where, after having been the hero of gallant adventures, he re-married, it is said, enlisted as private in the Southern army, became musical leader, was killed and resuscitated in many battle bulletins, and is as well to-day as all the other Pattis, who to so many privileges add that of never being sick. What a family! Do you know as many in art whose coats-of-arms are worth as much as those that I have just enumerated?

WILLIAMSPORT, Midnight, June 15, 1863.

I suggested to Strakosch that the concert announced for to-morrow at Harrisburg had better be given up. It is evident that people who expect every moment to be bombarded are not in the state of mind to hear 'Cradle Songs,' 'Eolian Murmurs,' etc., to say nothing of the risk we might run by rushing into the lion's den. But the prospect of a good house, and the probability that the rumours of invasion were exaggerated, made him turn a deaf ear to me.

At the concert this evening, I noticed a young man, who having occasion to cross the hall did so on tip-toe, not seeming to share the general opinion in this country that in such cases it is best to make as much noise as possible. Incomparable young man! how I regret not being able to

inscribe thy name on my tablets, or have it engraved in letters of gold, in order that it may be handed down to the admiration of posterity!

I leave to-morrow morning for Harrisburg.

Making all allowance for exaggeration, there is no longer any doubt that the rebels are advancing towards the capital, and I begin to think that unless it be a part of the plan of Strakosch to make me play before General Jenkins and his staff, our concert to-morrow will hardly come off.

Another division, or rather army corps, of which the command of Jenkins is only the advance, is already at Carlisle, in the valley of the Cumberland. It is commanded by Ewell, the general that Stonewall Jackson recommended on his death-bed, and designated as worthy of succeeding him in the command of the famous Stonewall brigade. This General Ewell has become famous for his rare intrepidity. He has a wooden leg, which he has fastened to his saddle on the day of battle.

Stuart, the general of cavalry of Lee's army, is young, handsome, brave, and generous. The last information having been given me by a Baltimore belle, strongly attached to the Secessionists, as are almost all the ladies of Maryland, I cannot guarantee its exactitude. A woman's imagination is a deceitful prism through which she sees everything rose colour or everything black, according as she loves or hates the object which is reflected. This would furnish, if I knew how to write, matter for a very long chapter, in which, acknowledging that it is the privilege of woman to inspire in us our noblest actions, and to be the source of all our poesy, I would deplore the influence which they so fatally exert over our conduct. But for the women our civil war would long ago have been ended. Through their imprudent zeal, and the intemperance of their opinions, which, in politics as in other things, carry them beyond their mark, they have on both sides contributed to foment the discord and to envenom the strife. Quevedo, the great satirist, was accustomed to cry out when any event, catastrophe, or crime was related to him, "*Quien es ella?*" "Who is she?" Indeed, women are found at the bottom of every social revolution, and in all the little accidents of social life.

Imbued with prejudices, they execrate or adore a principle, a law, a race, as their rancour or their personal affections drive them in this or that direction; nervous and irritable they become heroic, without suspecting it, like Mr. Jourdain, who wrote prose without knowing it; passionate and unreflecting, they commit with innocent frankness monstrous cruelties, at which their tender natures would revolt if the blindness of their passion did not almost always prevent them from seeing rationally and soberly. Without giving entire faith to the stories of jewels made from bones gathered on the battle-fields, I will cite that woman of the South, who burst into laughter on seeing the funeral procession pass by of a young Federal officer, killed near Baton-Rouge; and that young mad woman of the North, A—— D——, unfortunately endowed with eloquence, who, for some time has gone about ‘lecturing,’ preaching with ferocious simplicity the massacre of all classes in the South; and the ‘strong-minded women’ of New England, who demand the annihilation of the McClellan party, because it is too moderate towards the rebels and the women. What do I say? The ladies of Baltimore, of Nashville, and St. Louis, crying as loud as they can bawl, “Hurrah for Jefferson Davis!” in the presence of wounded Federals, wrapping up their children in Confederate flags, and making them sing every time an officer of the United States passes by, ‘My Maryland’ or ‘Dixie,’ for the purpose of drawing on themselves the prosecution of the government, or of rendering plausible the reproaches which the enemies of the latter make, that it attacks women and children; and my beautiful female fellow-citizens in New Orleans, provoking the officers of Butler so far as to render indispensable the regrettable measures which that general thought it his duty to take, seeing a conflict becoming imminent on account of their incessant hostile manifestations. Here is what a young officer, a friend of mine, wrote to me on this subject: “On arriving at New Orleans, I flattered myself that I was above such little annoyances; I had made up my mind to consider them as childish behaviour; but soon, I admit, the contortions, the grimaces, the sneers of the women that I met, the insulting care with which they placed their handkerchiefs on their nose when they met me, or wiped their

dress if they had touched me in passing, the affectation with which they walked in the mud in the middle of the street, rather than to walk on the pavement where I happened to be;—all these little, pin-point annoyances, to a man well educated, who was disposed to accord them his protection, and to respect them, triumphed over my philosophy, and caused me a sort of painful humiliation that you cannot imagine; and nevertheless these insults are nothing in comparison with those which many of my companions have suffered!” However, without undertaking to make an apology for all the acts of Butler, I do not easily understand the indignation caused in Europe by his famous order of the day, which says that ‘every woman who shall insult an officer or soldier in the streets will be considered as a common woman.’ I have no need of Butler to arrive at the same conclusion, and the proof of it is, in the answer of Beauregard’s sister, whose opinion was asked respecting this ‘infamous edict.’ I have none, said she, seeing it does not concern me. Is it difficult to judge by this answer that she was a lady, and consequently had nothing to fear, as the order of Butler did not justify the insults of an officer or soldier to her?

I do not like war, and military glory affects me but slightly when it is not justified by a great principle: the Italian war, and that of the war of independence in the United States, for example. Strong-minded women are ridiculous, and they become odious as soon as their mission ceases to be that of tenderness, of charity, and devotion. ‘Lady de Forli,’ of whom Machiavel speaks, was an unnatural mother, an indecent virago; Charlotte Corday, a romantic and probably amorous fool; and all the women of the South and North, who place themselves in their balconies in festal garments when the coffin of an officer of the enemy passes by, and who thus insult the august majesty of death, by displaying ridiculous emblems, fill me with horror!

It is one o’clock in the morning. They beat the ‘to arms’ in the streets. I leave at daylight for Harrisburg, for, notwithstanding my remarks, Strakosch turns a deaf ear to me.

CHAPTER X.

WILLIAMSPORT, June 16, 4 o'clock in the morning.

A FRESH telegram from the Governor orders all the National Guards to hurry to the defence of the State capital.

One of my cousins, a member of Congress, and a major in the Home Guards of Philadelphia, has informed me that he leaves for Harrisburg with his regiment. Another of my cousins is an officer in the Southern Army. Sad war! Both nearly of the same age and bound to each other by fraternal affection, the hazards of this terrible strife may perchance place them face to face with arms in their hands!

IN THE CARS ON THE ROAD TO HARRISBURG.

Decidedly, Hagerstown is in possession of the Confederates. The Governor enjoins the people to place before their doors all the empty barrels which they may have to dispose of; they will use them on the fortifications which are to be thrown up at Harrisburg. All along the road we see the agriculturists in arms, in battle array and performing military evolutions. They all seem disposed to obey the command of the Governor, who orders all able-bodied men to the field to meet the enemy, and to take the Susquehanna as the line for battle.

A traveller whom we took up at the last station assures us that the Confederate Army is not more than thirty miles from Harrisburg. Everybody is frightened. Strakosch begins to see his mistake.

It is ten o'clock in the morning. The train continues to advance at the highest speed towards Harrisburg, that is to say towards Jenkins, since the city must be attacked this evening, if it is not already taken. What shall we do? As for the concert it is out of the question; but ourselves,

our trunks—my pianos—what is to become of us in all this confusion?

1 P. M. A mile this side of Harrisburg the road is completely obstructed by freight trains, wagons of all sorts, and in fine by all the immense mass of merchandise, etc., which for the last twelve hours has been concentrated near the town to avoid capture or burning by the rebels. The train stops at the middle of the bridge over the Susquehanna—why? The anxiety increases. Can you conceive anything more terrible than the expectation of some vague, unknown danger? Some passengers have sat upon the floor, to be sheltered from bullets in case the train should be fired upon.

One hour of anxiety, during which all the women, whilst pretending to be dead with fright, do not cease talking and making the most absurd conjectures. I am myself only slightly comforted, and the idea of a journey to the South at this time is not at all encouraging. But the train standing in the middle of the bridge, the silence, the unknown, the solitude which surrounds us, the river whose deep and tremulous waves murmur beneath our feet, and above all our ignorance of what is taking place in front, and what awaits us at the station: is not all this enough to disquiet us?

Tired of this suspense, I decide to get out of the car. Strakosch, Madame Amalia Patti, and myself direct our steps towards the station, which we are assured is only a walk of twenty minutes. We find at the entrance of the depot piles, nay mountains of trunks, encumbering the way. One of the mountains has been tunneled by a frightened locomotive. Disembowelled trunks disgorge their contents, which charitable souls gather up with a zeal more or less disinterested. The conductor points out to me as a pick-pocket, an elegantly dressed young man moving quietly around with his hands behind his back.

What luck! I have just caught a glimpse of my two pianos—the cowardly mastodons—(Chickering forgive me!) snugly lying in a corner and in perfect health. These two mastodons which Chickering made expressly for me, follow me in all my peregrinations. The tail of these monster pianos measures three feet in width. Their length is

ten feet; they have seven and a half octaves, and with the whole of this formidable appearance possess a charming and obedient docility to the least movement of my fingers. Chickering Sons (Chickering, the father, the founder of this great house, has been dead for some years) have, by their labour and constructive talent, given for some time past an immense impulsion to the manufacture of pianos. Their manufactories at Boston turn out forty-two pianos a week! Five hundred workmen are constantly employed in them. The later instruments, constructed on new models of their own invention, rival, if they do not surpass the finest European pianos.

I acknowledge my heart beat at the idea of leaving these two brave companions of my life exposed to the chances of a bombardment or an attack by assault. Poor pianos! Perhaps to-morrow you will have lived! You will probably serve to feed the fine bivouac fire of some obscure Confederate soldier, who will see with an indifferent eye your harmonious bowels consumed without any regard for the three hundred concerts which you have survived and the fidelity with which you have followed me in my western campaigns.

The city expects to be attacked every moment. Three thousand persons are at work throwing up entrenchments. The clergy (many hundred persons), in a meeting which took place on this subject, have placed themselves at the disposition of the Governor, to be employed for the defence of the city. Priests, pastors, rectors, ministers of all denominations, are at this moment engaged in wheeling barrows full of earth and in digging pits for the sharpshooters. The State of New Jersey is to send this evening two or three regiments of militia. New York also furnishes her contingent. The Seventh Regiment of the National Guards is already on the way. This regiment, whose fine discipline Prince Napoleon so much admired, is composed of young men of the aristocracy of the *imperial* city. Many other regiments of volunteers are soon to follow. Everybody here except women and children appear disposed to fight. The disbanded officers and men of the last nine months' levies have met and re-formed their old regiments.

2 P. M. A battery of artillery passes at full gallop. We are crushed in the midst of the crowd. Jones's Hotel is a quarter of a mile off. Numerous groups stand before the telegraph office. The rebels, the despatches announce, are eighteen miles off. All the shops are closed, and most of the houses from the garret to the cellar.

"Decidedly our concert is done for!" exclaims in a piteous voice my poor Strakosch, who has just returned from a voyage of discovery. The reflection is a rather late one, and proves that my excellent friend and agent is a hopeful youth, and trusts to the last, like Micawber, that something will 'turn up.'

The hotel is overrun by a noisy crowd, in which I recognize many New York reporters, sent in haste by the great journals in the hope of furnishing their readers with sensational news. Sensational news is a new synonyme for 'a canard.' The three pretended captures of Charleston, and that of Vicksburg, a year ago, the death of Jefferson Davis, and so many other canards have been *very ingenious combinations* of the newspapers, and thanks to which, by causing the sale of many millions of 'bulletins,' they have realized enormous profits. Unfortunately everything wears out in this world, and credulity is so deadened, that now everything is doubted. I hear some people around me who assert that the rebels have never stirred from their general quarters on the Potomac. This is going too far. A rich merchant of the city, who was riding out this morning in his equipage drawn by two splendid horses, was made prisoner by the Confederate vedettes. His horses and carriage were seized, and he was not released until he had sworn not to make any remarks on what he had seen in the rebel camp. I have just spoken to him. The newspapers have told the truth for once.

"Dinner, gentlemen!" A general rush to the dining-room. The hotel is just now literally invaded. I succeed with great difficulty in finding a place at the table. The faces of the people about me are filled with alarm. Outside rumours are repeated in a low voice. The poor blacks who wait upon us look so sad and suppliant, that it would seem to me laughable if I did not know the horrors of slavery and the fate reserved for the free negroes of the

North that fall into the power of the Confederates. 'The rebels!' These words sound to them like a funeral knell. The clamours of the crowd that come to us through the open windows make them tremble all over. The countenance of the darkest of them (an old man) seems to be changing from the blackness of ebony to the grayness of the badger, which all know is the case when a negro becomes pale.

A long file of labourers and workmen, preceded by a drum, pass under my windows; they are going to the arsenal to obtain arms. The Governor, by a proclamation, has promised them to all citizens who shall present themselves. In the state in which the city is at present, if the rebels think of advancing they will take it without its being able to make the least resistance. It is true that all the citizens are under arms or working upon the fortifications; but these fortifications, thrown up in a few hours, are incapable of sustaining an attack *en règle*, and, in any case, will not be of any use unless the Confederates give time for the defence to be organized.

I see all along the river great clouds of dust; it is from the herds of cattle which the frightened farmers are driving towards the mountains, in hopes of hiding them from the rebels. The report spreads that a spy has just been arrested. A young man who was working on the fortifications was killed a moment ago by falling from an embankment twenty-four feet high. Great consternation! General Milroy, commanding the avant-guard of the Federal Army, has been defeated; his equipage is in the possession of the enemy, and his army routed. The officers of his staff have just arrived.

A thousand absurd rumours are in circulation. The great news for the moment is, that McClellan, who is the idol of the army, particularly since the President has taken from him the command, arrives this evening to place himself at the head of the Pennsylvania militia, to crush Lee and proclaim. . . . But I know McClellan; he is thoughtful, profound, and prudent, and will take good care not to risk, by a hazardous blow, the almost certain chances which he has of arriving at the presidential chair after Lincoln.

Old men, women, and children are leaving the city. A train left this morning carrying off many thousand fugitives. Our position in a few hours has become very critical. We cannot advance, and I fear lest our retreat should be cut off. A militia regiment passes at quick-step; it is going to the front. They are, for the most part, young men from fourteen to eighteen years old. They murmur greatly against Philadelphia, which, being the principal city in the State (numbering six hundred thousand inhabitants), has not yet sent one regiment of its National Guards to defend the seat of government, while the distant States of New Jersey, New York, and even Rhode Island, have already fifteen or twenty thousand men on the road for Harrisburg and the valley of the Cumberland.

A train leaving in an hour for Philadelphia, we run to the station. Strakosch will remain behind to search for our trunks, which have been missing these two hours. My tuner has lost his head; the two mastodons of Chickering's have disappeared, and the express company declines to be responsible for them. Too obstinate Strakosch, why in the world did he make us come to Harrisburg!

HARRISBURG, June 16.

I have lately learned from an ex-officer of Beauregard's (now retired from the army) that the latter has for his barber and *factotum* a young Spaniard, who is attached to him and follows him everywhere. By the most singular coincidence, this is no other than *Ramon*, the little *gitano* that, when quite a child, I adopted in Spain, and that some of my friends will remember to have seen in his picturesque Andalusian dress, when some years ago I arrived in New York.

I met him in 1851, half naked, running the streets of Valladolid, and making little wax figures. He was dying with hunger, and not wishing to ask alms, he offered to the passers by the simple products of his art. He was seven years old. Abandoned, he said, by his parents, the poor child had forgotten even the name of the town in which he was born, and only remembered the harsh treatment which he suffered from his father, a *gitano* (gypsy), like himself. Attracted by his intelligent look, I adopted him. At the

end of some weeks, Ramon was transformed, thanks to a complete *majo* costume which I had made for him, and thanks also to that happy thoughtlessness of childhood, which forgets the troubles of the evening, and conceals with a golden veil the darkness of the morrow. He accompanied me for eighteen months through all my travels in Spain. Ramon soon became celebrated. His 'Gracia,' his 'Sal Andaluza,' the history of his adoption, and his embroidered leggings, made a little hero of him. The Queen asked to see him, and as a faithful *hidalgo*, he had the honour of presenting to her majesty his *chef-d'œuvre*, a little waxen *bull*, in which he had displayed all the resources of his talent, and which dazzled less by the exactitude of its contour, than by the originality of its pose. I even think I remember that this bull was grotesque, but as Ramon had the faith which saves in art as in other things, I presided gravely at the presentation to his sovereign of the work of my protégé, and perhaps the poor boy still flatters himself every morning, in shaving his general, with the intoxicating illusion that his bull ornaments one of the galleries of the 'Alcazar Royal.'

Recalled to France, I embarked at Cadiz for Marseilles. The vessel putting in at Almeria, we landed, Ramon and I. Arrived at the Plaza de Armas, my attention was attracted by a Bohemian (gypsy), who persevered in following us for some time and attentively observing Monsieur Ramon. All at once they flew into each others' arms; 'Dios mio,' 'Virgin Maria!' It is my brother! it is thou! just as at the theatre, and there they are still embracing. "Señor," said Ramon to me with an expression which did little honour to his patriotic feelings and in which I saw less of tenderness than of fear, "Señor, I know the houses; it is here where my 'padre' beat me so much." The crowd, drawn by this touching scene, commenced with that kindness for strangers which characterizes the people of Andalusia to murmur loudly against 'My Lord' (everything in Andalusia which is not Spanish is English or French) who wished to separate a child from its lawful guardians.

They made Ramon understand that he had nothing to fear, that he was at home, that I had no more right over him; but the poor little fellow, little reassured by the idea

of again finding the paternal tent, and frightened at the perspective of the enchantments of nomad life, whose forgotten souvenirs were now opening before his eyes with menacing brightness, the poor little fellow said, clinging to me, more dead than alive, "Señor, per Dios, no me deje vol." (For the love of God, Señor, do not forsake me.) That did not appear to be the wish of the crowd; as the cries, "Let us call the alcalde; to prison with the kidnapper of children!" made themselves heard. I endeavoured to make an explanation. "No a la carcel." I must refer it to the decision of Señor Corregidor, and here we are on the way, I at the head, Ramon hanging on to my greatcoat, and the crowd pressing on my heels. The Corregidor was fortunately an honest man. He had heard me in Madrid. "Ma foi," he said to me, "I can do nothing in this matter; the child has a father, it is for him to decide." His father, after having been a horse dealer at fairs, some years since joined *con amore* the armed contrabandists.

Having, at the moment when he had brought one of his commercial operations to a happy conclusion, met a refractory custom-house officer, he had very gently dispatched him with a blow of a 'Navaja.'

The knife was found near the corpse, Father Ramon was arrested, confessed, and had just been condemned to be 'garroted,' that is to say strangled (the punishment still used in Spain). He was in a cell on the ground floor of the 'Carcel publica.' Without taking the trouble of entering the prison, the Corregidor, who had wished me well, took charge of the negotiation, and as Ramon, myself, and the crowd (now the entire town) had followed, explained to him the state of affairs—the windows of the cell walled up to the height of six feet terminated by an iron grating, which, while it permitted the light to enter, prevented the prisoner from seeing out or being seen. "A rich Englishman," (!?) shouted the Corregidor to him, "has adopted your son Ramon. Will you authorize him to take him with him into his own country?" Soon a doleful voice was heard! "My son Ramon, the child of my bowels, Jesus Maria! Virgin del Carmen! Abandon him to an Englishman! You cannot think of it, Señor Corregidor!" "He is right," said the crowd; and I avow I did not know well

what to answer. I looked at Ramon; he had such a pitiful countenance, his look was so eloquent, that I felt willing to make a last attempt. I desired the Corregidor to drive away the crowd and permit me to speak privately (save the walled window between us) with Father Ramon. In short, the result of the consultation was that at the end of five minutes, the softened crowd could see two hands issue between the bars of the window (absolutely as in the fine picture of Paul Delaroche representing Lord Stafford when he receives the benediction of in which we perceive only the hands). I got upon a stone, I placed cautiously three dollars into one of the extended hands, and I led away the son of Mr. Ramon, who his father declared he abandoned to me as my entire property. The people applauded, felicitated Ramon, still blue from fright, cried out, "Viva el Ingles!" reconducted me as far as the vessel, and would have carried me in triumph if my natural modesty and my impatient desire to be rid of my new friends had not been opposed to it.

HARRISBURG, June 16, 4 P. M.

The tocsin sounds, the drums beat a call to arms. Military bands parade the streets, playing national airs; the national flag is borne amid acclamations, and produces an indescribable enthusiasm. I detest war, but at this moment I feel as if I should love to be a soldier. Good God! what does military enthusiasm amount to? A little music, a great deal of noise, arms which glitter in the sun, and the crowd who look on! Admirable simplicity of means, which would appear providential to me, if I did not remember that both sides possess the same elements of enthusiasm, crowd, sun, and noise, and consequently the same sources of heroism.

On which side is the truth? Which are the martyrs? Which are the executioners? Jefferson Davis decrees thanksgiving to the Almighty for the manifest protection which he gives to the Confederate arms; Lincoln orders public prayers to ask of God continuance of his favour to the glorious starry flag, symbol of justice and of civilization; it is in the name of outraged liberty that the Government at Richmond demands the national independence of

the South, and inflames the ardour of its troops in the name of the same liberty which at Washington electrifies the population of the North, and puts on foot an army of a million men to repulse the pretensions of the South. Both, penetrated by the sanctity of their cause, cut each other's throats in emulation of one another, and die like heroes! Moral: man is a machine more nervous than thoughtful, a voltaic pile clothed with flesh, which gives sparks and shocks when we know how to heat it. It does not belong to me to touch here these great questions, in order to resolve them, or to mix myself in the troubles that disturb my unhappy country. I have my opinions, but they matter little. What was I thinking of, to go and throw myself among the briers of politics? When I give my pen license it runs at random and does a thousand foolish things, like a female parrot let loose in a guava tree.

One train leaves at five o'clock, another left at two o'clock. I doubt if the one which is promised us can accommodate the constantly increasing crowd of four or five thousand persons which presses into and around the station. Litters are provided for the sick, many are occupied by wounded soldiers, who will not be left here. Immense trains of merchandise continue to arrive. The panic increases. It is no longer a flight, it is a flood,—a general *saute qui peut*. It would seem, seeing the precipitation with which the inhabitants abandon their city, that the rebels were already in sight. Trunks, boxes, bundles of clothes, furniture, mattresses, kitchen utensils, and even pianos, are piled pell-mell on the road.

Carriages, carts, chariots, indeed all the vehicles in the city have been put in requisition. The poor are moving in wheelbarrows. A trader has attached to his omnibus, already full, a long file of spring carts, trucks, buggies, whose owners had probably no horses, and drags them along to the great displeasure of his team, which sweat, froth, and fall, under the increased weight of the load. A long convoy comes in with ten locomotives in front. It brings canons, caissons, and many steam-engines in course of construction, which have been sent to Harrisburg to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. The confusion is at its height. Cattle bellowing, frightened mules, prancing horses,

what to answer. I looked at Ramon's countenance, his look was so eloquent, I made a last attempt. I desired the crowd and permit me to pass (the walled window between us) with the result of the consultation. Minutes, the softened crowd came between the bars of the window. The figure of Paul Delaroche reappeared to receive the benediction of the crowd (only the hands). I got up, and put three dollars into one of the hands of the son of Mr. Ramon, who gave me a barrel. The women are done to me as my entire reward. The men all standing, and the felicitated Ramon, still standing, said "el Ingles!" reconducted me from thirst; the heat is intolerable. I have already made to-day a impatient desire to be a half, and that from here to opposed to it.

The tocsin sound, the military bands parade, the national flag is hoisted, the indescribable enthusiasm. I feel as if I should do military exercises. A great deal of the crowd who have been which would remember that the enthusiasm, crowd sources of life.

On which I have learned from Trollope, are the Which are the time that I read Trollope on the thanksgiving, attributed this reserve to an exception which he and I cursed my evil star which had public praise, the deprivation of the charming smile the public reward the weaker sex pays to the tion of the marks of deference of which I have men have learned from Trollope, are the

Yes that all my brothers of the ruder sex

the ladies should not forget, no longer grows
as in the days of chivalry; it is the last vestige of
a epoch when many things were believed in which are
since dead; it is to-day a delicate flower, a hot-house plant
which would die if it was refused the fecundating rays of
their smiles. But it is two o'clock in the morning. We are
at Philadelphia. Fifteen hours and a half of railroad in
one day, without counting our emotions!

The devil take the poets who dare to sing the pleasures
of an artist's life.

June 17, 1863.

Left Philadelphia at 6 P. M. for New Brunswick. We
are stopped on the road for three hours; it is eleven and
a-half o'clock. We are stationary. The road having only
one line, we are obliged to wait on a turn-out for a convoy
of soldiers who left New York at six o'clock and are to
pass us at this station. It is probable that an accident has
happened to it. In the mean time it looks as if we are
to pass the night here. Our locomotive has left us on a
voyage of discovery.

July 13.

Concert at New London to-day. The drawing for re-
cruits has begun. That which was feared is now being
realized: the lower class — the Irish — resist. The tele-
graph has just announced to us that they have set fire to
the buildings where the drawings take place. They are
armed. The authorities have ordered out the regular
troops now encamped at 'Morris's Island' to march to New
York immediately. Blood will flow. The insurgents
having taken up the rails on the railroad for several miles,
the communications are interrupted.

July 14.

The railroad bridge at Harlem has been burned by the
rioters. The news travels a long way round to reach us.
The 'Tribune' office has been burned to the foundations;
the artillery is in the streets.

July 14.

I found on my piano (as it always is at every concert) a charming basket of flowers. Almost all my pieces were encored. After the last piece, an old gentleman came forward and made a speech, thanking me, in the name of the audience, for the pleasure which I had given them. He offered me a serenade by the military band of the fort, which he commands.

FITCHBURGH, July 15.

Charming country, surrounded by mountains. The houses are built on steep declivities. The hotel is called 'Fitchburgh House.' At the hour for commencing the concert, the heavens, which had been cloudy all day, opened and poured down cataracts of rain; the streets were a foot deep in mud. Notwithstanding this we had a respectable audience, and I was enthusiastically encored.

NASHUA, July 16.

Pretty little town, like all those of New England, hidden like a nest in the midst of the verdure of its gardens and of its tall trees. The news of the taking of Port Hudson was received at four o'clock, with all kinds of joyful demonstrations. Bells ring, explosions are heard, etc. etc. A certain Mr. F. sent me some verses in which he compares me to Apollo.

Met in the street three little boarding-school girls in a buggy, who sent me kisses.

MANCHESTER, July 17.

Manufacturing town, in which there is nothing remarkable. Only sixteen tickets sold, which forces me to give up the concert, more particularly as Madame Strakosch has just telegraphed me that she dare not leave her children at New York while the riots continue. To-morrow I was to give a concert at Portsmouth, but the telegraph has just transmitted the news of a riot. Decidedly I shall return by way of Boston to New York.

CHAPTER XI.

December, 1863.

WE are in town. My company consists of Mademoiselle Cordier, prima donna; Brignoli, tenor; Carlo Patti, violinist; Behrens, accompanist; and myself. Also Max Strakosch, agent and impresario; Ashforth, tuner, to whom is entrusted the duty of overlooking the packing and unpacking of my pianos. Marie, lady's maid to Mademoiselle Cordier; Emile, Brignoli's valet; and Firmin, my confidential servant, valet, major-domo, secretary, and factotum, who has been for many years my 'Alter ego,' and who tyrannizes over me with that good-natured familiarity which all servants think they have a right to exercise over those whom they have for many years willingly taken care of for their master.

Such is the list of names of our 'Concert Troupe.' I now come to the members of it. Mademoiselle Cordier is not pretty, but she is French, that is to say, has all the piquant graces which appear to belong to her countrywomen. She has a flexible voice, which she uses with much art. She was educated at the Conservatoire de Paris, where she took the first prize. An excellent musician (*rara avis*), she can read what she sings, and does not possess the gift accorded to almost all Italian singers, of not learning until after having been taught, like a canary bird on the bird organ, for many years. Her maid is a young, thin, sentimental German, who paints flowers, is always asleep, is very ugly, and professes an absolute aversion for the duties of the toilet.

Brignoli is, as you already know, one of the most seductive tenors that can be imagined. His voice, which reminds me of Mario's, has a marvellous purity. His servant Emile is an old sailor who reads Renan's 'Life of Jesus,' and is enraptured with the beauties of his style. Behrens is a

young German from Hamburg, who wears spectacles, is a good musician, and has a good heart. He has two weaknesses (who has them not?). The first I have to tell you, is to make puns. He is constantly thinking (his note-book and pencil in hand) during the concert, in the carriage, morning, evening, and after dinner, how he may distort a word to make a pun on it. His second, is being a fervent disciple of Brillat-Savarin. Behrens, in every little place, finds means to have delicacies prepared for himself. We have made him superintendent of provisions, and he overlooks the getting up of our meals when we arrive at a hotel. Ashforth, a tall, phlegmatic American, looks after the pianos with the same love that an English coachman looks after his horses. He is the best tuner I know.

Strakosch, my agent, impressario, and friend, a fine fellow, is active as he alone can be. Devivo, second agent, is a Neapolitan, has an excellent heart, and loves me very much; and finally Levy, a young Englishman, third agent, with a very large nose, a good fellow, a worker, poor but honest, and on the road to become a first-class agent.

We are a blessing to hotel proprietors, whose purses we fill, and for whom we are also an excellent advertisement, as the newspapers never fail to mention the hotel where we put up.

December 28.

A TEMPEST OF SNOW.

After having given two concerts at Chicago, I left for Rockford (five hours of railroad from Chicago), where I am to give a concert by myself this evening. I had sent the rest of my company to Racine (four hours of railway from Chicago) to give also a concert without me; my name being sufficiently powerful at Rockford to enable me to get an audience without the aid of my companions, I take advantage of it. On their part they cannot fail to draw the crowd, and thanks to this strategic manœuvre I shall obtain a double financial result without increasing my expenses or losing time. To-morrow I must leave Rockford, and they Racine, in order for us to join each other at Milwaukee (Wisconsin), where a concert is to be given in the evening by our whole company. The cold is excessive.

At Rockford the snow, which has been falling uninterruptedly for two days, is one foot and a half deep in the streets. The sky at this moment is clear and the air pure. The thermometer which, until now, was about eighteen degrees below zero, begins to go down. Rockford (Illinois) is a very pretty town of one thousand souls, flourishing as do all the Western towns. It possesses three seminaries for young ladies, which I think ought to furnish this evening for the concert a contingent of five hundred persons. Young ladies' seminaries in all the small interior towns of the West are the soul of a certain class of concerts. The desire for cultivating the mind and purifying the taste is an imperative necessity among American women which I have never found in so high a degree in any other race. The liberty which they enjoy in the United States, and which would frighten European mothers, far from injuring the development of those exquisite qualities which characterize their sex, adds, on the contrary, to the allurements of beauty, and vests a fund of confidence in their own strength and a maturity of intelligence which guard them more infallibly than the anxious and suspicious solicitude with which a European education surrounds them. Here they are the sole guardians of their innocence and safety; and while I am far from thinking that they do not slip at times from the abuse of it (perfection is not of this world), I do not hesitate to give the preference to our system. Our young ladies are responsible to their conscience and enter into marriage fortified by a practical sense which, in taking from them a little of that unhealthy and sickly sentimentality of young European girls, prepares them for the realities of life. The young European girl—ignorant of everything, and not made accountable by the long childish tutelage which has been imposed upon her—slips, stumbles, falls, without knowing it; if she escapes the perilous passages, she offers to her husband a frivolous companion, a 'Dora,' that is to say, a pretty plaything, but certainly incapable of assisting and sustaining him in his troubles.

The snow has ceased falling. I sink into it knee-deep. The pianist of the town, a professor, has just offered me his services, and proposes a sleigh-ride. I confess that the

sleigh-ride in itself is very pleasant, and I should be very fond of this kind of locomotion if it could be used in summer, but winter being a condition '*sine qua non*' for sleighing I cannot find any compensation in it for the cruel sensations which I suffer from the wind, which cuts my fingers, nose, and lips, and leaves me just enough heat to enable me to feel my sufferings.

The cold freezes me, soul and body. The snow reminds me of death. Besides the wind, the sharp particles of snow which stick into the skin—is it not terrible? Does not even Nature herself die in the presence of winter? The leafless trees affect me towards evening, with their naked branches, cutting the distant horizon, like a band of skeletons, that begins a *Macabre*-like dance. Where are the birds? Where are the flowers? Where is the sun? I hate winter, for it gives me pain, but it is the true season for inspiration. When at night the house trembles to its foundation, as the hail strikes the windows like a flock of funereal birds which want to get in—then is the hour of inspiration. Some find then fantastic hallucinations; I then hear the echo of an indefinite and secret grief, found in the depths of the soul of all men. True poesy is found only in revery, in the midst of grief, under an inclement sky. I get irritated reading those poets who, full throated, sing good wine, their radiant sun, their satisfied amours, and whose listless music is contented with some——

I should be very glad to decline the sleigh-ride. But the good professor would be offended, and I sacrifice myself. His vehicle is worthy of notice; it is original, it is a small square box placed on a buggy frame, for the wheels of which two iron runners have been substituted. It is primitive, original, but scarcely solid. We accommodate ourselves as well as we can in this little machine, and set out. The wind increases and the cold also. My neighbour's nose is blue. As for mine, I no longer feel it; our horse, animated by the noise of the bells, flies rather than runs. We devour space, we have passed through the town like a hurricane, and enter upon a great road at a tremendous pace. At every turn of the road our little box with its contents flies from the ground and describes a quarter of a circle in the air, luckily it falls flat again, and we stick in as well as we

can. An old blind mule has stopped in the middle of the road. Our speed is so rapid that we cannot turn in time, and we strike against the poor beast, who sends a pair of heels at us without striking us. Half of our box remains behind, but there is still enough to hold on to. The horse no longer obeys the reins. I begin to understand that our party of pleasure will end by being thrown into a ditch. The end of our ride is a seminary for young girls, of which I begin to see the roof and trees at the end of the road.

We arrive at the seminary. An old and dried-up lady receives us. I am introduced to her; she is the directress of the establishment. Miss So and So, Mr. Gottschalk. We pass into the parlour. A gentleman with dishevelled hair is walking up and down, declaiming 'a lecture,' which he has to give this afternoon to the young girls. Uncombed head (I speak of his exterior), beard unshaved; type, genus unknown—gold spectacles. He is a German professor of literature, of French, and philosophy—was it necessary to tell you that he wore gold spectacles? Do not all the Germans, musicians and savants, wear them?

It is a point of transcendental physiology which I leave to the investigations of the learned, to wit: whether the Germans who are to become musicians are born with little golden spectacles, just as others are born with a wart on the nose, or whether this parasite is developed and grows in proportion as they plunge into the depths of the science of harmony. Or again, whether this appendage is an honourable badge and symbol which is awarded to those who have penetrated all the secrets hidden from vulgar eyes. Finally, are the golden spectacles of the musical Germans like the cane of the Spanish Alcalde or the switch of the English soldier in walking, that without which neither the one nor the other of these immutable and invariable types consider themselves complete?

I visit the seminary. The pupils are engaged at their studies; but in the passages, on the staircase, in the dormitory, we meet young girls who, under their little air of fright or indifference, badly conceal their unruly curiosity. It is plain that they know who I am, and I foresee that I shall have to play for these very pretty rude little things before leaving. A piano groans in an adjoining room! it

is the 'Maiden's Prayer.' How far will this virginal prayer pursue me? We get again into our square little box, and after another fantastic and giddy ride, I find myself again (God be praised!) before my hotel, where the waiters (*garçons*) are girls; I mean to say that the servants are of the weaker sex. These young girls are, for the most part, ugly and dirty; I suspect that they are princesses in disguise; their squeamish looks, their air of offended dignity with which they give me a very small piece of roast beef, make me divine their illustrious origin, and fill me with confusion. The silly Abigails!


December 31.

We are again pursuing our journey. It continues to snow, and from certain signs the farmers say it will have drifted, and will certainly have obstructed the road. Here we are stopped. We must get out. Harvard is the name of the place where the conductor tells us we must get out. It is a small village of five hundred inhabitants. It would be dangerous to proceed farther while the storm continues. The thermometer has gone down to twenty-five degrees below zero. We might have been overtaken by the tempest in the midst of the prairies, where we should have been buried under the snow, ourselves and the whole train in the course of a few hours. We have escaped a great danger by being able to reach a station. We must now endeavour to find lodgings for the few hours that we remain here. The tempest will doubtless pass over in the afternoon, at least the conductor leads us to hope so. A tavern is alongside of the road. 'Harvard Hotel, Cayer, proprietor.' The idea of passing a day at the Harvard Hotel has nothing seductive in it. What kind of rooms, and, above all, what kind of dinner, will they give us?

Agreeable surprise! The landlord, a stout man, whom his friends call Judge—who has never had such luck before—conducts me to my room; it is very comfortably furnished and warmed. A mahogany table covered with tapestry of needle-work, an album with *cartes de visite* and photographs, and gilt-edged books in the prairies of the extreme West! One thousand miles from New York!! O civilization! Gilt-edge books and French lithographs

(Moses defending I know not what woman, after a picture by Schopin), the monuments of Paris, and a large volume of maps on the Crimean War, written by the commissioners sent out in 1855 by his Excellency Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War of the United States, which commission was composed of Colonel Delafield and Captain McClellan of the Engineers. These names thus associated have a singular effect! What a contrast, and what events since the illustrious traitor occupied himself with so much solicitude to perfect the military science of the Federal Army officers, and chose for this purpose little Captain McClellan. I should have remained a long time meditating on the instability of human affairs and on the mysteries which the future conceals, if the gong for dinner had not just called me to the reality of things which is much more pleasant than revery, seeing that I am very hungry and that the dinner whatever it may be will be very welcome. I do not suppose that the Harvard Hotel dinner will be a Belshazzar's feast. Again a rash judgment and an agreeable surprise. After having disagreeably speculated upon what might be the ordinary of this poor little tavern at a village of the extreme West, and found a resigned consolation in my hunger, I went down into the dining-room and found it very clean. The thick linen table-cloths are white, the dishes and plates large, but scrupulously clean, the servants pretty, courteous, and not at all princesses. The bill of fare for dinner would make the mouths water of the pseudo-hunters of the plain of St. Denis, who are condemned not to taste venison but under the equivocal and apocryphal form of steaks called roe-buck, which the industry of the Parisian restaurateur has enabled him to make out of lamb kept preserved in vinegar until it gets the taste of venison. Here they served up to us a quarter of true roe-buck marvellously roasted with its juice; some broiled venison, wild ducks, and prairie-chickens; a large pudding and a glass of excellent ale ended this festival of Belshazzar. Decidedly I submit to my fate. I get again into the train. One hour, two hours glide by, and we do not start. There are two stoves in the car, yet nevertheless the cold increases until Strakosch's ears are nearly frozen. The wind increases, the snow falls in avalanches, we must

pass the night at Harvard. Unfortunately, counting on leaving, I paid my bill after dinner, and consequently have renounced all my rights upon the room which I have occupied part of the day—it has been immediately taken. The hotel being insufficient to hold all the passengers of the train, a place was first provided for the women and children. Not being able to get in under either of these categories, I have the sad perspective of passing the night on the floor, at a temperature of twenty-six degrees below zero. There are fifty or sixty of us in the same place. The society is not, as you will understand, very select. It is composed of sick and disbanded soldiers, of pioneers from the Indian frontiers, peddlers, of horse-sellers, and ragged emigrants. I fastened my money in my fob, and also my watch-chain. Two or three persons who from their dress appeared to belong to the well-to-do class, approached me and acquaintances were instinctively made. In a moment this colony was divided into distinct groups, into little clans, which, without being hostile to each other, betoken nevertheless that if occasion require they would know how to defend themselves against the aggression of their neighbours. I begin to think of my corner for the night. The tempest roars outside. If you never experienced a storm at sea you cannot form any idea of this upturning of nature. My thoughts turn to the poor travellers who shall have been surprised on the prairies. They will find a certain death there. The house creaks on its foundations. The wind whistles lamentably. Do you know anything more mournful than those ascending and descending chromatic scales which you hear when the wind whistles through the cordage of a vessel? It seems to me I am on board. Two firemen have just entered with their hands frozen; with great trouble we succeed in restoring the circulation. It is the first time that I see for myself what I have so often read of in the history of voyages to the North Pole. I have had to give up reaching the train where our trunks are, which is only some hundred paces off. Going back at every step, blind and suffocated by the snow which strikes the face furiously, I was forced to return in about five minutes almost frozen. They are about to establish guards on the locomotive, who will relieve each other



every half hour, to keep up the fire, under penalty of seeing the water freeze in the boiler, and then adieu to leaving to-morrow. The country, which I see in the twilight through the windows obscured by the ice, is frightfully sad. An illimitable meadow, which in summer is doubtless an ocean of verdure, but which now presents to the eye only a desert of snow which is lost in the distant horizon. The hardened snow, masses of which fall with a dull rumbling noise from the roof of the house, and the roaring of the tempest, drive one to despair with sadness. I write my journal to combat sad thoughts which besiege me.

Poor Strakosch, after two hours of superhuman effort, has come back from the telegraph station, from whence he sent a despatch to Milwaukee, explaining our position; I doubt if it arrives at its destination. Before an hour the wind and snow will have torn down and buried under ten feet of snow all the telegraph wires. The thermometer is still going down. The cold is insupportable, notwithstanding our immense stove is getting red-hot and its jaws flaming with trunks of trees. A cattle train is stopped some distance from the tavern. We hear the bellowing of the poor beasts in the midst of the snow. They will probably perish by the cold to-night.

Max, by virtue of begging, has obtained a bed at the postmaster's, whose house is separated from ours only by a small garden. It is seven o'clock in the evening. We have just supped on venison and a cup of tea. I wished to go to my lodgings, but the tempest is so violent that I have not been able to make the twenty-five paces that separate the house from the post-office. The darkness is profound. Assisted by Firmin and Strakosch I again venture to go out, supporting the one the other; thrown down at every step by the wind, covered with snow, and almost paralyzed with cold, we reach the house of the postmaster. The postmaster, a tall, thin, phlegmatic American with a beard turning gray, bids us welcome. The teakettle sings on the lighted stove. A half-open closet reveals the plates and preserves of the family. A large Bible on a white wooden table, a pretty white cat who purrs on her mistress's lap, a little girl of ten years, a daughter of the postmaster, knitting stockings alongside of her mother,

while the latter washes the plates which were used for supper, all forms a picture of neatness, decency, and peacefulness. It is poverty but not want. It comforts and does not sadden. In Europe you cannot understand or comprehend the character of the American farmers. The orderly and respectable habits which characterize them are too incompatible with the gross turbulence and brutalizing ignorance of European peasants to enable you to find an equivalent to the laborious class of American farmers. We talk politics with the postmaster (all Americans of every class understand in their minutest details the political history of the United States). The storm increases every moment; I shall never be able to sleep to-night. The cold is so intense that our clothes are stiff and creak as if they were paper. I wish you good-night. I go to shiver until to-morrow morning.

January 1, 1864.

SNOW STORM (THE SEQUEL).

Although I had passed the night with all my clothes on, with a woollen comforter around my neck, and a fur cap on my head, and though I had constantly lain drawn up under my mountain of bed-clothes, I found on awaking my moustaches covered with hoar-frost. The thermometer thirty-two degrees below 'zero'! our shoes are frozen, likewise our hats, and we are obliged to put them under the stove to thaw them. An old trapper assures us that it will be a very rough winter. The muskrats on the Indian frontier have built their cabins two stories high, he tells us, and all the trout have forsaken the rivers to gain the deep water of the lakes. These are signs which infallibly announce extraordinary cold weather. We had with us in our car a sick young soldier. I am anxious to learn how he got through the night. I wrap myself carefully up in furs and accompanied by a guide I seek the car to learn if we could do anything to comfort this poor man. He is very feeble and young. He is returning to his family. I seek in the village for some one who can take care of him until he is cured. Poor young man! Will he ever again see his family? By the mercy of God there are noble hearts in this world of dollars and cents. I have found a

young farmer, who undertakes to take care of him gratuitously. The cattle have bravely supported this terrible night. Only one horse is extended on the ground to all appearance frozen! They rub him, he is getting up again, he will probably recover. The engineers and firemen have suffered most. They had to remain on the engines all night to keep up the fire, or the water in the boilers would certainly have been frozen. No probability of being able to start to-day. Milwaukee is impossible. I cannot even return to Chicago, although the wind blows in that direction, and consequently would help us in getting along; before us the snow is piled up into immense drifts which render the journey impossible. We breakfast. Before the dining-room stove an enormous deer is stretched out, killed last night at our request; it will be for our dinner. It has the handsomest head that I have seen. We have also quails. They cost here sixty cents per dozen, and are almost as large as pigeons. The ladies, I am told, passed the night in dancing. Some one found a fiddler in the village. Fortunately there is no piano; but for that I should have had to play.

CHAPTER XII.

ADRIAN, Michigan, January 8, 1864.

INFAMOUS concert. Seventy-eight dollars!! The people say that they prefer "a good negro show." They are furious at the price for admission—one dollar.

A singular American characteristic! They insult us as if we forced them to pay.

In the cars a *gentleman* and a lady are talking: "These people are those who exhibited last evening." "No, they belong to the panorama, which, in parenthesis, must be a very handsome affair judging from the price of admission—one dollar" (this is spoken with a dissatisfied air).

One dollar admission! it is the universal theme. Everybody talks about it, and, singularly, it is with animosity, as

if the fact of putting on the bills one dollar was sufficient to take the price of admission out of their pocket. It is monstrous!

February 22.

After having rested myself in New York for three weeks, I have commenced to-day (the anniversary of Washington's birth) a new series of concerts. After having visited the large towns of the East, I think of going to the extreme West. I shall go as far as the Indian territories. I count particularly on working up Minnesota, and will push on as far as Mankato, the principal town of the State, which was the theatre of the massacres committed by the Indians two years ago.

I was much applauded by the public this evening. After an encore I played my fantasia 'The Union,' which called forth the most patriotic enthusiasm; it arose from the circumstance that it was the birthday of Washington, the founder and father of our great republic.

BRIDGEPORT, February 23.

A pretty little town, two hours of railway from New York, the birthplace of 'Tom Thumb' and of 'Barnum.'

February 24.

Concert at New York. Crowded. It is the ninety-fifth or ninety-sixth concert that I have given in the city of New York within the last year and a half, without counting at least one hundred and fifty that I gave before my voyage to the Antilles.

HARTFORD, February 25.

A handsome town in Connecticut, four and a half hours from New York. Whilst I was in a music store I heard the following conversation:—

First lady.—"Are you going to Gottschalk's concert?"

Second lady.—"Yes, if I can find a place on the front seat."

First lady.—"It is too near, the sound is not so pure as at a distance."

Second lady.—"I do not care about hearing. I want to see his fingers. I know all his pieces."

First lady.—"Ah! You play the piano?"

Second lady.—"No! but I have a friend who plays them all on the guitar."

(The truth.)

February 26.

Concert at Boston. Very fine concert. Boston, by a sufficiently singular anomaly, is the city which has contributed the most to shake off the yoke of the metropolis, and that which has retained the most English-like appearance. It is par excellence the aristocratic city. It pretends to be the most intellectual in the United States. It is not to be denied that it has made enormous progress in the sciences and arts. The university at Cambridge is the most celebrated in the United States. Her poets are known the world over. She has for eight years possessed the largest organ in America. (It cost sixty thousand dollars in Germany.) A musical amateur (Mr. Perkins) has presented to the city a statue of Beethoven which cost twelve thousand dollars. It is a beautiful work of art. Boston has six theatres and three concert halls, two of which can seat thirty-five hundred persons. It is in the latter one of these, the 'Fremont,' that I gave my concerts. It is in my opinion the best for hearing and the most magnificent concert hall in the world.

PROVIDENCE, February 27.

Two hours from Boston. An aristocratic city, and one of the oldest in the United States. It was founded by one of the Puritan pilgrims who emigrated under the Catholic King James II., and still preserves the rigidity of its founders. I have a large audience. It is the first concert without rain that I have given in Providence.

Near to Providence (at Newport) is the United States Naval School, and a naval station of great importance. The State of Rhode Island is the smallest State of the Union.

Sunday, February 28.

Return at night to Boston. Sunday—a day of mortal ennui!! Marked progress nevertheless. One can now smoke in the streets, and carriages can be driven. Two Sunday papers even are published. Hardly fifteen years ago these three things would have appeared like monstrosities to the puritanic inhabitants of Boston.

An excellent musician, distinguished violinist, and graceful composer has resided for some years at Boston—Julius Eichberg. He is leader of the orchestra at the Museum, and has composed some comic operas which have been successful.

This evening—hall overflowing—all my pieces have been encored. Played for the first time on Mason's new organs, which are quite pretty. He manufactures one hundred weekly.

February 29.

Received an invitation from the Institution for the Blind, and Deaf and Dumb. These poor creatures have taken a great affection for me since I invited them to come to all my concerts. They have never missed one. They sent me two days ago some articles made by them, baskets of pearl and filagree work, and a letter written by a young girl *deaf, dumb, and blind*, Miss Laura Bridgeman. The poor girl has written 'Grace be with you.' I have been really touched by this gift.

March 1.

I start in two hours for Springfield; three hours from Boston. A concert there this evening. The snow is falling, and it is very unpleasant. Small audience. The stage is slanting and the floor waxed; owing to which, during the finale of 'Jerusalem,' my chair slipped and slid as far as the foot-lights, which left my hands fingering the air! To get behind the scenes, we pass through a cul-de-sac, then a low door, a passage, then a ladder staircase which ends at a trapdoor that we raise up, and arrive at a little room where a tailor and his daughter are sewing. Leave at midnight for New York, where we arrive at eight o'clock in the morning.

March 2.

Last evening, Miss Harris, a young American prima donna, made her début in 'Lucia.' Success: voice a little weak, but much intelligence and great facility. This evening, concert at Niblo's. I play the quatuor of Beethoven in E flat. The andante (which recalls, in the first bars, 'Batti' of Don Juan) is one of the sweetest, most tender, and brightest inspirations of the giant of Bonn.

March 3.

Left for New Haven. A charming city, where the celebrated university, 'Yale College,' is situated. The students number six hundred. They confer degrees as high as Dr. of Sciences. Large audience at the concert. Decidedly, the Puritanism of New England is rapidly disappearing and vanishing away. The majority of my audience is composed this evening of Episcopalians, and nevertheless we are in Lent!!!

March 4.

Left this morning for Stamford, where I play this evening. Arrived at half past eleven o'clock A. M. It is a pretty town. There are two large colleges for young girls, who, without mistake, will be at the concert. My tickets are sold at the post-office.

Brignoli, after an absence from the stage of nearly a year, has made his re-appearance at the Academy of Music, now under the direction of Maretzek. The opera selected by this charming tenor was 'I Puritani.'

Brignoli has been for eight years the tenor par excellence of New York City. Of all the singers who have appeared for twenty-five years on our first lyric stage, he is the only one who has succeeded in triumphing over the insatiable avidity of our people for novelty and change. Mirate, Mario, were greatly applauded when they came, but hardly had they left when they were forgotten, and they have turned again to Brignoli with more enthusiasm than ever. One of the most charming of the lady admirers of Brignoli exclaimed, on hearing Mario one evening, that the latter had been less adroit than ordinary in concealing by his art and talents the changes which time had made on him!

“Decidedly, the Brignoli stocks have gone up fifty per cent. since they have run opposition to him.” This is characteristic, and makes us understand the importance of the re-appearance of the tenor after two seasons’ absence—during which Mazzolini, the tenor engaged by Maretzek in 1862, has gained ground in public estimation, and has created a powerful party among the enemies which Brignoli’s success had raised against him. Mazzolini is a tenor ‘di forza;’ his voice is hard, hoarse, and sometimes of doubtful justness; but he is a very good actor, and, at need, screams loud and for a long time, which always pleases the bulk of the public, who want it for their money, and are concerned more for the quantity than for the quality. Ten apples are worth more *than one pineapple*. They are right from their point of view; they have the most space in their stomach, and that is probably the first object they have in view when they eat.

‘Ione,’ the detestable opera of Petrella, has had an unheard-of success, due in part to the play and to the acting of Mazzolini. Maretzek, an adroit manager, has fathomed public sentiment and engaged Brignoli. Parties were immediately formed. The first evening the Academy was full from the top to the bottom. Unfortunately, Brignoli, whose last trip with me to the West had a little fatigued, was confused. His natural timidity before the public was increased by the sight of his rival, Mazzolini, who from the hall thrust at him two enormous lenses! Thus it is that my Brignoli became paralyzed, and has not sung as he can sing, that is to say, in the most charming manner in the world. At the second representation they gave ‘Somnambula,’ and Brignoli became indisposed after the second act; they were forced to replace him by Lotti, a young German tenor, who is yet a substitute, but will soon become a distinguished star. It may be said without contradiction that the entire audience, who were almost all opponents, profited by the occasion to make an ovation for Lotti. These small events have kept the New York exquisites in exercise for a week—human passions are so hasty and easily find a pretext to show themselves. The evil-disposed have taken advantage of the stag’s head and of the horns, which Brignoli always carries with him, to

assert that his confusion and disorder have been caused by a baritone of his enemies, whom our tenor insists on believing an *evil eye*, and whom he sees as he comes upon the stage wickedly sitting in the first box in the gallery.

The concert was deplorable this evening. Complete silence. I correct myself. Silence when I entered and when I went out, but animated conversation all the time I was playing. But happily we conducted things briskly, and dispatched over eight pieces in twenty-five minutes.

It is not half-past-eight, and I have already put my overcoat on again. "Short and sweet," said a charming girl going out. "A great deal shorter than sweet," grumblingly answered her beau. This is the only concert where no piece has been encored. I perceived on the wall of the artist's saloon the ornamental signatures of musical celebrities who have preceded me. "*Sam*" something (the name was not legible), "the best dancer in wooden shoes in the whole world." It was himself who wrote it. "Charley such a one, a first-rate drummer, who can't be beat." There are anomalies in the credulity of Americans which proceed less from a bad disposition than from candid ignorance. For example, a child or a young girl asks her father for something at table, and takes good care not to add, 'if you please;' when she is served, it is very rare to hear her say, 'thank you.' As for the men, it is useless ever to ask them to make use of these puerile formulas. They are too *manly*. This again appears in the order of ideas which makes them walk on their heels, and make as much noise as possible, when they have to cross a saloon. At all my concerts I have an opportunity of observing this. They would be ashamed to walk on tip-toe, it would not be worthy of a strong mind; but what do they call 'manly'? Is it, when you tread on your neighbour's feet, to look at him with a menacing air, as if saying to him, if you are not satisfied I will knock you down? All this is 'manly'! *Manly* comes from man, and, man being superior to the brute through his intelligence and not through his force, should this not be rather called brutality? An artist appears before the public, he salutes you; do you not feel something which tells you that you ought in return for his salute to give him welcome, by the only means which is in your power,

by applauding him? And if he is celebrated is it not the duty of politeness to show him that you are disposed to hear him with pleasure, prepossessed as you are in his favour through his good reputation? Then after a piece has pleased you, you applaud, in order that he may play it again (which is, take notice, a gratuitous favour). Hardly does he reappear to show that he is about to accede to your wishes than the applause ceases, as if you said, "Now that I have what I want, I laugh at you." It is the child asking for something and giving no thanks for it. You tell me these are puerilities. Agreed. But these trifles—'if you please,' 'thank you,' 'I ask pardon'—when you are accustomed to them through constant discipline, are like so many little canals through which your sentiments of amenity and politeness are accustomed to flow outwardly. A man who treads upon my corns, and quickly turns round to express to me his regret, is certainly more likely to become my friend than my enemy. But if, besides the pain he has just caused me, I must also endure his insolent indifference, I suffer doubly. If these trifles were more rooted in our early education, we should have fewer disgusting fights, less shameful degradation, drunkenness, etc.

March 5.

Matinée at New York, large audience, although the opera ('Faust') took place at the same hour, a remarkable opposition. Broadway is full of inquisitive people. What is going on? It is the departure of the first negro regiment for the war. Reached Paterson by rail in one hour. My tuner goes to the music-seller who disposes of my tickets. He has sold nine tickets. New Jersey is the poorest place to give concerts in the whole world except Central Africa. Here is as much as my memory enables me to give, as a sketch of the results obtained at different epochs that I have given concerts there. Elizabeth, eighty persons. Orange, no concert, the public's fault. Trenton, the first time I visited it in 1856 with Madame Bostwick, gave a result of forty-five dollars gross receipts, expenses forty dollars, profit five dollars to divide among the artists. I had the imprudence to try once more my chance at Trenton, some months ago. Result, forty-nine

dollars gross receipts; audience icy, the premises going to wreck. I could not even succeed in making them applaud me. The only manifestation that I obtained was a blast of a whistle which a facetious Trentonian lanced at me after 'Murmures Eoliens.' After the concert a gentleman came to ask me if I stow 'effets Eoliens' in my piano. New Jersey is incurable. Concerts will never take there. Harry Sanderson himself also tried a chance at New Brunswick (take notice that it is the most liberal place of all in New Jersey for concerts), gross receipts, first concert seventeen dollars, second concert twelve dollars. I must nevertheless state that the negro minstrel representations always draw the crowd.

Observation—A man said to my tuner, "The people here put down Gottschalk, because the last time he was here he was so drunk he could not play." To those who know my habits this will appear less ignoble than ludicrous. Decidedly, that French philosopher who said with great gravity, "plus je connais l'homme et plus je préfère le chien" (the better I know man, the more I prefer the dog), did not after all say anything very horrible. I am not aware that dogs tear each other to pieces with as much avidity as men do.

March 7.

Left New York at ten o'clock for Philadelphia, where I am to give a concert this evening. Last evening the concert for the benefit of Harrison took place. The orchestra performed the overture of an opera, 'Bourgeois gentilhomme,' composed by Fradelle. The German opera is broken up for want of money.

March 8.

Fine concert at Philadelphia. The liberal movement which is making way against Puritan bigotry is gaining ground every day. The Protestant clergy at this moment are taking measures to prevent the running of cars on Sunday. They have called a meeting to which they have invited all those who are in favour of observing the Sabbath. None but the 'reverends' were at the meeting. I played at the concert Tannhauser's march for four pianos.

RETURN TO NEW YORK, Wednesday, March 9.

Played with Sanderson, a young American pianist who has a great deal of talent, of which I am proud for more than one reason, having been his principal master and most constant friend.

March 9.

Left for Norwalk. In every quarter 'Sanitary fairs' are prosecuted with enthusiasm. Chicago, the first, produced \$100,000; Cincinnati \$310,000; Boston \$200,000; Brooklyn \$500,000; New York, probably \$1,200,000; without counting all the small towns. They will probably make in all twenty millions.

Norwalk is a pretty town, picturesque position. It is ten miles from the town to the station, properly speaking. The road is wide and shaded with trees in summer, behind which the pretty white wooden houses with green shutters are concealed.

Again, this unfortunate prejudice! A hackman, who had at once offered me his services with an almost agreeable air (I say almost, because no hack-driver is forced to be polite, through certain laws of which you and I are ignorant, but which doubtless are dictated to them by some authority), no sooner saw Carlo's unlucky violin than he discovered the error he was about to commit in taking us for slightly respectable gentlemen, and his question, "Where are you going, you others?" proved to me that he appreciated us at our value, or at that which the public opinion of my dear country gives us.

The concert takes place in one of the handsomest little halls that I have yet seen in the United States. My audience, without doubt, the same which I had here last year, is one of those for whom I am disposed to repeat as many pieces as they wish me to. An amiable audience, warm, intelligent, elegant, the majority composed of young girls whose charming physiognomies are made to turn the heads of pianists, present and future, who shall venture (less prudent than Ulysses) to cast their eyes upon their auditory. Dear Norwalk! I love you whom I have done nothing for, both for the warm sympathy that you show me, and for having escaped the icy influence of your neigh-

bour Stamford, whose remembrance, without being so dear, will last as long as yours. Bad impressions, alas! engrave themselves as deeply on the memory as the good, and often the latter even are effaced while the others still remain.

Half an hour after the concert I was again on the railroad for Boston. One word more. Norwalk (it is with regret that I state this) has no good cigars. The one I have just smoked, bought at the hotel, is veritable poison. Arrived at Boston at seven o'clock. The railway porter has forgotten to put our trunks in the car, and happier than we, they remain tranquilly behind. If they do not arrive in time, we shall have to put off the concert this evening. I am assured that I can sue the railroad company, but I know by heart the fable of the iron pot and the earthen pot, and have learned to my cost that lawsuits are a bad business for those who attack others stronger than themselves.

Boston, March 11.

Unpleasant weather. I play badly—too much fatigued, and have the influenza. Madam Anna Bishop also gives a concert this evening. She is at least fifty years old, but thanks to her name, rendered illustrious by her first husband, Sir Henry Bishop, the composer of 'Home, Sweet Home,' and also to the great popularity she enjoys in the United States, which she has acquired by singing English ballads, she still succeeds in making good receipts. Her voice is yet agreeable, and she uses it with art. She has married, for the third time, Mr. Schultze, an American, who has nothing to do with art. Her second husband was Bochsá, the celebrated harpist of the First Empire.

Second concert. Eichberg gives an orchestral concert.

Sunday, March 13.

Ennui—ennui—ennui.

CHAPTER XIII.

March 14.

LEFT at eight in the morning for Norwich (Connecticut). In the car a neighbour introduced himself to me as one of the brotherhood. He is a travelling music master, whose species is only known in the United States. They go from village to village and organize classes, which they teach collectively—religious hymns, national songs, etc. There are collections of little airs published for this purpose.

Superb weather. A dazzling sun. The snow sparkles under the rays of light. At every village on the road we take up young girls from the seminaries who are going to Norwich to be present at the concert.

Arrived at Norwich: Professor Whittleny introduced himself to me. He is a singular personage, who deserves to be described to you. Small, fat, a large bust, short and crooked legs, heavy black eyebrows, from beneath which appears a roll of oily, ruddy flesh. The professor in a basso-profundo voice informed me that he has been the founder, director, head-master, professor, and proprietor for forty years of a normal college of music for young girls who intend to teach. "All pretty, sir, never less than fourteen or more than twenty years of age. In good health—and I have the satisfaction of being able to say that during the forty years that I have been the head of 'Music Vale'" (the name which he has given to his colony, situated in the middle of a picturesque and lonely valley) "*there has not been one death.*" The principals have come with me to-day to go to your concert. But I desire particularly to introduce you to my pupils. I only teach the theory, and I make them work it out by practising on three harps, which cost me eight hundred dollars, the first in 1825; and I have besides twenty-five pianos, but they are a little old" (judging from the harps which are from 1825). Every time the professor gets up he looks as if about to take wings to fly away. I

gave him seats for himself and his school. After the concert he came and grasped my hand warmly; "never, no never, have I heard anything so touching." His enthusiasm knew no bounds; he embraced me, and I am convinced from making acquaintance with his breath of what I had already suspected—that is to say, that the worthy professor of 'Music Vale' is a much greater amateur of whiskey than of music; and after having been introduced to his pupils, I discovered that Apollo has less to do at the seminary than his mother.

NEW LONDON.

Arrived at half past eleven A.M. Walked through the town in spring-like weather. The churches are in the ratio of one for every ten dwellings. I noticed one dwelling surrounded by gardens, which its proprietor has had the questionable taste of painting canary yellow. From the garden pales to the roof, including the shutters, all is yellow. Another, at some distance, is painted a delicate lilac.

March 21.

Set out again from Philadelphia for Baltimore. It is superb weather. I have engaged Madam Variani, an American soprano, for a week. She is married to Edward Hoffman, a talented pianist, and brother to Richard Hoffman.

Behrens is reading one of 'Dwight's papers.' I turned hastily away, having resolved never to read that paper again. An honest press, enlightened criticism, never wounds me, even when they notice my weaknesses and my defects; but 'Dwight's paper' is the reservoir of every little bilious envy, of every irritating impertinence, of all sickly spleen, which, under the form of anonymous correspondence, gives the writers the small comfort of injuring all those who give umbrage to their mediocrity, and enable them to conceal themselves behind the column of the chief editor, D., waiting for the passage of the object of their envy, and then hurling at him with an edifying uniformity their little bladders filled with gall. Their spite increases from the small effect of their bombardment. The doctor offers something analogous in his mode of cure.

When the blood is vitiated, is corrupted, when matter has accumulated, he makes an opening for the bad humours by means of cauteries and blistering. The musical profession, under the influence of the bad effects of vanity and envy, have need of this instrument to turn aside its bad humours. The need of it was generally felt, and 'Dwight's paper' has been just the thing.

En route for Baltimore. Our car is filled with very noisy soldiers, who sing songs; smelling also of the eternal whiskey. We do not at first pay any attention to it, but they begin to be very disagreeable. One begins to smoke, then a second—a third imitates him. We ask them to please abstain from it on account of Madam Variani and a young lady who accompanies her, to whom the smoke is disagreeable. They hasten to let us know, with a crowd of epithets taken from the blackguard's dictionary, that we are no gentlemen; that these are no ladies; that, being soldiers, they have a right to do as they please, and they would prove it to us. After this speech—more remarkable for its vulgarity than its logic—all the soldiers in the car commenced whistling, screaming, and howling, after the manner of the Chinese, or of savages when they wish to show their indomitable courage. An officer present prudently abstained from interfering—for many reasons. His first (which I consider bad, he gave us when we appealed to him) is that they are soldiers on furlough, and that he had hardly a right to control them. The second (which he did not give us, but which I confide in secret as being good) that the whiskey bottle, which for two hours has gone round in the vicious circle of our heroes, has made many drinking stations on his lips, and that an officer would be unwelcome to reclaim an authority which is drowned in a flood of spirits.

"We will do whatever we please;" these words sound in my ears. I acknowledge that I was choked with anger—a disagreeable anger, because it had to be mute, like right before brute force. To be obliged quietly to submit, when you know that you have the right on your side, is the hardest thing in the world, and I experienced it at that moment.

Concert at Baltimore. The hall hardly holds five or six hundred persons. I love Baltimore. I love its people. I am assured that they are Secessionists, but I do not wish to know anything about it, and have no right to speak but of that which they have let me know—the warmth of their friendship, and the constancy with which they keep their appreciation of me as an artist. Besides at Baltimore they love the arts. They sing more there, and better, than in many of the large cities of the United States. The professorship of the piano is represented there by artists of great talent, who love me (*O rara avis!*), and whom I love. O Baltimoreans, my friends, may you some day forget our misfortunes!!

March 22.

Concert at Washington. On the front row, my friend, the Swedish Minister, Count Pieper.

March 23.

Been by carriage to Alexandria. Roads cut up. Desolation everywhere. I have obtained a permit from the provost-marshal to go and return the same evening by the Virginia shore. Concert at Alexandria; quieter than the last; many sentinels have mounted guard in the passages, and have even sat down with the audience, to suppress the noise should there be any. We set out again immediately after the concert. In the first carriage with myself were Madam Variani, Hoffman, and his mother. In the second carriage came Strakosch, Behrens, Carlo Patti, and Firmin. When all at once these words, "Halt! who goes there?" the password! and the click of a gun reached us with a clearness of sound which was increased by the darkness which surrounded us, striking us with an emotion (I must confess it) not a little disagreeable. We show our safe conduct, and, after some parley, we proceed. A half an hour glides by. The weather is superb, the sky starry, and the atmosphere almost warm. The moon lightens the two banks of the Potomac, on which the angular lines of the fortifications are visible. "Halt!" Again that devilish click. Decidedly, I do not like travelling in the midst of the avant posts. We show our papers—they are right.

Command of the post keeps at they are no longer necessary to be at the bridge which is three-quarters of a mile long; in the middle of the bridge is a sentinel. Unfortunately, he told us. The chief of the post said, "It is our orders." We shall not go; but the situation on that side. We have no permission to go, and we shall be obliged to fight.

He got out and has gone on before the chief of the post, losing patience and escape an energetic exclamation, 'Waterland.' O good luck! the man loves music perhaps, and the hat sticks outside the coach door in silence and peacefulness. He jabbed the patriot Strakosch, and the end (for form only) the brave warrior advances by placing his lantern under

March 24.

Mr. The President of the United States will be there. I have reserved seats for me. The Secretary of State, Mr. Seward. Mrs. Lincoln has a very ordinary face, but is remarkably ugly, but her eyes have a remarkable expression of sadness. After an encore I played my piece in the midst of great enthusiasm. Lincolns. I played very badly, and was nervous, which, however, did not prevent me from coming to congratulate me on my success. The man who was present at the first concert (and played very well) said to me, "Well, you were in a bad vein to-night, for at the first concert you were badly prepared."

Good Friday, March 25.

Took the railroad to return to Baltimore, and met there my excellent and constant friends, Mrs. B—— and her daughter.

March 26.

Concert at Washington. Crowded from top to bottom—every place taken. Lieutenant-General Grant, and all his staff, were present. Grant, the most fortunate of all our generals, is a small man, of ordinary appearance, slender, modest. He has taken more than one hundred thousand prisoners, and captured five hundred cannons in two years and a half. The title of Lieutenant-General, which has just been decreed to him by the government, is at the least equivalent to Marshal (of France). We have never had but three lieutenant-generals: the first was Washington, the second Scott, after his fortunate Mexican campaign, and the third Grant.

Madam Variani sang 'The Star Spangled Banner,' each stanza of which was applauded to the skies, and encored. The enthusiasm nevertheless is confined to the gallery filled with soldiers; the parterre, the boxes, and orchestral stalls abstain from demonstration. You are not ignorant that Washington is of very doubtful loyalty, and that her most influential families sympathize with the South.

Easter Sunday, March 27.

It is most beautiful weather. I set out again for Baltimore at half-past seven P. M., and arrived at my good friends, the Curletts, at ten o'clock.

March 28.

Left for Harrisburg. For seven years I have endeavoured eight or ten times to give a concert at Harrisburg, and every time I have been prevented by some unforeseen circumstance. You will perhaps recollect that last year the Confederates invaded Pennsylvania at the time announced for my concerts, and that on the day I arrived at Harrisburg, the avant guard of the Secessionists was only a few hours from the city, and the concert was put off indefinitely.

HARRISBURG, March 28.

Capital (seat of government of Pennsylvania). Well populated, particularly by the Germans. It has preserved their customs. Its houses and pavements of brick are clean. The names of the streets, like all others in Pennsylvania, are borrowed from the vegetable kingdom—Cherry Street, Almond Street, Walnut Street, etc. The capitol, where there are two large halls for the legislative bodies, is a niggardly monument of cut stone and bricks, surmounted by a cupola; its elevated position in the middle of a green lawn gives it a certain air of grandeur.

The concert takes place in the court-house. My tuner wishes to install the piano on the platform about four o'clock, but the court is in session, and the Judge has sent word to him to wait an hour. The hall is pretty, and my piano is just below the Judge's seat. The audience is charming. I observe in it some of those rose and lily complexions of which our ladies have the privilege, and which I denounce to the artists who follow me, as being those which trouble the soul while you are playing. They make you play false notes; and give a suppressed sigh every time that your imagination evokes their charming images. The hotel is excellent.

March 29.

I just woke up, calling for help. Civilization is outraged by a barbarous custom to which we submit through that kind of cowardice which we exhibit in regard to all ancient usages—an abominable custom which lacerates the ear—I speak of the gong. What! I am of my own free will in a hotel to enjoy all the privileges of hospitality, and I must submit to this unmerciful discipline which condemns me, by a barbarous fashion, to be deprived of my sleep.

A regiment of veterans are passing under my windows. I am told that for three days they have been fighting in front of the army of the Potomac. I took notice yesterday at a station of some fortifications improvised with trunks of trees, and a block-house, built since the invasion of last year. I took a walk through the streets and recognized the charming young girl who applauded me so much last evening.

The world behind the scenes is all in a flurry on account of

an adventure of which Mademoiselle Vestvali, 'the superb,' as the play bills announce her, has been the heroine, I was going to say the victim, if the buxom proportions and masculine character of the celebrated contralto did not render it impossible that she should ever play that rôle. She has smartly chastised the two fools who got scotched by her rich attractions.

"He never plays but his own music." Of all the criticisms of which I am the object on the part of the impotent and jealous who, like thorns and barren bushes, encumber every avenue of art in America, I avow, that this is the one which I am the least disposed to accept. If I had never been able to compose, no doubt that the poorest of musical pretenders who had manufactured a polka or a valse, would have thrown it in my face that I played only the music of others. If my compositions had failed in originality, "they are copies," would not have failed to have been said; but I compose, and what I compose is unfortunately my own, and further, the public seem to like my music; hence their rage. I understand it, but what I cannot understand, is that after taking a great deal of trouble to find fault with me, they make that a crime in me which really is a merit. It is the cunning of the fox—unfortunately one of that animal's ancestors was guilty of the same thing with a vine of our acquaintance, and since then we have held him in slight estimation.

Sometimes, in my moments of discouragement, I feel what the white man felt in the midst of negroes, when he was disconsolate because he was white and had not a flat nose. I begin to regret having received from God the afflicting gift of being able to create. Why cannot I enjoy in all the plenitude of its glorious privilege the right of criticism, and of being able to bark at those who compose? Criticism in these cases is so much sweeter. If Thackeray was lecturing to you would you complain that he gave you Thackeray, and would it not be absurd if he recounted to you the passages of Hamlet or Othello which any actor could recite to you? Perhaps they could recite it better than Thackeray; would you conclude from that, that Thackeray had less talent? No, certainly, because a vulgar mind, possessing no peculiar physiognomy, no strongly

marked character, can accommodate himself to every fashion, while he who has been cast in an original mould cannot abdicate his individuality, or that which gives him superiority, in order to reduce himself to the level of the first comer who knows how to read and has a voice sufficiently loud to make himself heard. Do you wish to insinuate that the classics are superior to all which we accomplish? Granted, but besides what I reserve to myself to ask of you some other day what you understand by the classics, this convenient club with which you knock on the head all those who annoy you, I should like to know if, because the apple is a fruit less delicate than the pineapple, you would wish that there should be no apples? Berlioz told me that the originality, the subtle refinement of a special talent, could only be appreciated in very old societies. If we are yet to proclaim an art and to form our taste, then I understand that you would like better a tame interpretation of consecrated *chefs-d'œuvre*, than an original, which is not yet consecrated and whose place in art you dare not yet designate. I continue the comparison I began. The consecrated *chefs-d'œuvre* are the roast beef, *les grosses pièces de résistance*, on which the people must be nourished, who begin to feed at the banquet of civilization. But wherefore, when they are sufficiently fortified, should you refuse them the little dainties of the dessert, particularly if, in place of being insipid and indigestible, they seem to stimulate your taste and refresh your palate dulled and overheated by too rich food? Have you complained that Rachel was only great in the tragedies of Corneille and Racine? Have you denied her talent because she avoids comedy? We all know that Shakespeare is superior to Mr. De Cordova; nevertheless, none of those who listen to the charming lectures of this witty artist conceives that it is a crime in him to give us his own instead of permitting himself to be taken in tow by a great name embalmed by the glory of two or three centuries. The question is reduced to this, 'all apples must have the taste of pineapples,' if this be the case, 'your humble servant,' I am not the man for you. I do not understand that art is like a uniform in which all of us must be aligned and drilled like Prussian sergeants.

There are some individuals who only like dried fruit; they even like it a little mouldy, and if they find dust in it they are transported. The fruit in flower, the perfume which opens to the sun and betrays a young and vigorous growth, 'Fie then, pooh!' and every fool who knows no better, cries out, Fie! pooh! and all the envious and impotent, who, in their conscience know better, join in the chorus, so well that the poor apple tree, that innocently opens its flowers to the sun, leaving to nature, who had made it a tree and not a bush, the ripening of its fruit, finds itself wholly interdicted, and would let itself dry up with chagrin, if it did not feel within a conscience stronger than the clamoring of the fool, the envious, and the ignorant.

LANCASTER, March 30.

The concert was very good last evening. The hotel is like all the other Pennsylvania houses, of brick with white windows; and a low and narrow door. In the parlour there is invariably placed horizontally on the mantelpiece one of those oblong looking-glasses, divided into three compartments, which date from the beginning of this century. We see around us old family portraits, badly painted but interesting from the simplicity of their details and their costumes which belong to the last century. One fact to be noticed is the remarkable fecundity of the families. In Pennsylvania the carriages, the waiting-rooms at the stations, are filled with chubby-faced children. The population, although American, have preserved all the characteristic traits of the Germanic provinces, the large shoes, the immense round hats, and green vests with double rows of gilt buttons, and their blue or yellowish surtouts with enormous skirts, which the German peasants have the exclusive privilege of wearing, abound here. The women have their waists under the arms; some wear an iron gray horizontal bonnet, like that with which the Quakeresses muffle up their heads under an affectation of Christian humility. We observed at the station an emigrant with three pairs of twins.

Their manners are generally more gentle and simple than those of the other States which I have visited. There is less luxury and a kind of patriarchal simplicity.

March 30.

Leave at eleven o'clock for Harrisburg.

After having had a foretaste of spring we are again precipitated amid the regions of winter. During the whole week the atmosphere was warm and everything green was sprouting in the sun, and now the rain, the snow, the hail, and the whole desolate train of a season in which, despite all the Northerners say of it, I have not yet been able to find any charm, but in which, on the contrary, I constantly discover fresh enemies. At the concert this evening the Governor and the Secretary of State were present. To-morrow morning I leave at eight o'clock for Bethlehem, where I give a concert in the evening.

Observation! I am bound to state that here, instead of saying 'man,' they say 'gentleman.' The young clerk at the desk in pointing us out to the waiter said, "Show these gentlemen their rooms." In the West they invariably say 'man.' The driver no more speaks to us as 'fellows,' and I have not yet heard any one say 'show' in speaking of our concerts.

Decidedly, although a little behindhand, Pennsylvania is more polite than some of her brilliant sisters.

March 31.

Left for Bethlehem at eight o'clock in the morning. Behrens, who is always hungry, buys a dozen oranges. He complains that fruit is not nourishing, and that it is two hours since he breakfasted, and what a breakfast!! We arrive at Bethlehem in an hour; it is a very picturesque village. The principal street runs up-hill, and, like all the interior towns of Pennsylvania, it looks oldish and quiet. The houses are low, the windows and doors narrow. We finally found the village hotel. What most strikes the intelligent tourist who visits the United States to seek something else than his fortune, is the absence of all tradition, everything is new; everything glitters like new-made furniture. We seek in vain for anything which speaks to the imagination carrying it back of the present generation. The villages are towns in miniature. The farmers' wives and daughters wear crinoline and bonnets with flowers. Here, at least, I find one of those good old taverns,

such as existed in the last century. The master and mistress of the hotel (two good old people) come to receive us on the porch. "You are welcome," they said to us.

Magnificent concert. The hall full. The whole village was present. The seminary was represented by two hundred and odd pretty young girls. The population is wholly German, and the government Moravian. After the concert a dance at the hotel. (Charming young girl!)

Carlo is decidedly the spoiled child of the boarding-schools. All the young girls dote on him. He is besides a charming fellow. I have to write my autograph hundreds of times.

I have forgotten to mention the Moravian church, in whose interior are found the portraits of the founders of the colony, which have countenances impossible to describe—all Germans. At the concert I remarked a man in spectacles and his wife, who laughed all the time and never once applauded. I wager a hundred to one that he is the professor of the place! I have visited the seminary, which is superb. There are two hundred and twenty scholars, divided into twenty families of ten scholars, who each have their halls for study, their overseers, and their dormitories, so disposed that they are constantly under the eye of the master. There is a large basin of running water in which they can swim in summer. I have heard less swearing in Bethlehem than in any other place in the United States, and I have seen fewer drunkards there. This gives it a place in my memory—a privileged place; the horror which I have for drunkenness not being equalled except by that which Mr. D. has for my music. Another thing to state, although I have walked all over the town, I have not even heard once the 'Maiden's Prayer.' Decidedly, "Bethlehem, you wish to make a conquest of me!!!"

CHAPTER XIV.

LEFT at six o'clock, accompanied by the ladies at the hotel. We arrived at Easton (twenty-eight miles) at seven o'clock. They fought to get into the concert-room. The hall has only four hundred seats, and they have sold six hundred tickets. *I join the ranks to get in.* The avenues are obstructed by those who came late and have to stand during the concert. Although they have put all the chairs of the neighbourhood in requisition, mine, which was before the piano, has been taken by a gentleman who is determined to keep it without wishing to be convinced. A piece of old theatre curtain hung on crosswise on one side of the platform conceals us from the audience when we do not have to appear. It is the *artists' room*. We have returned to Bethlehem with the ladies and gentlemen. In the train the whole company commenced singing my 'Cradle Song,' Patti singing a high tenor. One couple who were sleeping sent us and our 'Cradle Song' to all the devils. We found everybody up at the hotel waiting for us; and the young girls from the seminary having obtained permission to pass the night with their relatives at the hotel, they danced to a late hour.

April 2, 1864.

Left Bethlehem. The professor of the place and some young people escorted us to the station. The whole seminary is at the windows; there is nothing to be seen but waving handkerchiefs; as we descend the hill the young ladies ascend to the upper stories; the dormer-windows are soon invaded. The road makes a turn; again a last look cast behind. I perceive a very small white point which waves above the top of the roofs. I wave my handkerchief in answer to this unknown little friend (may God bless her); no more—nothing more.

At the station we saw the country contingent of con-

scripts leave. A sad sight! Some of these poor young men blustered and sang, whilst others have found in their flask the necessary courage for separation. The greatest number, those who have sisters, a mother, children, a wife, whom they leave behind them with a vague and very distant hope of seeing again, betray, in spite of American stoicism, their emotions by a 'God bless you,' 'do not cry,' 'one more kiss.' Some veterans, bayonet on their guns, surround the detachment. A German conscript obtains leave to remain a few paces behind, and murmurs words of consolation in the ear of his poor wife, and his little daughter stretches herself up on tiptoe, while crying, to kiss him. He rejoins the detachment, and I see him smoking his pipe with a swagger; he appears thoughtless. The train starts; the poor man leans out the door to see his wife once more. Adieu to all bragging! Nature at the last moment has asserted her rights. "Dear Catherine," said he with broken voice, "God, God bless thee!" A large tear coursed down his cheek. He can laugh no more, nor these his companions. Wiff—wiff—wiff—the engine has started. The crowd give three hurrahs! I found, on returning to the hotel, poor Catherine weeping in a corner, her head hid in her apron, with her little daughter. "How many children have you?" I asked her. "Four," she gently answered me. God knows if my heart did not bleed at the picture of grief and pain which I foresaw for this poor family. I slipped some money into the child's hand and stole away without looking behind me, thinking on the imprescriptible right of those fatherless families upon us all who are in possession of the superfluities of life, thanks to the position in which it has pleased God to place us.

Arrived at Baltimore. I am with my good friends the Curletts. Sunday I was at high mass and heard a delicious 'Agnus Dei' of Marschner sung by Mrs. B——. The religious music of Weber resembles some of the opera airs of Rossini. The sermon is poor and the preacher has a most pronounced Irish accent. An old maid, Miss H. (near a saint), who in the choir does police duty over those in attendance, and casts, especially on the young girls,

withering looks, sleeps behind a soprano part which she holds in her hand. She suddenly wakes, and puts on a majestic air, puckering her lips. She has caught Mary G., daughter of the old choir master (who sings the alto in a style which dates from remote generations), staring—a mischievous one, who never counts her time, and comes always with two or three scapegraces, of twenty years of age, hooked to her petticoats. Scapegraces! spoken with a grimace which smells of half a century of virginal bitterness, and in a tone as sour as the green grapes of the fable.

Embark on board the *Morgan*. Arrive at Fortress Monroe April 14. We land, our steamer not going any further, and the oath of fidelity to the government must be taken by all those who leave here for Norfolk. Fortress Monroe has only warehouses for military stores, and sheds under which millions of balls are piled up. In the office of the provost-marshal we are placed before a desk behind which three clerks are seated. One of them reads the formula, another makes us raise our hands together, and the matter is finished.

NORFOLK, Virginia, April 14.

Monday. I wished to purchase a note-book, and for this purpose entered a shoe-store, in the window of which I saw some stationery; found my note-book. At the end of the store are some bundles of music piled up on a table; this shoemaker stationer sells then music also, and he gives me a small written catalogue. I find in it 'La Californienne' by Herz, 'la Carlotta Crisi' (probably Grisi) polka, 'Last Hope' by myself, 'les Cloches du Monastère,' and all the mawkish American songs developed by the war—'Do they think of me at home?' 'Mother, do not weep,' etc. All these conceptions in themselves are touching, but the melodies adapted to them are absurd; they produce in one the same effect that the 'Venus of Milo' would dressed up like Punch. I trembled for a moment, thinking that I had read the words 'The Maiden's Prayer'; it was only a false alarm. Norfolk, which had six years ago its population more than decimated by the yellow fever; Norfolk, which has successively been taken by Federal and Confederate

armies; Norfolk, ruined finally, deserves to be spared, and for once at least it escapes the plague of the 'Maiden's Prayer.'

'The Battle Cry of Freedom.' I am accustomed to judge of things for myself and to give myself but little trouble about the date or signature of a piece of music. I am aware that in so doing I manifest my perfect ignorance of the rules of respect which one owes to one's self, and that the great art-prophets will shrug their shoulders with pity on reading this confession which I make without blushing, hardened sinner that I am, but what do you desire? I love better to discover in my chance wanderings a little unknown flower, humbly concealed at the foot of a thorny bush, than to be the infinitesimal fraction of a legion whom tradition makes bear arms on the great road of routine before the banner of a miserable *chef-d'œuvre* consecrated by many generations of blind admirers, influenced by prejudice.

'The Battle Cry of Freedom' is this obscure flower which I have discovered on the heap of dirt which the poetasters and the *musicasters* have raised at the foot of their country's altar since the war began. I know that many will tell me that my pretensions are not well founded, 'The Battle Cry of Freedom' being very popular; and to those I shall reply, that, as their admiration extends to a crowd of other trifles possessing neither poetry nor melody, they should not suppose that their suffrages can be flattering to an author.

He who drinks whiskey with pleasure should not venture his opinion upon Tokay wine.

'The Battle Cry of Freedom' ought to become our national air; it has animation, its harmonies are distinguished, it has tune, rhythm, and I discover in it a kind of epic colouring, something sadly heroic which a battle song should have.

The judgment of certain persons is like slow, sluggish waters, which would stagnate and grow thick with mud if canals were not opened for them which they have not the force to make for themselves. The judgment of these people is at the mercy of fashionable prejudices, of routine, and particularly of ideas consecrated by time. It is from

among these docile supernumeraries that the rogues, the ambitious, and the envious recruit the forces of which they dispose. "Brignoli has lost his voice," and all those envious of his talents repeat with a clumsy hypothetical air, "Poor Brignoli, it appears, has lost his voice." How delightful it is to be able to crush a man whom you envy! False news propagates itself with a rapidity that I have never understood, particularly when it can be disagreeable to those whom we do not like. If it is simply a scandal, it falls of itself, but when it is a calumny, ah! what a wind-fall! The jealous nurse it and water it like a hot-house plant. They put it under glass, watch over it with tender solicitude, and see with greedy joy its flowers open, and exhale their poisonous perfume! What a good thing to revenge one's self! Only it sometimes happens to these horticulturists of venomous thoughts what happened to I know not what personage, whose glass mask falling off at the moment that he was preparing a potion which should kill I know not which one of his enemies, died poisoned—a victim to his own machinations. It is what the Spaniard's call, "*Le Julio et tiro par la culata.*"

Brignoli has returned from Boston, and has sung again at New York. He sung as he always sings when he is not ill or the audience not repugnant to him; and the immense army of disinterested persons which Brignoli has, all pulling very quietly the thread to cut off the neck of Mazzolini, on discovering that Brignoli could sing as he used to, have made an ovation for him. The envious, wholly discomfited, crawl again into their crevices.

Beethoven, taken as a symphonist, is the most inspired among composers, and the one who composes best for the orchestra. The instrumental effects which he combines on paper are always realized in the orchestra as he has conceived them. As a composer for the piano he falls below mediocrity,—the least pianist of any intelligence, in our days, writes infinitely better than Beethoven ever did. "Hue and cry on the robber!!" are you all about to exclaim? You brawlers will never attain that height of admiration which I have for Beethoven when he is great, and it is through this admiration that I am forced to see his feebleness. I will explain. The piano is an instrument which Beethoven

but imperfectly knew, and which besides at the period he wrote was but the embryo of the piano which is made by modern manufacturers. The instrumentation of the piano is a special matter. The point in question is not only to have ideas, but to know how to adapt them to the piano, and this is what Beethoven only imperfectly knew. The ideas so beautifully and so marvellously clothed in all the splendour or all the tenderness which the orchestra affords him in his profoundest researches are clumsy and often tame when he adapts them to the piano. The number of formulæ which he prepared for the piano were extraordinarily limited, and in many passages we feel what he has wished by perceiving that he has not attained what he desired. Many of the effects which he combined from his knowledge of the orchestra have failed on the piano, from not knowing how to translate them into the peculiar language of this instrument.

Suppose Raphael engraving his pictures himself after having painted them. The lines, the contours, the design of them would always be pure, the first conception always inspired; but the execution, the details, the tints, the shadows, the lights, the life finally,—do you think he would have obtained them? The poorest engraver would have succeeded better.

Behrens, my accompanist, has just gone on a tour of discovery in the town. He has made the acquaintance of the leader of the orchestra. The poor man is in distress; he was wishing to make his performers play in my honour an overture which the public had never yet heard, but he has had to give it up; his orchestra being composed of five musicians, one of which is a kettle drummer!! The poor man was distressed at the idea of having to accompany me in Weber's concerto.

Tuesday, April 5.

There happened to me yesterday the most singular, the most incomprehensible, most disagreeable thing that has happened to me for many years. After dinner I went down to play at billiards. The waiter came to tell me that a gentleman wished to speak to me at the office. I told the

waiter to tell the gentleman to come in, but he soon returned, saying that the gentleman did not wish to come in, and was waiting for me. I went out, and found myself in the presence of a gentleman with large moustaches, in ordinary dress, who said to me: "I am Captain Clark, and when I asked for you it was your duty to come. I am Captain Clark, I tell you, and I will teach you to come when I send for you." All this was said to me, putting his fist under my nose, and with the amenity of a Prussian sergeant reprimanding a conscript. The emphasis he used in mentioning his name and grade made me suppose that he was one of the authorities, perhaps the mayor of the town, and that we had committed unwittingly some serious offence. I humbly requested him to tell me what was the matter. "You have just insulted a lady in the dining-room, and I wish to punish you for it." The accusation was so absurd, and so unlikely, from the fact that I had dined alone at a separate table with Mr. and Madam Behrens, that I did not know what to reply, and the only thought which came to my mind was that Captain Clark had thought himself a knight errant at the bottom of a bottle of whiskey, and that the lady that I had insulted was as imaginary as the armies put to flight by Don Quixote when he fought against the windmills. Captain Clark, supported by many other valiant warriors, his friends, said to me that I was only a "strummer on the piano;" that the place for all of us was (pointing with his finger to a closed door), that he would punish me, etc. A colonel, anxious to show himself, added in the voice of a cross hippopotamus, "I will throw him and his company out of the window." I assured the captain that I had not seen any lady at the table, and that besides I was not in the habit of insulting ladies. I gave him my word for it. "Your word of honour is not worth much. I do not believe you. I have known you for twenty years!" What could I do? If I had had the least chance of crushing the captain I would have jumped on him; but all the probabilities of crushing were on his side, and it would have been more than absurd to risk my life to revenge myself for an unmerited insult, grossly offered by an unknown person whose esteem was indifferent to me, and whose moral value I was wholly igno-

rant of. In the mean time I must say that where soldiers rule is not a good place for civilians, particularly if they have the misfortune to pass for being polite and men of the world. There is nothing of which we are more jealous than those qualities we hear praised in others, and which we do not ourselves possess. The Captain Clarks are numerous, and he is not the first of the species I have met with, although I am pleased to say, that no one has yet equalled him in brutality and rudeness. However, I have since learned that it was a plot got up beforehand to seek a quarrel with me, and make me commit some excess which might cause me to be arrested, and driven from the department.

Played in the evening. Poor hall, frightful weather, and not a carriage at any price if there was one in the whole town. Soldiers, soldiers, soldiers, corps de garde! The city is nothing but a vast corps de garde. Conquered country! Oh! the sword!

April 6.

Third concert, not the worst in the world and tolerably applauded. Patti is evidently the favourite here, and I am not astonished at it; it is not that he plays better than usual (we are all too much put out and bewildered in this corps de garde to play well), but because I never in my life played so badly. I am irritated, I feel my heart swelling with indignation at the unjustifiable attack made upon me, and the impossibility of justifying myself from the position in which I am placed renders me miserable. To add to it the stage box is occupied by Captain Clark and Colonel Giant-killer, who wished to throw us out of the window. Ah! poor Muse, what business had you in this corps de garde?

April 7.

Superb weather. The elements seem to be appeased now that we are going away. At eleven o'clock we take the steamer which is to carry us to Fortress Monroe in an hour and a half. My friend Major Darling waits for me at the wharf in an ambulance with eight seats. We have arrived at the fort. The ditches are one hundred and eighty feet

broad and nine feet deep. The garrison now numbers three thousand men, the maximum is six thousand. The interior of the fort is a small town. We pass before the quarter-general inhabited by General Butler and his family. The officers have formed a club, which meets in a small yellow one-story house opposite the powder magazine. There are nearly thirty women inside the fort. Opposite the fort is an artificial island on which they have built a fort mounting one hundred and fifty cannons.

April 8.

Arrived at Baltimore, where the evening concert has been very good. Always the same charming public.

April 9.

Was present at a concert given by a society of amateurs whose aim is to diffuse a love for music, to elevate the taste and to promote charity, for every month they give a concert for some work of benevolence. The orchestra and chorus executed several fragments of Haydn's 'Creation' and Beethoven's oratorio 'Mount of Olives,' and although not perfect the execution was very satisfactory.

Sunday, April 10.

Was at high mass, and have heard some excellent music. The choir, composed exclusively of amateurs, was excellent. A delicious 'Ave Maria' of Marschner was sung most exquisitely by Madam B——.

Left Baltimore at half past nine o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Philadelphia at two P. M., where I did not even stop for dinner, but took the train for Reading. The concert has been good. The last time that I played here the gas went out in the middle of one of my pieces and I had to finish it in the dark. If I were to judge by the applause my performance did not suffer from the absence of light. I like to think that it was to that I owed the applause. A shoemaker of the town, an amateur, had offered to play a fantasia on the flute. He did it to the satisfaction of the audience and his own.

Reading has played quite an important rôle, thanks to the Knights of the Golden Circle. These Knights are con-

spirators whose end was or is (for I am assured that the members are very numerous and the chiefs still at liberty) to resist by force the general government, and to offer peace to the South by accepting its conditions. The Knights of the Golden Circle availed themselves of the pretext of the arrival of Federal officers, delegated to preside at the conscription, to make a levy of shields. The attempt failed, through the address of a secret agent of police who became a member and denounced the conspirators.

April 12.

Left for Williamsport. Pennsylvania is the richest of the States by reason of its coal-mines. The country is mountainous, woody, and intersected by brooks and rivers. We crossed on viaducts over many valleys whose depths, seen from the car door, made me dizzy. I have not dined, and, beginning to feel hungry, I succeeded in buying at a station a herring and some bread. I never ate a herring which tasted so delicious (hunger was cook). Behrens groaned, and made the tears come to our eyes and our mouths water by painting for us a picture of the horrors of hunger and telling us what he would eat were he at Delmonico's.

Arrived at Williamsport at eight o'clock. I had sent a despatch to Strakosch telling of our delay. He immediately put up bills announcing that the concert would not commence until nine instead of eight o'clock. My piano travelled with me in the train. Arrived at half past eight o'clock at the hotel, took in a hurry a cup of bad tea, and away to business. One herring for dinner! nine hours in the train! and, in spite of everything, five hundred persons who have paid that you may give to them two hours of poesy, of passion, and of inspiration. I will confess to you secretly they certainly will be cheated this evening.

CHAPTER XV.

April 13.

ELMIRA. Good concert. A great deal of enthusiasm.

April 14.

Owego. Every train brings reinforcements to our audience. A dozen have come from Towanda (thirty-six miles from Owego). The concert was charming. Every piece encored.

April 15.

We leave for Scranton. Arrive at noon at Great Bend Station, and must remain for ten hours, the train for Scranton not leaving until half past two o'clock. Great Bend is not even a hamlet. The trains going to the West from New York pass here. The village is composed of five hotels. Travellers breakfast and dine here. A telegraphic despatch just now informs us that the train that comes from Scranton has run off the line, and, a bridge being broken, we shall probably not be able to get there this evening. A sad perspective, that of remaining in this desert for twenty-four hours. It is also a very considerable pecuniary loss, since, besides the receipts, which ought to be three hundred dollars, I shall have to pay the expenses of the concert and the salary of my company the same as if the concert had taken place.

Decidedly, I shall not be able to get to Scranton to-day. The road is obstructed at the inclined plane, and cannot be cleared before night. I have telegraphed to Strakosch, who has been in Scranton since this morning, that I shall go back and stop at Binghamton, where I am to give a concert to-morrow.

The telegraph office is opposite to the hotel. I make the acquaintance of the agent. What is to be done? After having examined the horizon to the right and seen

dusky mountains, I look to the left and see there the same dusky mountains. Before me a green and gently undulating plain. The sky is blue. The landlord of the hotel, an old white-haired man, is sitting before the door caressing a pretty little girl, who calls him grandfather. A drunken Irishman is telling him how his companions of the mine (we are in the richest coal-mining district) wished to resist the conscription. "When will Irishmen and whiskey cease to be indissolubly connected?" Answer: When the employes of the New York railroad shall become polite. When Mr. D——, of Boston, shall attain a clear comprehension of music and shall cease to adore the music of the future. When my countrymen shall walk on tiptoe in a concert room. When hack-drivers shall be governed by a tariff which shall prevent them from cheating travellers, and from insulting them if they timidly protest against this delicate operation.

In the telegraph office I found two other travellers, companions of *ennui*, and we entered into conversation. One of them I found to be Mr. Catlin, the brother of the historiographical Indian painter who visited Paris some twenty years ago. I called to mind that Catlin then obtained very great success from curiosity! thanks to the novelty of his subject which he had treated (with a very inexperienced pencil). Théophile Gautier even devoted to him a long art critique. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* What has become of Mr. Catlin, and where are all his painted warriors? After having rambled all over Paris, perhaps they have returned to their own country, at the bottom of some valley in the Far West, where of an evening they fill their wigwam with the recital of the marvellous childishness and indecent vivacity of the pale-faces upon the other side of the great salt lake.

The electric apparatus it appears is getting impatient, for five minutes it has not ceased working. The operator announces to me that Strakosch is at the telegraph at Scranton and wishes to speak to me.

(Conversation, one hundred miles apart.)

"Dress for the concert. The inspector of the line will dispatch a special train which will arrive at Great Bend at

six o'clock, and you can reach here at nine o'clock, when a carriage will await you at the station and take you to the concert hall."

Answer (ten minutes afterwards): "We are ready."

At six o'clock the train arrived, at nine o'clock I was at Scranton, got into the carriage, reached the hall and traversed it amid the applause of the public. The audience for an hour had been kept in hope by a telegraphic dispatch that was sent as fast as I arrived at a station and at five minutes after nine I was playing the overture of William Tell. Every piece was encored. At eleven o'clock I took supper (I had great need of it) at the excellent hotel, 'Wyoming House.'

April 16.

Concert at Binghamton. Very small but charming audience; the concert (unremunerative as it was) will leave a remembrance not less agreeable than that of last year, although that of last year was crowded.

Sunday, April 17.

Arrived after twelve hours of railroad at New York. Leave New York again for Newburg at three o'clock on the eighteenth of April. Repetition of my 'Marche de Faust' for four pianos. O pianists, who enter into the profession, be distrustful of amateurs! They are never frightened at anything, finding everything that is given them to play too easy, and are offended if requested to study it; in the presence of the audience they stick in the mud, embarrassed, and leave you to extricate yourself as well as you can.

Above all, remember that you alone will be held responsible, and as to them they know not how it happens that they made a mistake.

Three hours of railroad and we are at Newburg. The railroad station is at Fishkill. Newburg is on the opposite side of the Hudson. Seen at a distance the town of Newburg presents a very pretty *coup d'œil*; its white houses half concealed by verdure seem to scale the side of a steep hill. It has the appearance of a toy village in painted wood. Its streets are quiet. The Hudson seen

from the heights of the town rolls on majestically, and the setting sun at this moment is empurpling the village of Fishkill.

Do not trust to appearances. Newburg, so peaceful, was last year the theatre of a frightful tragedy, whose details will affright you. An unfortunate negro, accused of having violated an Irish girl, was lynched and executed by the people. Some miserable wretches through their hatred for the negroes excited the people. They broke open the doors of the prison in which the negro was incarcerated awaiting his trial. In vain a courageous Irish priest (the most inveterate enemies of the blacks in the United States are the Irish) endeavoured to appease them; these madmen seized the unfortunate black, drew him into the prison yard, mutilated him, and then broke his skull with a hammer. They dragged out his dead body by the heels and hung it head downwards. What adds still more to the horror of the crime is, that a few days afterwards it was discovered that the negro was innocent.

Not eighty persons at the concert. Pretext, that, the concert having been repeatedly announced, and not having taken place, the public was not willing to be disappointed again. There is no reason to give for it. There are no good or bad days. There is only a public willing or not willing to go to a concert.

I knew a town in France where a concert never succeeded, and it was always a source of amusement to see the ingenuity with which the inhabitants found an excuse for it. Sometimes it was that one of the most influential families had just lost its chief member. Sometimes a lady who was just dying. Sometimes it was too late in the season, sometimes too early.

My piano is in the hall, they have not had time to erect a platform. I am surrounded by a balustrade which entirely conceals me from public view, my head only is above it, and I figure to myself the very amusing effect this head must have.

It may be said undoubtedly that the audience is enthusiastic. Axiom: the enthusiasm of the audience is always in the inverse ratio of the receipts. If the latter are very

ordinary, the applause is great. If it is profitable the audience is cold. What is the cause of this anomaly?

I understand that the few amateurs who come to our concerts experience a sort of compassionate sympathy for the artist who must play before empty benches, and endeavour to make him forget it by the cordial reception which they give him. But what reason can be given for the icy restraint of provincial audiences when there is a crowd. Why is it that the public does not applaud when a piece finishes piano? Does it wish to be astonished and not charmed? Primitive audiences are carried along by the eyes. My cradle song, which finishes by a long diminuendo which is gradually extinguished, is applauded on account of its taking title, '*Chant d'une mère au berceau de son enfant*,' which is suggestive. The imagination of the Anglo-Saxons is not sufficiently active to embroider, for itself, a poem upon the music to which they are listening, nor have they yet attained to finding anything else in music but an agreeable noise, so that one is obliged to give them a detailed explanation of it, upon which they then build their little poem. This is so true that when it has happened that I played the '*Berceuse*' under another name, by which it was not known, it was a failure.

We left Newburg at nine o'clock. I met a Bloomer. The Bloomers are the disciples of a sect founded by Mrs. Bloomer, the champion of woman's rights. We have many female lawyers and doctors in the United States. I do not believe in women who assert their rights. I shall be converted when I meet one who is young and pretty. All those whom I have yet seen are perfect frights. They are generally virgins who wish to free themselves from the odious bondage of men for the same reason that the fox found the grapes too sour. Oh, this arbor! what sour grapes it produces! My fellow countrymen who laugh at my ribbon, and fasten to their own button-holes all sorts of baubles which at a distance resemble decorations—sour grapes! And the Democrats, who thunder in Congress against the European aristocracy and cause themselves to be called judges, colonels, generals—sour grapes! And pianists, non-composers, who disdain to play any other than classical music, and the musicians

of the future who have a horror of limpid melodies—sour grapes! And the horrible demoralization of European society, thanks to which you cannot find among twenty married women a faithful wife (this was said to me by a virtuous American, who loved her husband moderately)—sour grapes!

Since Liszt has given the word of command to the Germans, Chopin has all at once become classical. His forms, which before they treated, without understanding them, as whimsical, his harmonies, so worked up, have become so many perfect models. I do not complain for my part, having been one of the old Chopinists, but what I deplore is the frightful abuse which is made of Chopin's formulas. There is not a small pianist composer who does not think himself called upon to make Chopin mazourkas, Chopin nocturnes, Chopin polonaises—it has become an epidemic in the United States. They have become masters of Chopin's processes, and employ them without discernment in the most trivial melodies. This recalls to me Madame F., who composed music after Haydn.

SCHENECTADY, April 19.

Detestable concert, hardly seventy-five persons, who applauded at random with a free and easy frankness which was very amusing.

April 20.

Left for Troy, where I have had a very poor concert. Why should I be so popular in certain towns, and not at all in others?

Thursday. I started for New York at five o'clock in the morning. Concert in the evening at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn—superb audience. A young lady amateur, full of pretensions, like all amateurs, after insisting upon being placed upon the posters refused to play when her turn came, on the pretext that she could only play upon her Steinway. I played in her place, and all my pieces were encored. Steinway and Chickering, Guelphs and Ghibellines of the musicians, are divided into two factions—the Germans are for Steinway.

April 22.

Set out at three o'clock from New York for Poughkeepsie — charming place and charming concert. One of the papers for the *finale* of 'Somnambula' has put 'female!' This brings to my mind a programme printed at Bordeaux in which I played the 'Bananier' and the 'Savane' which was printed the 'Savanier' and the 'Banane.'

Poughkeepsie has several large boarding-schools for young ladies and one or two large colleges. One of them, 'College Hill,' is situated on a hill which overlooks the town. From the college porch (whose architecture almost resembles that of a temple of Diana) we see the Catskill Mountains, and the Hudson rolling on in all its majesty. This College Hill was only three or four years ago a simple boarding-school. Its proprietor sold it, not being able to make his expenses. His successor, an intelligent Yankee, commenced by studying the manners of the town, and found out that it was aristocratic but slow. Innovations are there like exotic plants planted in the open air, they wither and die. A boarding-school under the name of academy had only had up to that time a moderate success; he baptized it with the name of college, introduced new branches of instruction, a military uniform, and behold, soon a transformation took place, pupils flowed in from all quarters, and College Hill became what it now is.

April 23.

Left Poughkeepsie at ten o'clock. We arrive at Rutland at half past four P. M., stopping ten minutes at Troy. Behrens, whose appetite increases with the fatigues of the journey, rushes into the buffet, but the bill of fare only offers tea and cold pies. Behrens, who is a philosopher, consoles himself by making puns, that grow worse and worse, which, to spare his self-esteem, I place to the account of his gastronomic disappointment.

Concert at Rutland very fine. The young girls of the town have asked me to play 'Last Hope.'

April 24.

Superb weather. The mountains, from which the State takes its name (Vermont), undulating in the sun. Near

the village are the celebrated marble-quarries, known under the name of the 'Rutland Quarries.' The white marble is so abundant here that we notice white marble pavements, inclosure walls, brims of wells, and mile-stones on the road, of the same material. We have taken a carriage ride to see the quarries. The workmen have, like all Northern workmen, struck for an increase of wages, proportioned to the progressive advance in price of all articles of prime necessity at the North.

The country is splendid. A waterfall rushes over, and, its spray sifting the sun's rays, forms a true rainbow. A fertile valley spreads out before us, whose emerald hue alternates with the deep blue of a little stream which winds along slowly at random.

The dark mountains on the horizon still preserve at their summit the snows of winter. Behind us the village of Rutland with its five or six steeples piercing the blue sky, the quarries of white marble, the blocks of which, already detached, sparkle like diamonds in the sun, and all around us the green fields of Vermont, which, with the cloudless sky, form a picture that I do not know how to describe.

Behrens has had the unlucky idea of hiring a buggy, and, as he knows no more how to drive a horse than I know how to conciliate the good will of Mr. D——, the result is that he found himself in too direct contact with another carriage. His has come out of the encounter with a slight scar, which the hirer of the carriage has generously estimated at twenty-five dollars. I doubt if the country of Vermont will leave as agreeable an impression upon him as upon myself.

Behrens was awakened this morning by the sheriff, who had been sent to him by the hirer of carriages, as Behrens had neglected to pay the twenty-five dollars. The affair is settled, but Behrens looks rather sheepish. He makes up for his discomfiture this morning by redoubling his appetite and emphasizing his puns more than usual. Stand from under! We leave in two hours for Burlington, where I give a concert this evening.

Arrived at the hotel in Burlington, we discovered that Carlo Patti was missing. Max returned to the station,

and at the end of half an hour we saw Carlo coming, followed by Strakosch, his ears hanging down like a refractory sheep which the watchful shepherd is leading back to the fold. Poor Patti slept the sleep of innocence, and did not awaken until after the departure of the train from where he ought to have got out. As soon as he perceived his mishap, he had the train stopped.

Very brilliant concert. The public warmly applauded us as soon as we made our appearance, and listened to us with attention. Result: We were forced to do our best, feeling ourselves at ease. O public! you who complain of the coldness of some artists, find the reason for it in your own indifference. The artist generally reflects the humour of his audience; is the latter cold, distracted, indifferent, talkative, and ill bred, the artist, you may be sure, will not become warm, and inspiration will fail him. This spark, which ought to warm you, will not be struck from him when he feels that it would be extinguished amidst the indolent impatience of those who listen and yawn.

How many times have I heard this in a small town the morning after a concert: "He has not been kind, and has not even repeated one of his pieces,"—when the audience had hardly applauded me. Could I repeat that which no one had encored?

April 26.

I set out in a few moments for Plattsburg, on the other side of the lake. We go in a steamer.

Lake Champlain is like a mirror. The silhouettes of the mountains which surround it are reflected by it in grand shadows of a dark blue.

My friend, the Bishop of Burlington, has just published a book to prove that slavery is a divine institution, and draws his arguments from the Bible itself. Poor Bible! One of the great objections I have to the free interpretation of the Bible, as the Protestants understand it, is that every one can make it speak whatever he wishes according to his prejudices. Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania *proves* by the Bible that slavery is abominable. The Bishop of Burlington *proves* by the Bible that slavery is a divine law, from whence I conclude that the Bible in the hands of

these gentlemen proves nothing unless it be that we have an odd spirit, and that the most absurd and odious doctrines find always something to sustain them.

Children, young girls, constantly read the Old Testament, not expurgated holy history, but the Bible, such as it is in the original, with its crudities of language, its concupiscent images, its coarseness, its monstrous corruptions. Children do not see in it much to interest them, but young girls feed on it constantly, and nevertheless they preserve (or pretend to preserve) the purity of their imagination.

These same maidens who remain impassable in reading the Canticle of Canticles or the history of Lot, are troubled at the word *pantaloon*, blushing to the ears if you pronounce the word *legs*, and look upon you as ill-bred when, inquiring of you news of your mother, you tell them that she has given you a little brother. Fie, then! You may say that she had a bad headache. It is the only illness admitted in society. Puritanic anatomy only recognizes the feet and the head, and in some cases the arms, but nothing above the elbow. What is most delightful is that they understand very well, notwithstanding all this.

So if you wish to say that a danseuse has pretty legs, you say, she has charming ankles. You wish to say that your wife is brought to bed, you say that she is obliged to keep her chamber for some time. These expressions are consecrated and express absolutely the same thing. Oh, human hypocrisy! You easily accommodate yourself to these little subterfuges.

The journey across the lake is charming. Plattsburg, where we are going, has only four or five thousand inhabitants. A speculator in the village has engaged us for a concert for three hundred and twenty dollars. A traveller has just assured me that every place is taken, and that they come from twenty-five miles around to be present at this grand fête. A concert like ours is a real revolution for a village.

Arrived at Plattsburg at one P. M. Excellent hotel Fouguet, situated on the edge of a bluff which overlooks Lake Champlain. This lake freezes in winter; they then use boats on runners, spread their sails and are carried by the wind. I am told that this kind of travelling is as

rapid as it is agreeable, the rate being at an average, when the wind is favourable, of two-thirds of a mile every three or four minutes.

The concert has been magnificent, very crowded and a great deal of enthusiasm. I should not like to affirm that it was not through human respect that they applauded.

We left again on the twenty-seventh of April. I perceived that we were approaching Canada by the miserable aspect of the country and of the farms. The railway cars are narrow, comfortless, and roughly built. I just heard a neighbour speak to the conductor with that French accent which does not authorize the caustic rage with which the Canadians laugh at "*Parler Parisien*" (Parisian pronunciation). "*Je n'pense poo*" (*je ne pense pas*), answers my neighbour to a question of the conductor. The train itself participates in that apathetic somnolency which appears to be the character of the Canadian. We stop every ten minutes and make only ten miles an hour. Arrived at a cottage on the banks of the St. Lawrence, we embark on the *Iroquois*, a steamer which will carry us to the other side of the river. On the poop of the steamer I notice two squaws (Indian women) who sell small articles worked with colored beads; one of them has such remarkably small feet that she attracts the attention of every one, although the smallness of the feet among the Indians is one of the traits of their race.

MONTREAL.

Patti, who went to take a walk, has already met some friends, good Secessionists, that cannot be gainsaid. Thanks to the noise which the rash enterprise at Buffalo has made (I wished to speak concerning the attack of which he has been the subject in a paper, respecting his sojourn in the South and of his service in the Confederate army), Patti has become a sort of hero. At St. Louis, where Unionism is more than doubtful, he was applauded to the skies every time he played. In every town he found unknown friends, who welcomed him, felicitating him on his political opinions, and it seems that a sort of Freemasonry connects all these conspirators whose machinations are happily limited to hypocritically deploring the ruin of the North,

and in making sterile vows for the triumph of the South. I know nothing more odious than this kind of hybrid patriot, who with arms crossed, protests his devotion to the Republic and remains neuter, except when by his clamours he endeavours to fetter the efforts of the government. I admire and respect those of the South who fight and sacrifice themselves for what they think a just cause. I do not participate in their convictions, but I have only contempt for these *politicasters* of the North who wish peace at any price, without thinking that the plastering up a few cracks is of no use when the foundation of the edifice is giving way, and that in the social no more than in the individual body an eating wound does not cease its ravages because it is concealed under an anodyne plaster.

“The Constitution as it was”—such is their cry. Fools that you are! the Constitution is a chimera, and the veneration which you have for the broken pact is at least unseasonable. The Constitution to-day has become impossible. It would be as unreasonable as to require that a man should always wear the clothes of his boyhood, and have his limbs shortened in order to accommodate them to his clothes, now become too small, rather than enlarge them in proportion to his growth.

Behrens, who is the best fellow in the world, and whose humour is of a quality that has been able to resist the melancholy influence of the piano (I say melancholy, because I have remarked that those who make a trade of a thing are generally those who use it the least; witness the distillers, who hardly ever drink spirits, and the disciples of harmony who are never able to establish it among themselves), Behrens, I say, after my parenthesis, has become morose for the last two or three days. The bad cheer has taken effect upon his placid and benevolent organization. This enters into the theory of one of my friends, a mad materialist, who pretends that the celebrated elegiacs, poets, and musicians were only so, because they had a bad stomach, and that a few pills discreetly and opportunely swallowed would have relieved them. Let us rejoice that they were not like my friend. For my part, I have always believed that the artist was a victim, fatally destined in spite of him-

self to be an instrument through which Providence breathes on the world certain expressions, certain ideas.

In Alsace they scoop the eyes out of ducks and geese, and suspend them by the feet, head downwards. In this position, but little favourable to digestion, they feed them plenteously. The liver under this regime becomes fat, and it is from these livers that the famous *pâtés de foie gras* are made. Thus, artists who have never done great things, but when they were dying of hunger, or were consumptive, or amorous, or without hope, seem to me to be the geese and the ducks which Providence has condemned to the costly privilege of exhaling, at the price of their existence, harmonious thoughts which the *bons vivants* of mind taste tranquilly at the banquet of life.

A truce to poor jokes. Art is too pure, its source too elevated, its enjoyments too refined, its influence too noble, its essence, in one word, too divine for me to participate in the gastronomical beliefs of my skeptical friend. Art is the ardent aspiration for the beautiful. It is voluptuousness sublimed by the spirit; it is an irresistible transport which makes us burst the bonds of material space, through the ideal, and transports us to the celestial spheres.

This long digression into which I have been drawn, has separated me from Behrens, and from the influence over him of the eternal 'ham and eggs,' this refuge of tavern-keepers taken at unawares, and that punishment to which our disorderly life condemns us. As he who looks downwards at a country loses all idea of its perfection, so the stomachs of a vagabond company lose all notions of a regular appetite which well brought-up stomachs ought to have. We dine sometimes at eleven o'clock at night, sometimes at noon. Sometimes breakfast precedes the dinner a half hour, and sometimes it is separated from it by two hundred miles of railway. After this, do you wonder that my good Mr. B., who, because he has an excellent stomach, is not of an elegiac nature, has become sad for the last three or four days from our feasting at absurd hours on ham and eggs and stale sandwiches! Fortunately the St. Lawrence Hotel has an excellent table, and Behrens, who has made to-day three festivals of Belshazzar, feels in a merry humour, and lets fly at me, when I least expect it, a broadside of puns of high Germanic flavour.

CHAPTER XVI.

I AM back from the concert. The rain, which has not ceased falling since this morning, increased toward eight o'clock, which evidently ought to have diminished the receipts. The hall nevertheless was well filled, and the ladies, elegantly dressed, produced a beautiful effect as seen from the stage. The parterre is generally occupied by those who care less for being seen than for listening to the music. They applauded with enthusiasm, and listened with an attention which singularly contrasted with the noise made by some elegant English officers, who were determined to attract attention to their blonde whiskers, their convex chests, and their white gloves, which they held at a foot's distance outside of the box. Their conversation, which with noble condescension they made in a loud voice in order to permit the whole hall to enjoy their high-flown humour, was disagreeably interrupted from time to time by my piano, which I willingly would have taken away from the programme, these gentlemen replacing me in a very advantageous manner, if I had not thought that, perhaps, the public, accustomed as it must be to them, would have much preferred me.

I know nothing more ill bred than a fashionable Englishman, unless it be *two* fashionable Englishmen.

In the box in question there were three, and they worthily sustained their reputation.

April 28.

Thursday evening. Second concert. As much as I had played without pleasure the other evening, so much I have excelled myself to-day. All my pieces have been encored. I leave to-morrow for Ogdensburg.

April 29.

Set out from Montreal at seven o'clock. In the car, Cario Patti—'Sunshine Patti,' as I call him, on account of

the happy thoughtlessness of his character—has made a conquest. A young and pretty woman made advances to him, and they are talking together. She was at the concert last night.

A Seidlitz powder or two drachms of rhubarb seasonably administered, and Petrarch becomes a Boccacio, Lamartine a Paul de Kock, and Mr. D—— might become an amiable man. What a beautiful thing medicine is, and how unfortunate it is that I have not the recipe for those marvellous pills.

Arrive at Prescott, a small Canadian village on the left bank of the St. Lawrence. Opposite to it, Ogdensburg, on the American shore, seems to rise out of the water. The waves of this majestic river roll slowly along. The sun makes them sparkle like myriads of little pearls. We cross in a ferry boat. Ogdensburg is a large town, very rich on account of its geographical position.

Seven or eight years ago I gave a concert here in company with Madam de Lagrange. I remember that at that time I received a perfumed billet, in very small writing, in which some one invited me to come to the town of—— ‘to take lunch.’ The name was unknown to me. Nevertheless, I accepted. The house was concealed in the midst of a shady park, surrounded by high walls, thus defying the curiosity of the indiscreet. No noise from outside could disturb the quiet of this mysterious abode. I should have thought myself in the interior of a convent, if an old servant had not come to receive me to tell me that his mistress wished me to wait for her in the conservatory adjoining the drawing-room. The residence was sumptuous. French albums, Parisian engravings, and a crowd of those elegant little trifles and superfluities which are found only in French salons, and which the morose and traditional taste of the Anglo-Saxons excludes from their parlours, at once told me that the mistress of the house was or had been pretty, that she had taste, and regretted Paris.

The mistress of the enchanted house soon entered. She was a woman from forty to forty-five years old, who must have been very pretty. She told me her name; and that

celebrated name then recalled to me an infantile impression which had engraved on my memory the confused image of a splendid young girl of pale complexion, superb form, and a wealth of undulating ebon hair, whom I saw one evening, on the balcony of the St. Louis Hotel at New Orleans, saluting, with the gesture of a queen, the crowd assembled to see her. A black velvet tunic boldly slanting on the shoulders caused to be appreciated the admirable carnation of a bosom too slightly concealed. Doubtless counting more upon the legitimate beauty of her charms than on that of her pretensions, she came to claim, as granddaughter of Vespuccius, a dowry from the American people. Congress, whilst composed of men who were individually capable of admiring the charms of the beautiful Genoese, judged *à propos* (and I congratulate them on it) to send back to the country where they build castles in the air the claims of the descendant of the godfather of our country. The beautiful adventuress was much pitied, much loved by the men, much hated by the women (the one is the consequence of the other), passed through every phase of celebrity, that is to say, that the former placed her upon a pedestal, and the latter tried to upset it into the mud. Like the stars, she had her zenith, and her setting, and she was soon forgotten. America Vespucci, tossed during twenty years by the chances of fortune, became stranded some years since on the banks of the St. Lawrence, where an old millionaire offered to her, under colour of indemnity, I suppose, for the injustice of the legislators of his country, the sovereignty of the magnificent mansion where she concealed herself.

She made me visit the park, the aviary, the library, the marble baths. I was dazzled with all the splendours of this little Eden, hidden like a nest in the moss. "Paris," she said to me sighing, "Paris!—without my fortune and twenty years less!"

The poor recluse gave me to understand that the honest Ogdensburgers did not treat her with respect. Envious of her taste, her travels, her fortune, and her power over a rich old fellow, whom, without any doubt, the provident mothers destined '*in petto*' to the honour of being their son-in-law, and angry that a stranger had dared to mo-

nopolize all this fortune, and that, by treading under foot all the laws of that dead morality which we are all so happy to invoke when we are not able to crush those whom we do not love—the honest people of Ogdensburg had raised little by little around her one of those insurmountable walls made up of hatred, jealousy, and of secret malice cemented by that sour virtue of small towns. She never went out; saw nobody, and wept alone under the beautiful trees of her park, whilst the birds warbled on the branches.

I conversed a long time with her about Rubini, whom she had well known at the salon of Madame Merlin, where she frequently visited.

I asked to-day what had become of her. She started again one fine morning for Paris, said some—she is dead, said others.

Concert this evening. Not a large audience, but sympathetic. I do not know how I was able to play; I am enfeebled. All the pieces encored.

April 30.

A constable has come to arrest me, by order of the president of the village (it is thus the mayor calls himself) for not having taken out a license, and I am condemned to pay a fine of fifty dollars. I go with the constable to the justice of the peace, and here is the exposition of the affair such as the justice of the peace gave it with admirable candour. “Mr., it is true that it is the custom for us to send in advance to collect the five dollars for the license, but as the mayor said that the constable whom he had sent last year made known to him that you had then refused to pay and had insulted by words the authorities, he has proposed to punish you for it by letting you give your concert without forewarning you that a license was necessary, in order to be able to fine you fifty dollars.”

Admirable simplicity! and behold here justice well administered. Here am I condemned to pay fifty dollars because a constable who does not know me and confounds perhaps Jones (who has insulted him) with Gottschalk whom he has never seen, makes a false statement to a

despotic mayor who revenges himself on me by laying a snare!

Fortunately, I got out of it.

Sunday, May 1, 1864.

Spleen! spleen!! spleen!!! The streets are deserted—I see the crowds returning from religious service. Young, irreproachable, singularly neat, after the filthiness of our soldiers, this appears to me so much the more extraordinary.

We embark at five o'clock on the *Ottawa*, a small steamer which crosses from Kingston to Cape St. Vincent in two hours. We shall sleep there and then shall set out for Watertown. The wind blows furiously and our poor little boat rocks dreadfully. Mr. Strakosch, who is not a good sailor, and who a few moments since became pale, seeks the solitude of the captain's cabin. I go up on deck. We pass alongside of a pretty schooner of which we only see the prow. She capsized five days ago in one of those storms so sudden and so terrible on Lake Ontario. She presented a most singular effect, lying on her side with her sails spread, her anchor down, her hull exposed, and her masts beating like the legs of some gigantic animal struggling convulsively. This recalled to my mind the painful impression which the death of a horse always makes in the bull fights. There is particularly at the end of his agony a mechanical movement of the feet which act distractedly as if they wished to walk in the air. It makes me sick only to think of it.

We enter into a narrow canal which leads to Cape St. Vincent. The boat lands at a spruce little hotel on the bank of the lake. A tall old man gives us a welcome, the more assiduous, as his hotel is at this moment empty, and we are nine.

His daughters, charming young persons, pink and white, wait upon us at table. Excellent supper. Fried trout, caught in the lake.

May 2.

Slept badly. The rats have feasted all night under one of the feet of my bed, and have kept me awake.

We start at six o'clock for Watertown. Reach there at

eight o'clock in the morning. We give a concert to-day at seven o'clock, because the workmen, I do not know of what factory, give' a ball in the same hall, which is to begin at nine o'clock. Audience kind, and very enthusiastic. Unfortunately we are tired out. The want of sleep gives me a buzzing in the ears, and from the first notes I feel that I shall hardly be able to play to the end of the programme. This week we have slept on an average five hours in the twenty-four, and travelled every day.

May 3.

Left Watertown for Utica.

The population of Utica is from thirty to forty thousand souls. There are some beautiful churches, Trinity church, among others, in which I have noticed an excellent organ, built by a musical instrument maker of the town. Some of the streets are lined by trees, whose thick foliage forms a delicious shade. But what particularly attracts the attention of travellers in Utica is its asylum for the insane, which is one of the most complete establishments on the American continent. The head physician of the hospital is one of our friends. He is hardly more sane on the subject of music than his patients.

It pours rain, and I fear that the receipts of the concert this evening will be very poor.

Very warm audience. Utica has always received me well. I am always listened to with kindness there, and always warmly applauded.

The doctor takes me to sleep at the hospital for the insane. The doctors and attendants inhabit the façade of the immense quadrilateral which the hospital occupies. It is eleven o'clock. The doctor invites me up into his chamber to smoke, he his pipe, I my cigar. Our conversation at first languishes as when given up entirely to the pleasure of having nothing to do, and the spirit follows with profound solicitude the spirals of cigar smoke as it unrolls in the air, and displays its forms before disappearing. I asked the doctor if he had ever occupied himself with spiritual manifestations, which for the last fifteen years have troubled the United States, and which at certain periods acquire new life by the apparition of some extra-

ordinary phenomenon. The New York papers for some days have been full of the extraordinary things done by the Davenport brothers. I myself saw them at St. Louis, and will tell you hereafter the facts which I have witnessed. The doctor said to me, what all staid people candidly tell me here, "I do not know what to think." There is certainly one or some phenomena which evade science, and are connected with some unknown principle, from which electricity, and all the phenomena of second sight, of somnambulism, of mesmerism probably proceed. As to believing in the intervention of spirits, and making a new revelation of it, that is simply absurd. "I was (it is the doctor who speaks) at Port Hope some time since. One of my friends, appointed by the government to do some work for the establishment of a railroad, had to live in a large stone-house which had been placed at his disposition. The house had belonged to an old fur trader, who had frequently committed acts of violence during his life, and had made himself particularly hated by the Indians who sold their peltry to him; he had robbed many of them, said some one, and added in a low voice that he had assassinated some of them. Whether or not merited, the bad reputation of the fur trader had become proverbial, and since his death the house, some said, was haunted, and afterwards the inhabitants told me every night the ghost of X. stalked through all the chambers." The doctor and his friend slept in the first story. The invisible ghost (no one had ever seen it, but it had been heard breathing, walking, coughing) always made itself heard the first night the new occupant passed in the house. Before going to bed the doctor and his friend went over the house from the cellar to the garret. They shut up all the servants in their chambers, and minutely examined the large lower hall paved with stone, situated exactly under the apartment where they were to sleep, and in which the spirit preferred to make himself heard. All the doors leading into the hall were bolted, except that which led to the first story. Retired to their chambers, the two strangers waited. The hours passed on—nothing was heard save the noise of their breathing—and at last, tired of waiting for nothing, they went to bed, certain of having once more put an end to chimerical fears, and more than ever con-

vinced that ghosts only exist in imaginations diseased or fond of invention.

At the hotel (Bagg's), an excellent hotel by the way, the servant came to tell me that two persons wished to see me. They introduced themselves, for they are two young men who look like farmers' sons, with the ease of Americans, who are never embarrassed, and told me that they had come twenty miles in a carriage to be at the concert, and that, learning that I was there, they profited by it for the purpose of seeing me. They are members of a community which has founded a village near Oneida. To my question whether they belong to a sect recognized by the government, they replied that theirs only dated from six years ago. They cultivate strawberries, of which they have fifteen hundred acres, drink no strong liquors and use no tobacco. They eat no meat but only vegetables. They have formed an orchestra of thirty musicians, and in the evening on returning from the strawberry fields, the family assembles, a prayer is made, and a little concert is given. The chief of the community directed them to offer me their hospitality during the summer. I shall perhaps accept; I am curious to see these new Arcadians at work.

SYRACUSE, May 4.

I know of Syracuse only the two pavements close to the hotel which is itself at the railroad station (bad hotel, by-the-bye), where the cook endeavours to make the good things which the bill of fare announces, uneatable. The trains arrive, leave, cross each other without ceasing and that in the midst of the town, and, crossing at right angles the most popular street of Syracuse, cause me an inexhaustible astonishment. How is it that two or three hundred are not killed in the midst of this confusion? You cross the street and look to the right; 'take care!' cries a man to you. It is the tail of an immense train that backs and threatens from behind the horses which take fright. If there is a providence for children, drunkards, and the blind, be well assured that there is one for the American railways, for more independent enterprises no one could ever find.

Audience quite numerous and very dilettante.

Syracuse, without being different from some small towns which I have visited, always gives me a good audience. I however know nobody or nearly so, and have no personal friends there.

May 6, 1864.

Leave again for Oswego at half-past two o'clock P. M. Arrive at five o'clock.

Oswego is remarkable for its picturesque situation. The concert has been charming. I always play with pleasure at Oswego. They listen to me with attention; I am always enthusiastically applauded there. Do not hasten to conclude that because I always go back there with pleasure, the receipts are good, for with me the one is not the consequence of the other. There are some towns where I always make money and which I do not like, and others where I make nothing and yet like to go. I know that this is absurd, that reasonable men will shrug their shoulders at it; but you know that artists understand but little about business and have but little foresight. There is one thing that money cannot rule: it is the inspiration of the artist.

Friday, May 6.

Set out again from Oswego at half-past seven P. M. for Geneva, where we arrived on the seventh of May at four o'clock. We travel since the morning through a succession of lakes with which the State of New York abounds. The smallest of these lakes is as large as Lake Neufchâtel. I have counted as many as forty-three in the State of New York alone. Geneva possesses a medical school, an Episcopal seminary, an independent college, and several boarding-schools for young ladies. I have met here a dyspeptic English musician, who, with the greatest faith in the world, maintains that England has produced the best musicians, and the best composers in the world! Concert passable, and audience very kind.

Saturday morning, May 7.

Left again for Auburn. Concert magnificent, all the pieces encored. In the hall a charming battalion of young

girls, of those who cause false notes, and the remembrance of whom is accompanied with a deep sigh heaved by the old bachelors who have the pleasure or the misfortune of meeting them on their way.

Lately a gentleman among the audience did not cease repeating during the whole concert "When then are they going to play an air?" and after three pieces by Mad. S., after those of Carlo Patti, after my five or six solos, he repeated, "I have not yet heard one air," and he went away perfectly disgusted. You would be astonished to learn how many millions of men are like him. A general, whom you know and whom I know, loves to repeat to his friends that he can recognize on hearing them but two airs, the one 'Yankee Doodle,' and the other which is not! One of my friends lately told me that at one of my concerts he was seated before two ladies who consoled themselves for the total absence of 'airs,' by seeing that in the third part I must play 'Home, Sweet Home' with variations. They waited patiently. The concert went on, 'Home, Sweet Home' was encored, which did not prevent the good women from saying, "But when is he going to play 'Home, Sweet Home'?" and on leaving they complained bitterly that I had announced a piece which I did not play. The ear of many people is so little exercised, that they only understand two or three airs which they continually hear from their birth. 'Yankee Doodle' for example, the hideous 'John Brown,' and the 'Last Rose of Summer' (even this last is already too learned), and thus there must be only the melody, without harmony, without variations, absolutely naked, as a fifer would play it, for them to recognize it. The least artifice, the least ornament, they lose the thread, are confused, and the complaints begin that there is no air.

A good enough concert at Auburn. I heard a lady going out say, "What a deafening racket he makes with his piano. There is no music at all in it." I have often heard others speak of it, who said that I always played too soft, and that I did not make enough noise. O critics! you would be very annoying if you were not so amusing!

Sunday, May 8.

Been to Catholic church and heard mass. Execrable music! Organ played by a young girl who made impossible harmonies. Sermon very long. The preacher screamed loud enough to tire his lungs. The congregation was affected.

May 9.

Set out again from Auburn at seven o'clock in the morning for Rochester, where I arrived at a quarter past eleven o'clock. Charming town; one of the neatest, most animated, and most civilized of the West. My concerts here are always profitable and my audience always well disposed. Concert this evening excellent. I should like to transport in a lump, for the edification of Europe, some of the audiences which come under my notice.

The feminine type in the United States is undoubtedly superior to that of Europe. Pretty young girls are a majority in American audiences, whilst in Europe they are an exception. Besides the education of women, taken on an average, is more complete here. American women, with their delicate sentiments and the intelligence which our system of education develops, united to the native elegance of their sex, will do more than all the legislators in the world to polish men, and to circumscribe within judicious limits the turbulent effervescence which is found at the surface of all new societies. Without them, 'whiskey' and the 'revolver' would completely overrun us. By their soft but powerful influence, our manners, little by little, become softened; and I foresee the day when a drunkard will be treated according to his habits, that is to say, like a brute, and when those who are always ready to draw their revolver will be punished as assassins.

At Rochester I have seen some of the most charming types of women that have ever crossed the dreams of an old bachelor! Outside of my exceptional position of pianist and old bachelor, this is the element which I dread the most in my concerts—it gives me absence of mind, and a wrong note is very quickly struck! Suppose I have to make a leap to reach a black key at the extremity of my key-board. I take my measure well, but the Capitol is close to the Tarpeian; my finger, not well assured, because my eyes are on

my audience and my spirit traverses the field, slips, and from the Capitoline summit—D sharp, for example—is ignominiously precipitated into the Tarpeian depths of E natural — to my consternation, and to the joy of the PIANISTICULES whose subtlety for scenting out defects could never be equalled but by their bad will in discovering accomplishments. It would be well for all of us who criticise without mercy the works of our neighbour to make a sum in the rule of three for our own use. Let us suppose that Mr. X., who has never been able to play the music of others, nor his own, for the double reason that the latter is still in a projected state (never to be realized) and beyond his powers—let us suppose that he falls with all his might upon some unfortunate pianist—upon myself, for example—do you think he would show himself moderate? Not at all. ‘Dernière espérance.’ How as to that? Good for little girls! ‘Banjo.’ A melody for the negroes! ‘Pooh!’ Lacks execution, without taking into account the old tricks!

Thus always the same song: “He does not play classical music.” And when the ordinary run of mortals applaud, he shrugs his shoulders. But, wretched man, be prudent then! The more you belittle me, the more you bemire yourself in the dark mud in which your venomous impertinence stagnates. I am nothing, but I am more than you. What, then, are you?

Some of his friends, hidden by the lion’s skin, cause themselves sometimes to be taken for the lion by only scratching without roaring. The more merciless they are in their judgments, the more talent is conceded to them. One, who is nothing, always displays skill by attacking those who are something. ‘*Audaces fortuna*,’ etc. One has nothing to lose, and fools are easily caught. A Mr. Monte Mayer, a vulgar physician, has become celebrated in Spain by giving a course of lectures in which he proves that Newton was a fool. But these counterfeit lions cause fear because they never forget themselves and conceal their voice, but, by dint of playing the part of the king of the forest, they end by persuading themselves that they are really so—they wish to roar. It is then that we hear a hi! haw! bursting out—the fraud is discovered,

and everybody laughs. They themselves never perceive it, and continue gravely to shake their asses' ears over their mane. I know an ass well, who, after having devoted his pen for ten years in proving to the artistic world that my compositions were detestable, was advised, miserable wretch, to publish in an unlucky day one of the lucubrations of his pen and of his gall-filled brain! I confess that, until the moment that this happy composition fell into my hands, I had thought myself killed by the attacks of this severe Aristarchus; but, after having read it, I consoled myself by addressing to him '*in petto*' this apostrophe, which I borrowed from Voltaire: "Sir: I pardon your criticisms because nobody reads them, but I shall never pardon your compositions because I have been obliged to read them, and they are too bad for me ever to forget them."

CHAPTER XVII.

May 10.

SET out again from Rochester.

I recommend 'Congress Hall' to all travellers who attach any importance to an excellent table, prompt attention, and an affable and attentive welcome from a landlord.

Arrived at Lockport at two o'clock. It pours rain—the streets are lakes of mud—every gutter is a cataract. I confess that if I was the public I would pay double what one of my tickets costs not to go to the concert this evening.

Few at the concert; but those who have braved the inclemency of such weather are evidently musical amateurs, and I did my best. My principle is, the smaller the audience the more I apply myself. Artists in general act differently under the same circumstances. Are the receipts small, you see them assume an indifferent air, play or sing by halves, cut down their pieces, shorten their programme; and in acting thus they are ungrateful, illogical, unjust, dishonest, and unworthy the name of artists. Ungrateful,

because they make their bad humour bear upon those who justly have a right to their favour. Unjust, because those who are present should not be responsible for the absent. Illogical, because one might bet everything that those who to go to a concert brave the obstacles which have prevented the majority from going, are true judges of music, who understand it, and to whom the artist, certain of being appreciated, should endeavour to present himself in his best light. Dishonest, because the person who has paid for his ticket has a right to demand all that is promised on the programme; and, finally, they are unworthy of their profession; because the love of lucre is with them greater than that of art, and he is not a true artist who measures the sum of emotions and inspirations which flow from his soul by the sum of dollars and cents which have entered into his coffer. Inspiration is not commanded, I know it. The public could not command it for its money. The programme does not lead them to think so, but, to be true to themselves, artists should do what they ought to do. As to inspiration it is independent of the will. It has happened to me to play horribly before crowded halls, and before intelligent audiences; and on the contrary to play in villages, and before audiences who hardly understood it, in such a way as to please myself, a very difficult thing!

Wednesday, May 11.

Set out again from Lockport for Toronto (Canada).

Awakened at six o'clock this morning by that cursed gong. Is it possible that in this nineteenth century, in the midst of a republic, in a civilized society, this last vestige of barbarism should not yet be abolished? What! I am in a hotel. I pay for the purpose of finding there board and lodging, which includes sleep. I am neither collegian, nor galley-slave, nor slave, much less a soldier, that is to say, I am not obliged to be subjected to discipline; and nevertheless an autocratic landlord, whom I pay in order to promote my comfort, shall have the right to violently destroy my sleep, and brutally draw me from my repose at any hour that shall please him, as if I were his property: and you and I support this barbarous tyranny? No one of those around me murmurs. Custom is everything with the

Anglo-Saxon. The empire of routine holds him in leading strings. That the proprietor of a hotel should think of ordering that his guests should not drink more than a certain quantity daily,—would you not revolt at it? Is it not nevertheless as despotic to require that you should be awakened at six o'clock in the morning? But as from time immemorial, hotel keepers have arrogated to themselves the right of not permitting us to sleep after a certain hour, we quietly submit to it.

It pours rain. The heavens are like lead, and it is cold; decidedly this spring is hostile to us; for one month, out of twenty soirées, sixteen at least have been with a pouring rain. There goes again another leaf torn from the tree of my illusions. This beautiful month of May, so poetical, so much sung by the poets, is a myth.

Last Sunday at mass the preacher took for the subject of his sermon the worship which the Catholic Church gives to the Virgin Mary. "The beautiful month of May has been especially consecrated to her," and the occasion offering itself to make use of a little rhetoric, he commenced by presenting to us nature awakening in the spring, the buds first becoming green, the flowers exhaling their perfumes to the breeze. "The sun, etc. etc. etc." Here, the sky, which has been cloudy since the morning, opened to let pass (a ray of sunlight, you will say)—no! lightning, after a clap of thunder, followed by a deluge of rain, mingled with hail. The poor priest, who had prepared his sermon in prospect of a month of May, like all others, was completely taken aback, and comprehending that the breeze, perfumed by the flowers, and the sun no longer agreed with a dull, rainy month, full of storms, tornadoes, and of bad designs, resigned himself to making a sacrifice of his rhetoric, and soon finished his sermon.

One hour of detention at Hamilton *en route* for Toronto. Some days since, on arriving at a small place, a local paper fell into our hands, and we read in it a diatribe of one hundred lines against fashionable music, the Italians, the Germans, in one word, against every species of art which is not so elevated as the music of the Christy minstrels. Our agent had neglected to give this Athenian my announcement, and he revenged himself for it after the manner of

angry children, who beat themselves with their fists. Our man by this proceeding showed himself in all his folly. Our concert took place the same evening, and the good man with infernal malice finished his article by letting fly at us a poisoned arrow. "This was written many days since, but we did not publish it, because we did not wish to do harm to the concerts which were about to take place. Having examined our columns, and assured ourselves that no concert was about to take place, we have decided to publish it." Max, who is patience itself provided no one touches his interests, became red with rage on reading the article. He saw only the last paragraph, "that there was no concert about to take place," which was calculated to keep away many of our audience. He called on the editor, and with the most agreeable air in the world, introduced himself.

Max. "I am your servant, sir. My name is Strakosch."

Editor. "Ah!"

Max. "I regret that you thought proper to publish that article."

Editor (with a stiff air). "Those, sir, are my opinions."

Max. "I am sorry for it (with a gracious air), but perhaps you will come to the concert?"

Editor (enchanted, but not wishing it to be seen). "Hem!"

Max. "Have you a family?"

Editor. "My stars, yes! I think that four or five tickets would do."

Max. "I am delighted! You will find them, sir, at your disposal at the music store, where they will cost you only seventy-five cents each."

And he returned charmed with his revenge. I figure to myself the discomfiture of the editor. But the consequences! Poor Strakosch! the editor will have his revenge, and if you ever return here (which probably you will have the good sense never to do) you may expect to receive his broadsides. I pity you, or rather I pity the artists for whom you will be the impresario, for it will be on them, as being the only vulnerable point of the impresario, that will fall the blows, like those coachmen who strike the horses of their rivals with heavy blows of their whips whenever they meet them.

In the last month of June I gave thirty-three concerts in

twenty-six days. In fourteen months (during which I have remained idle only fifty days) I have given more than four hundred concerts, and travelled more than forty thousand miles by railroad. This reminds me of the story by the son of Alexandre Dumas, where his hero laid a wager to live a whole month exclusively on pigeon! The first eight days did very well. The second week this insipid flesh began to disgust him. The twentieth day he had a horror of it, and on the thirtieth (for he heroically won his bet) the sight only of a pigeon's feather gave him a fever and sea-sickness! I am the same with my concerts; the sight of an audience gives me a nausea, and every evening in sitting down in front of the audience, to the key-board, to which pitiless fate has devoted me, I experience the pangs of the thirtieth day of pigeon in Dumas' story. I am pleased to think that beyond the tomb concerts exist only in the memory like the nightmare we recall to ourselves confusedly in the morning which has painfully disturbed our sleep. The Orientals people their paradise with marvellous houris; the Indians fill theirs with prairies full of game where the chase is eternal. I love to figure to myself that in the paradise where I shall go (?) the local laws strictly prohibit ever playing music in public for money, under the penalty of listening twenty times successively to 'La rêverie de Rosellen.' On the other side I represent hell to myself as being the general entrepôt of all pianos—square, grand, upright, and oblique—an infernal Botany Bay for the practice of hardened pianists, in which an audience of the damned listen to an eternal 'Rêverie de Rosellen,' played to the consummation of the ages by pianists, inhabitants of the sombre empire! Hey! What do you say to it? It makes one shudder only to think of it, and Dante, had he known of the piano, would he have failed, think you, to have made it take a part of that frightful torment in his 'Inferno'? No, certainly, and if to the 'Rêverie de Rosellen,' he had added the 'Donna e Mobile,' and 'The Maiden's Prayer,' of Miss Bardazewska, I do not doubt that Ugolino himself would have been comparatively happy in not belonging to this honourable artistic corporation.

Sometimes I find myself retarded on the road by some accident or unforeseen circumstance. I then dispatch a

telegram to my agent and the hour for the concert is made later; but it also happens sometimes that the telegram arrives too late for him to publish it. The audience already assembled in the hall becomes agitated and restless at not seeing the artist appear. My telegraphic dispatch arrives, and Strakosch reads it to the audience offering to return the money to those who have not the patience to await my arrival. A telegram from Strakosch in answer to mine, which I generally receive at the next station, makes me aware of its decision. Then, if it is willing to wait for me, I send, from station to station, a telegram which my agent reads to the audience to keep it in patience. This calms it. Soon there is established between us a sympathetic tie. It becomes interested in the unknown traveller whose thought traverses space to communicate with that of the crowd anxious to see him. Every one converses with his neighbour; the young girls flirt with their beaux; the papas sleep, or talk of Erie or of American gold; the hall is transformed into a vast friendly *Tertúlia*. As the telegraphic dispatches follow each other, the enthusiasm augments. I am seen approaching more than twenty miles, no more than ten miles off, the last stations are generally traversed amidst the expectant enthusiasm of the whole hall. The excitement becomes so great that they almost embrace each other.

(N.B.) If I were one of the audience, by-the-bye, I should not have the least objection in yielding (with discrimination) to this affectionate demonstration.

Strakosch then appears and with tremulous voice says, wiping his forehead as if he had just pulled the train, so impatiently awaited, more than fifty miles (or rather like an impresario who after having thought his receipts were shipwrecked sees them riding at anchor at the bottom of his coffers), these solemn words which the audience receives with a tattoo of 'hurrahs:' "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honour of announcing to you that Mr. Gottschalk has just arrived." I then make my *entrée* upon the scene, and the tattoo of the audience goes on increasing, swells, and takes such boisterous proportions that I should not know how to give you an idea of it, unless you have heard the finale of 'Ione' of Maestro Petrella, or that of 'Medea'

of Maestro Pacini, which, to my notion, are the two most deafening musical abominations which have ever been committed, since the invention of the bass drum, the cymbals, and the whole kitchen battery of modern instrumentation. I designedly enlarge upon this, because it is characteristic of an American audience, and a novel and wholly local phase in the physiology of concerts in the United States.

Nothing, latterly, worthy of notice in my concerts unless it is a few lines giving an account of one of the last (favourably, I am bound to acknowledge), mentioning that "Mr. Gottschalk played his 'Cradle Song,' for two pianos, with Mr. L——, and with magnificent effect." The 'Cradle Song' for two pianos! I pity the poor baby who should be condemned to be cradled under the magnificent effect of two pianos. This brings to my mind by contrast the 'Marche du Prophète' which I saw at Havana arranged for the flageolet with guitar accompaniment! It is probable that the chronicler of this concert, having gone to sleep after dinner (without the aid of the two pianos in question), may have written on the faith of the programme and of the probabilities, but that his pen still benumbed confounded 'La Fantaisie Triomphale' on 'Trovatore' for two pianos with the 'Cradle Song,' which the programme announced for the same evening.

In the paragraph extracted from my last letter to the 'Home Journal' the editor committed an error which many of the other papers reproduced and which I wish to rectify. "Gottschalk, it is said, has given in the United States nearly one thousand concerts and has travelled by rail and steamboat nearly eight thousand miles." It should read not eight thousand but eighty thousand miles. Eight thousand miles in two years are simply a trifle that the smallest learned animal, giant, dwarf, phenomenon, or travelling pianist who has speculated on the country can boast having done, and the rights which I demand as the champion of concerts and of perambulation on railroads would be as doubtful as those of the King of Sardinia to the kingdom of Jerusalem, or of those of Richard Wagner to the coming races, if I had only a credit on the ledger of posterity for eight thousand miserable little miles!! But it is eighty thousand miles which I have travelled in less

than two years, giving on an average three concerts every two days. It is almost as notable as Doctor (?) Winship, of Boston, who raises four thousand pounds, or the young Connecticut girl that Barnum exhibits who weighs six hundred pounds. My detractors can deny me everything in the future, I care little about it. They can say that I play only my own music, and that it is bad; *that I wear gloves* at my concerts (how horrible!); that I wipe my fingers before commencing to play, with my handkerchief *which I take from my pocket* (what a shame!): all these things form the subject of a widely extended, anonymous correspondence, with which a crowd of austere lovers of art gratify me every morning, whose little bilious spite is alleviated by telling me confidentially the most disagreeable things in the world.

From the height of my eighty thousand miles I defy the whole world, and if my enemies after having dislodged me from so many other positions attempt to dispute with me the possession of this last bulwark, I solemnly declare to them that I shall defend it with the energy of despair.

ANECDOTES OF KALKBRENNER AND OTHERS.

Kalkbrenner, who by his didactic works is recommended to the respect of artists, but whose compositions by their vacuity are condemned to never being played, had a cold, neat, limpid execution, and a pure but superficial and tedious style. The perfect elegance of his manners, his cultivated intelligence, and his talent gave him great success in society, but his extreme vanity, which had become proverbial, had in time rendered him insupportable. He thought himself infallible in everything, and had said forcibly like a celebrated dancer of the last century, *Vestris*, I think, "there are in Europe three great men—Voltaire, Frederick, and myself." His best pupil, Stamaty, a fellow-scholar with Osborne, the fortunate fellow-labourer of Beriot in one hundred duos for the piano and violin, was my teacher for seven years. In 1844, then very young, I gave at Paris a soirée to which all the illustrious pianists of the period were invited, among others Kalkbrenner. I played Chopin's concerto in E minor, Thalberg's fantasia

of 'Semiramide,' and that of Liszt's 'Robert le Diable.' The next day I went to thank Kalkbrenner for having come to hear me. This attention softened a little the generally sour disposition of the old pianist, who did not forgive the new school for knowing something; he took my hand and said to me with an air of majestic condescension, "The style is good; as for the rest there is nothing astonishing; you are my grandchild (alluding to Stamaty, who was his pupil), but, for God's sake, who advised you to play such music? Chopin! I hardly pardon you; but Liszt and Thalberg, what rhapsodies! Why did you not play one of my pieces? they are beautiful, please everybody, and are classical!"

Kalkbrenner had a son whom he hoped to make the inheritor of his glory, but who, after having been an infant prodigy, aborted and became a prodigious nullity. One night after having boasted before the French Court of the improvisation of his child, then eight years old, the king expressed his desire to hear one of these marvellous inspirations. The child placed himself at the piano and played for some minutes, then stopping all at once, he turned towards his father and artlessly said to him, "Papa, I have forgotten—."

Kalkbrenner lived, when I was introduced to him, in the quarter of Paris called Cité d'Orléans. This Cité d'Orléans was a kind of artists' hive. You reached it through a narrow alley which opened into an interior court around which many elegant pavilions were clustered.

The first which met the eye was occupied on the ground floor by Zimmerman, the director of the piano classes at the Paris Conservatoire. A wearisome pianist, a pedantic and ordinary composer, he was nevertheless an excellent professor, and it was he who formed Prudent, Gorla, and all the pianists of the French school. On my arrival at Paris he had refused me admission to the Conservatoire, saying that "America was the country of railroads but not of musicians."

On the first floor was the atelier of Dantan, the celebrated sculptor who has made the busts of every illustrious artist of this century. The pavilion alongside was occupied by Georges Sand when she was in Paris, and alongside

of hers came that of Chopin. Opposite Count —, an old amateur who speculated on the reputation of a man of influence to gather to his house all the artists in vogue to play and sing without its ever costing him a penny (this species of Count de — is often found), alongside of him Kalkbrenner lived.

Orfila, the great chemist, was the friend of Kalkbrenner, whose whims he ridiculed unmercifully. I heard him relate the following anecdote one day that I dined with him, and a salad was served for which Kalkbrenner had invented the seasoning. Among other pretensions the latter boasted that he entertained better than anybody else, and as to etiquette many sovereigns had taken counsel of his knowledge in delicate cases.

“I gave a dinner to the chiefs of the Academy of Sciences and Medicine of which I was dean (it is Orfila who speaks). The French Princes were also invited, and many other illustrious persons. The number of my servants not being sufficient, I engaged some more; whether it was owing to ignorance of their duty, or that they were frightened at the sight of such an imposing assembly, one of them handed a plate to Kalkbrenner on his right side. Kalkbrenner, finding himself eclipsed by the presence of so many great names, and suffering impatiently from being relegated to an inferior place, took care, as you may well suppose, to seize the occasion to make himself noticed. ‘My friend,’ said he, in an assumed manner to the unfortunate servant, ‘when any one has the honour of waiting on guests as distinguished as we are, he ought not to be ignorant that plates are to be handed *on the left*.’ And on this he bridled up, and, the servant having changed his position, he helped himself plenteously from the dish. Some time after this, Kalkbrenner also gave a dinner. It so happened that one of the servants in taking a dish off the table upset the sauce on my head (and on saying this Orfila showed us his head, on which there was no longer a hair). ‘My friend,’ I said to the poor servant, stupefied by his awkwardness, ‘when any one has the honour of waiting on such distinguished guests as we are, he ought not to be ignorant that he must not upset sauce on their heads.’ Kalkbrenner understood the lesson, and found it so much the more bitter as he

liked, as I have said, to entertain, and boasted that everything at his house followed the rules of court etiquette, of which he had instituted himself grand master."

Orfila every Thursday gave a dinner to his friends. It was at the period of the cholera: twelve hundred persons died daily of this horrible disease. All the doctors ordered a rigorous diet. "They are asses," said Orfila, laughing; and he continued to give his friends (who nevertheless found themselves no worse for it) everything which was then considered as tending to engender the prevailing disease—salads, ice-creams, and fruit. "They are asses, and the proof is that, after having killed me eighteen years ago, they were not able to discover that I was not dead." Indeed, in a terrible illness which he had, he fell into a cataleptic state which presented such appearances of death that the physicians were deceived for many hours. He was present, without being able to move, at the preparations for his burial, and heard the conversations of the doctors who relieved each other, near to him, and made their observations on the deceased. "It is since my death that I have become disgusted with life," said he with a comic seriousness, which leads us to suppose that the dean of the Academy had been but moderately satisfied with the funeral orations which he heard made.

It was at these dinners that I became acquainted with the most celebrated doctors and surgeons of the time. Trousseau, who began to make himself known, and at that time devoted his leisure to a pretty American; Boyer, the venerable chief of chemistry at the Hôtel Dieu; Ricord, the artists' doctor; Pasquier, the doctor for children and of King Louis Philippe; Maisonneuve, who was already planning his marvellous operations; Nélaton, the surgeon who cured Garibaldi; and many others whose names escape me.

Orfila, notwithstanding the gravity of his labours and the austerity of his manners, took delight in music, and sung (he was sixty years old) with much spirit Italian bouffe music.

CHAPTER XVIII.

May 11, 1864.

ARRIVED at Toronto at five o'clock P. M. Toronto is the oldest city in Canada. Smaller than Montreal, it has the advantage of being more animated. Its society is more hospitable and European.

A superb concert. We play and sing our best, and, to judge from the enthusiasm of the audience, who encored from the first to the last piece, we succeed. I will mention an improvement over our concerts at Montreal, which is that conversation, if there was any, took place in an undertone that permitted the music to be heard. No young officers making themselves insupportable to their neighbours by their unseasonable talking, but, on the contrary, REAL English gentlemen who did not think themselves bound to show their *ennui* by acting in a manner annoying to the audience.

My *amour propre* for my musical progeny has experienced a rude shock this evening. Madam Strakosch, having been encored, took it into her head to sing my 'Cradle Song,' which was not on the programme. A charming woman asked me the name of that '*frightful piece*,' and who was the composer of it? And this is so much the more vexatious as I have not even the consolation of supposing that my pretty interrogator was one of my enemies and chose this mode of proving it. She had, the perfidious one, just cast a dart at me, and my vanity, which she had thus sharpened, rendered the candid opinion which she had expressed about my latest born more painful to my paternity. It is salutary that, from time to time, we should be recalled to the reality of things, that is to say, that, amidst the factitious atmosphere of biassed opinions from interested flatterers, in the midst of whom we are pampered, the truth should reach us from without.

May 12.

I went out at eleven o'clock to dine at Mr. G.'s, a Pole by birth, whom long association with English society has rendered English. An engineer of great talent, he has almost wholly constructed the 'Grand Trunk Railway.' His elegant mansion is a model of taste and of comfort. It is, in one word, what the house ought to be of such a man as he, who can offer and knows how to bestow the most courteous hospitality.

I have visited the barracks of the six batteries of artillery placed in garrison at Toronto. Those who are not with English soldiers will with difficulty form an idea of the admirable order and neatness which prevail there. The horses, all of Canadian race, are magnificent animals, treated with a solicitude and care which struck me so much the more as I have still present in my memory the brutal, cruel, and improvident manner with which I have seen our cavalry horses treated. One of the officers, through whose politeness I was able to visit in detail all the barracks, introduced me into the mess-room where the officers take their meals. A piano in one corner, two oratorios of Handel, and lying in another corner, as if it was ashamed of being found in such good company, my humble 'Cradle Song.'

In the coach-houses where all the harness was, I was astonished at the care with which every bit of leather is polished, every steel buckle cleaned; and nevertheless a great deal of the harness is ten years old, and has been used in the Crimea, having been in service at Alma, Inkerman, and the Malakoff. In spite of all this they look new. Heard in a music store the fantasia on 'La Muette,' played by a charming young girl, Miss C., an amateur, with most remarkable strength and clearness. I record this fact because it is the first case of native talent which I have met with in Canada.

Second concert. A great deal of enthusiasm; nevertheless we neither played nor sung so well as yesterday.

May 13.

Left Toronto at half-past twelve for Saint Catherine, where we arrived at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon,

It poured rain. The pretty month of May continues to hold its own. I have heard said that St. Catherine is picturesque! I seek in vain to discover the beauties of a country which I have heard spoken of so highly. As well seek the beauty of a woman in spring dress who should have accidentally fallen into the water, and whom somebody has just drawn out. The water filters through the door and roof of the diligence. The streets are lakes; the trees, the houses, the hedges are vaguely defined through the compact lines made in the atmosphere by the drops of rain driven by the wind. The only inhabitants we meet are a young lad and an old blind horse, the one carrying the other, and wading and splashing furiously to get under shelter.

We shall not make our fortune here. Behrens, who undertakes, *ad interim*, the functions of agent, having gone to the office for the sale of tickets, in a part of which he sees my portrait, inquires "Is it here that tickets are sold?" The proprietor facetiously answers him (unkind man), "You wish to say where tickets should be sold, for we have not yet sold one."

Seated before the stove I am reading 'John Marchmont's Legacy' (another romance where lawyers and chicanery form the subject of the book). When will the time come that English romancers shall cease to explore the Court of Chancery, and the 'Police Gazette'? It is sad to see money, money, and always money, the moving spring of all romances from beyond the sea. A will, a change of heirs, a false heir, a fraudulent will; no heirs, no will; and you have 'Orley Farm,' 'No Name,' 'Woman in White,' 'Aurora Floyd,' etc. Take away the money and chicanery of the modern English school, and see what remains. You will reply to me that French romances, which speak only of love, are immoral. Granted. I do not love romances, but if I must choose between the two passions, in view of the effects which they produce I should choose that which at least awakens in us noble ideas, gives birth to noble sacrifices and self-denial. But then I was reading before the stove, and Max was meditating, after having read the last news announcing a fresh Federal victory, a plan for a concert campaign against the South, when a bass voice re-

quested to speak to the agent of Mr. Gottschoff (why are they so obstinate in making my name a Russian name?). The new arrival is a pompous, fat, short, apoplectic individual, who had no need of announcing himself as "collector of Her Majesty's customs" for me to know that I had the honour of seeing before me an officer of the English government. The collector of Her Majesty has the important and dignified air of a judge who is just pronouncing a severe sentence. He addresses Strakosch with that horrid tone of perfidious politeness with which the attorney-general examines a culprit whom he wishes to make contradict himself. "You have two pianos? Hey, I say, *two* pianos, both yours, and only *one* on the permit."

"Yes, we have one piano which we have not declared, not desiring to pay duty, since we only remain two days in Canada."

"Ah! yes, I see, certainly. Has not Mr. Gottschoff played with great success at Toronto? I have heard particular mention made of a piece for two pianos which electrified the audience!"

"Yes, sir," answered Strakosch, "the grand march in 'Faust.'"

Her Majesty's officer. "For two pianos?"

Strakosch. "Yes, sir."

Contracting his brow, and in the attitude of the lawyer of the opposite party who has just discovered something injurious, the officer said, "Two pianos, sir, and you have only paid duty on one. The Queen, sir, cannot thus be robbed, and you will have to pay the duty. The Queen, sir, will collect the duty."

Strakosch, vexed and beginning to get tired of the character of inquisitor which this old imbecile assumed. "But, sir, this is absurd. You might as well collect a duty on the clothes which I wear and seize them!"

The officer, indignant and red with offended dignity. "Seize your clothes, sir! The Queen, sir, would not do such a thing. This language is very indecent. I shall be obliged, to my great regret, to prevent you from using this instrument this evening. Seize your clothes!"

A dispatch arrives next day. He has seized my piano! Decidedly, this would have undeceived me, if I had ever

believed what my Spanish sonnets told me when they compared me to Orpheus taming the wild beasts. I have not been able to tame this collector.

Concert, notwithstanding the rain. There were fifty persons who applauded like five hundred, and for whom we played as if, in place of thirty dollars of receipts, we had received three hundred.

Excellent hotel—I forget, among the audience, on the first bench, sat my collector.

Set out from St. Catherine for Buffalo.

Americans have a practical and utilitarian spirit which makes them reject all speculative theories, and they arrive without question in resolving social problems which in Europe would frighten the greatest economists. The system of exchanges adopted by the teachers of music in America, for instance, offers me an example. At Philadelphia, one of my friends, a professor of music, gives lessons on the piano to two daughters of a tailor, who in return furnishes him with clothes the whole year! At New Orleans, a dentist offered, if I would give him tickets for him and his children, to attend me professionally for an operation of which I stood in need.

We are just crossing that audacious marvel of science, that incomparable monument of human genius which is called the Niagara Suspension Bridge. My last visit to Niagara was in December with Mdlle. Cordier (to speak of it in detail). The country is inundated. A traveller, who was this morning at Buffalo, assures me that the lower quarter of the town is completely submerged, and that they are navigating it on rafts. "Pretty month of May!" The rain seems to increase every minute.

Was I not right in saying that it was we who would pay for Strakosch's wit with the country editor? Here is, among other things, what his bile has suggested on my account: "Gottschalk has played in the most abominable, banging, screeching manner, torturing his piano and drawing from it the most inhuman sounds." Ah, Strakosch! May this critic be light on you. And let us hope that, after having thus cast upon me all his venom, this terrible editor may peaceably return to his daily duty without persisting any further in his subversive and Corkonian

theories of music. For my own part, I ask no more of him; and I admit that, if I had had as much to complain of from one of his employés as he had of Strakosch, I should have been still more severe on his prose than he has been on my music, and, perhaps, neither of us would have done wrong.

Brilliant concert at Buffalo.

I have taken a multitude of notes on Canada. What a frightful country! It is enough to let you know that it is essentially Catholic—Irish and French (what French? Low Normans of the seventeenth century) vying with each other in fervent rage, that is, as to which shall have the most churches, sermons, monks, and of white, black, and gray nuns. The Oblate Fathers, who promenade Quebec in their filthy cassocks, are only hypocritical forms outrageously rubicund and oily, or ignobly emaciated and famished. The pulpit is a throne; the confessional a citadel. I despair of humanity. Quebec exhales the enfeebling bigotry of a population preserved in ignorance and brutishness. The children are weakly, and there are many idiots and deformed. The skilled native pianists balance between 'La Violette' by Herzt and 'l'Ange déchu' of Kalkbrenner. The Chevalier Gouanère is a genius, La Harpe the first French poet. The old French families who possess property are called 'Les Sagneurs de St. Herem, de la Montagne, ou de St. Maurice.' The population of Lower Canada—base, lazy, slavish, and superstitious—is despised by the English. It returns it in jealous hatred. Every Sunday in the sermon at high mass this phrase invariably reappears: "Above all, my children, do not sully yourselves by entering the threshold of those dens of perdition called theatres." They permit magic-lanterns, the circus, and puppet shows.

The polka is forbidden; the waltz prohibited; the lancers is tolerated. Judge of the intellectual level with this *régime*! The women are thin, with sallow complexions. The walls, the houses, the streets distil *ennui*. Every moment young men are seen in long blue surtouts (the old Levite) with yellow edging(!) and green scarfs wound around their waists. These are the college students, which, it is useless to say, are directed by the priests.

Bossuet is the greatest of philosophers; Voltaire is a black-guard, whose crimes they pardon on account of his miserable death and his return *in extremis* to eternal truth(?).

The Pope is a martyr, and Garibaldi a highway robber. They have made (for the Pope) a magnificent subscription. They brand with the name of demagogues, lukewarm and hardened, those who have not contributed to St. Peter's pence. Not one music store. In the window of a bookseller, who sells the complete works of *Monseigneur Dupanloup*, a copy of 'Home, Sweet Home' of Thalberg and 'Last Hope' of Gottschalk constitute the whole profane catalogue. In return, a great number of hymns to Mary.

In politics, they still play, whistle, and sing 'Dixie.' The audience calls to the orchestra every evening (*tous les soirs*) for 'Dixie' as in '48 at Paris they called for the 'Marseillaise.'

Names in Lower Canada have this peculiarity about them, that they always signify something. Do they not seem to be taken from a chapter of Paul de Kock? On reflecting upon them a little, we easily find their origin in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The French soldiers were known, not by their names, but only by their nicknames. They were almost the only colonists of Lower Canada, and from them probably all these singular names are derived.

November 1, 1864.

Here I am again travelling after a long repose, if I may call repose four months without concerts, but filled in with three weeks of laborious idleness at Saratoga, followed by many others, devoted to correcting proofs, scribbling an article for the 'Atlantic Monthly,' in writing ten or twelve letters daily, in composing five new contraband pieces which are to be published under the ægis of a borrowed paternity,¹ and five or six pieces, which if not good are pure Gottschalk lucubrations which are just about to be

¹ The author composed under the *nom de plume* of '7 Octaves' some charming little pieces, but more easy of execution than his ordinary ones.

launched into the serene eternity of oblivion, or into the ocean of criticism and malevolence.

I appeared once in public, a month ago, in a charity concert organized by some ladies. God protect you from charity concerts and from lady patronesses! Both are at first sight an abuse, and the public cares little if the artist has or has not *given* his services. (Here speak of the ferocious public.) To relate the concert of Wollenhaupt. Hissed outrageously.

I met here day before yesterday 'The Associated Company of Artists'—Testa and his wife, the tenor Stefani, Amodio, and Madame Lorini, and the Maestro——, Behrens, of gastronomic and punning memory. It is the Neapolitan Devivo who manages the whole thing. This troupe proudly calls itself on the playbills 'Grand Italian Opera Company.' Their list of plays consists of 'Trovatore,' 'Lucia,' 'Lucrezia,' and many other operas. Certain malevolent spirits might perhaps remark that the absence of choruses and of orchestra, of decorations, and of basso profundo, was injurious to the effect, but in return, the playing, not being impeded by these accessories, gains singularly in vivacity. 'Lucrezia,' 'I Puritani,' and 'Trovatore' can all be played the same evening! the whole in two hours and a half, and for fifty cents!

At Bellevue (Canada) the 'Grand Italian Opera Company' gave 'Lucrezia.' In the supper scene, when Mad. Testa comes to the passage of 'Vaso d'oro,' she says that the gold and silver vase of the Borgia amounted to a blue china pitcher of water and two tumblers. The Canadian audience, who did not understand a bit of Italian, nor of the opera, put up with the glass for the 'Vaso d'oro (cup of gold), but Mad. Testa, on seeing the Brindisi sung with this singular cup was taken with a fit of laughter which was caught by Orsenigo Génaro. The audience, thinking that the laughter was a part of the opera, thought the scene marvellously played, and laughed till they cried, and the opera of 'Lucrezia' ended amid the applause of the hall.

In another place Leonora ('Trovatore') was forewarned that she must not die; and wherefore? "Because you will be obliged after falling dead to get up and go out before the audience, since there is no curtain."

At Quebec, an English corporal, endowed with a superb tenor voice, he said, offered to sing the chorus in the 'Miserere' of 'Trovatore,' behind the scenes. The Comte di Luna and Azucena accepted his assistance with so much the more eagerness, as it was upon them that the task of singing this lamentable accompaniment devolved. (The clock of the altar struck the hour) The corporal commenced to his great satisfaction, and to the consternation of the orchestra (Behrens), and of the choristers (the Comte di Luna and Azucena), the worthy man having imperturbably struck a tone higher than they. His success was unanimous. The *esprit de corps* was connected with it. His equals, the corporals of the regiment, and all their subordinates, the soldiers, were there on purpose to applaud him. Intoxicated by his success he followed next day the Grand Company who were going to give 'Trovatore' at Montreal. He offered himself for the 'Miserere' with some other soldiers, who had practised together and took charge of the chorus. The Comte di Luna and Azucena accepted them eagerly, but at the critical moment they escaped into their room, washing their hands of what was about to take place. The orchestra (Behrens) assures me that the effect was impossible to describe. Poor Behrens! he seems to regret the time when he was the merry companion of my company. This is perhaps the result of the affection which he has for me, but I think it must be also added that, his companions not speaking either English or German, Behrens can no more perpetrate puns.

November 29.

Concert at Providence, poor enough. Providence is decidedly going behindhand.

November 30.

Concert at Boston. Very great success. Morelli sings remarkably well. He belongs, although young, to the old school of singing, that is to say, he appears to be ignorant of the axiom of the Verdistas that you must scream to be a consummate vocalist.

December 1.

Hartford. Fine concert. Kind audience. *Faces to make one play false notes* in the front row. I got along, nevertheless, passably.

December 2.

Concert at Boston. Great success.

December 3.

Matinée in the 'Music Hall' with the grand organ. L—— plays remarkably.

December 4.

Adieu Boston! you are stiff, pedantic, exclusive (Mr. D. is its oracle)! Your enemies say that you are cold and morose. For myself, I say that you are intelligent, literary, polished; that your pedantry, if you have any, would be excusable, if it had produced only the grand organ of the Music Hall, that glorious monument.

I should have much liked to know Longfellow personally; but his habitual melancholy, and the burden of his afflictions keep him at a distance from the world. He called on me at my hotel, but I was absent, and my regrets are so much the more bitter and profound, as it is probably the only occasion that I might have had of seeing our greatest poet.

We have no traditions in America. Archæology, the worship of the past, could not exist in a society born but yesterday, which has not yet had time to think of resting in order to dream, occupied as it still is with providing for its material requirements. We are all, more or less, like that American who found Rome very *shattered*. To look back at the past is the business of a satiated and idle man; it is a luxury which only old societies satiated with civilization, and discounting the future, can indulge in. Our churches, our landscapes, strike our senses, but do not appeal to our imagination. I have never been profoundly moved by a very large landscape. My emotion is dissipated by the multiplicity of things. I desire to bind together the details, but the string breaks. I remain cold. A very small brook softly murmuring at the bottom of an obscure and shady glade sets me to dreaming. All my emotions are awakened by it.

I have been to Ticknor & Fields—the veteran publishers of America. It is delicious in our epoch of palatial stores to find again one of those old shops, dusty, sombre, concealing under their antiquity that poetic perfume which

always is associated with the past. Here Hawthorne's first essays were published. Longfellow here submitted to them his first verses. Whittier, the melodious Quaker, did the same. Invited by Fields to spend the evening with him, I met there the intelligent aristocracy of Boston. Hunt, the picturesque genre painter, Holmes, the amusing and inspired author of the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' and many others. The generous hospitality which Mrs. Fields offers to her guests is worthy of the reputation which she bears, and answers to the idea which one forms voluntarily of the culture and urbanity of the society of the modern Athens. I saw in her parlour a portrait of Longfellow and his wife, two admirable heads. The latter was well calculated to inspire the melodious verse of 'Hyperion.' The head of Longfellow answers the ideal which we form of a great poet. Nothing can be more noble than the contour of his face, more harmonious than the calm which it breathes, half veiled in the depths of the immense worlds in which he has plunged.

Opposite to Longfellow was a portrait, which from a distance I took for that of some Italian of the Renaissance. I approached it and read at the bottom the lithographed verses of the 'Bugle Call' signed in a nervous but legible hand 'Tennyson.' The head, not so handsome, not so striking, as that of Longfellow's, is superb. The swollen and half-closed eyelid (his enemies say the effect of opium) conceals an eagle's eye, which worthily crowns a heroic nose.

Mr. Fields, whose collection of autographs is very rich, showed me an entire chapter of Dickens's manuscript. It resembles fruitless efforts at sky, smoke, and foliage, done by some artless draughtsman; after an attentive examination I discovered that the spirals which looked like smoke amid the rings which I had taken for clouds were the author's method of erasure. As to the foliage it was Dickens's manner of writing. I must acknowledge that there was much more of smoke and clouds in it than of foliage, which proves to the admirers of the flowing and charming style of Dickens that it is not without polishing, filing, soldering, and hammering, sweat and trouble, that perfection and simplicity are arrived at, and that in litera-

ture as in mineralogy the diamond does not sparkle until after it has been polished.

Boston possesses what New York has not yet obtained, two concert halls, which are in no wise inferior to any of the largest concert halls in the world, and which, as to acoustics, I consider superior to the best of this continent and of the old world (Tremont Hall and Music Hall). Besides I love pedantry and vanity when they engender such results as the great organ and the bronze statue of Beethoven in the library. O Mæcenac New Yorkers, who boast of the golden patronage you accord to art, what are your titles? Is it perchance that usurious enterprise which is called the 'Academy of Music,' by which you will draw from the impressario a double tax under the form of exorbitant rent and gratuitous admission? You kill the opera at New York, you place the impressario in face of this dilemma, to be honest, that is to say, become bankrupt, or to prosper, that is to say, rob his creditors. In view of the ultimatum we are not astonished at the little hesitation with which the greater part have chosen the latter alternative, and we consider that you are responsible for the ruinous deception practised upon the poor artists who have not been paid.

December 5.

Concert at Harrisburg. Charming audience.

December 6.

Brilliant concert at Pittsburg. They take here decidedly. I have never given a concert here which did not pay me. I played upon a square piano, my grand not having arrived in time. On commencing I cast a look of pity on it. "Poor little thing, thou dost not know what awaits thee." But the valiant little piano did not flinch, and sustained the assault without losing a string or a hammer.

CHAPTER XIX.

WE travelled from Harrisburg to Pittsburg by night; not a sleeping-car, the worst weather in the world, cold and rainy, and fourteen hours among soldiers, smoking, singing, swearing, and doing all night, for their own pleasure, everything that could be most disagreeable to others.

Our civilization has some singular deficiencies. The comforts which we possess in the interior of our houses and in our hotels disappear as soon as we travel. Might we not have many seats so arranged that by paying a little more a lady and gentleman might be certain of finding during their journey the security and repose which the laws of our country give us a right to demand? Is it proper that your daughter, your sister, should be exposed without intermission to the gross and profane language and to the obscene songs of a mixed society which the want of a division of seats forces you to submit to? You will tell me that our republican institutions are opposed to these divisions. I do not think so. You would have as much right to force all citizens to have their hands callous and not to wear gloves. Besides, have you not first and second class hotels? Have you not at theatres places suited to all purses? One can be a republican and not like the society of those who drink every five minutes, pick their teeth with their penknife, use their fingers for handkerchiefs and eat sausage and keep you in remembrance of it through its odour a long time after the sausage has disappeared. Do not make a mistake as to what I think. I am far from claiming an aristocratic privilege in favour of the rich (of all aristocracies this is the most absurd and the least logical), but I demand in the name of civilization an end of some kind to the abuse which turbulent and gross majorities exercise toward intelligent and polished minorities, whether it be in railroad cars or in the field of politics. I do not intend to say, because a man can

pay more for a seat he must consequently behave in it more decently than a poor man (far from that, for the contrary theory, alas! might be proved victoriously), but undoubtedly wealth, particularly in a new society, being generally the proof of social position, we shall be less exposed and more rarely find neighbours who would tread upon our toes, spit over us, smoke under our nose, swear, and take a singular pleasure in disturbing us when we wish to sleep, under the protest that we live in a republic and that consequently every one has a right to do what he pleases, and that one man is as good as another; he who does not wear gloves having the right to make another who does understand that he is at least his equal if he is not his superior. All this is absurd and unworthy of us. In fifty years this will have disappeared, and our children will pity us for having so long tolerated such an abuse.

Again, another thing. In order, undoubtedly, that ladies may be able to avoid bad company, there are railroad cars, called 'ladies' cars,' to which men by themselves are not admitted. You may imagine the logic which has presided over this marvellous invention when you see a greasy immigrant and his 'wife,' or your coachman and his wife, or your cook, who have the right to pass the gates of paradise, which are forbidden to you, if, perchance, you belong to the disinherited category of bachelors. Then, again, the insolence of the subaltern employés! Trollope has perfectly seized this national trait. Are you well dressed, the man in tatters, whom circumstances accidentally give a superiority over you, embraces it with avidity; he reclaims his dignity, which he thinks compromised in the presence of your gentlemanly appearance, and crushes you with all his plebeian insolence.

A conductor in the West will never say, in speaking of you, 'this gentleman,' but 'this man,' particularly if, by your dress and polite manners, he recognizes in you your superiority over him.

We accuse travellers who do not speak of us advantageously of exaggeration and taking sides, and we hate them so much the more as we ourselves well know that they have spoken the truth; and we pardon with difficulty those who discover our weaknesses and our oddities.

Would it not be more reasonable for us to correct ourselves?

Pittsburg is the Birmingham of the United States. The petroleum wells have given an extraordinary impulsion to its already so great prosperity. It possesses to-day forty or fifty large steam factories; two hundred steam oil refineries; many cannon founderies, one of which, the most considerable, has cast the large cannons weighing thousands of pounds each, and twenty-eight feet long. The speculations in oil are unheard of. A young Englishman of my acquaintance placed his capital, one thousand dollars, which he had with difficulty amassed in a small trade, in a petroleum company. In fifteen months his one thousand dollars had gained him seventy-five thousand!! A German tailor, whom I know, bought, three years ago, a piece of ground in Pennsylvania which cost him five thousand dollars. The nature of the soil gave promise of oil wells. He divided his ground into sixteen lots, and formed a company for exploring it. They dug—the oil flew out. He sold twelve-sixteenths at the rate of thirty thousand dollars each, that is to say, for three hundred and sixty thousand dollars, and at the last date the four-sixteenths which he had reserved was producing him seven hundred dollars per day!

Wednesday, December 7.

Second concert at Pittsburg. An immense crowd. All my pieces encored. Spent the remainder of the evening at H. with Mr. M., music publisher, and two charming French gentlemen, G. and T., professors of singing.

Set out again from Pittsburg at two o'clock in the morning. Night cold and endless. Not a sleeping-car! Could any one in the East imagine a railway company without a sleeping-car!

Thursday, December 8.

Arrived at half-past ten o'clock in the morning at Cleveland. It is bitter cold. The North wind blows; the lake rolls its great brown waves. The sky is wan. Some assert that Cleveland is charming. I have always found it extremely dull. Besides, the hotels there are so bad that you have to feed on bread and eggs rather than perish with

hunger. I am assured that the old hotel has been replaced on the same site by a new one in the same style as those at the East.

Decidedly, the die is cast. Cleveland is devoted to bad hotels, the bill of fare ostentatiously containing an interminable list of dishes, not one of which is eatable. The fish are too stale, the soup greasy water, the butter rancid, the turkey too tough; the ox has had to work too long before he came to give battle to our jaws. I am helped to a preserve of such detestable taste that I give up eating. The tea tastes of chamomile and hay. Everything is so dirty—so badly prepared! I hurry to get to Chicago; it is really the only city in the West that has attained the material civilization of New York. No one can form an idea of the importance which a good hotel has for us. We arrive benumbed with cold, fatigued by a long ride, and hungry. Let any one think of the disappointment, may I not say despair, in not finding fire, repose, or good beds.

The concert this evening will be full. All the places are already taken this morning.

Splendid concert; we have given a double programme—every piece having been encored. My 'Cradle Song,' which I played to satisfy a private request that reached me under the form of a note, appears to have given satisfaction. I took notice that silence continued the whole time, no conversation annoyed me while I played, and the attention of the audience was not distracted for a single moment.

I am daily astonished at the rapidity with which the taste for music is developed and is developing in the United States. At the time of my first return from Europe I was constantly deploring the want of public interest for pieces purely sentimental; the public listened with indifference; to interest it, it became necessary to strike it with astonishment; grand movements, *tours de force*, and noise had alone the privilege in piano music, not of pleasing, but of making it patient with it. I was the *first* American pianist, not by my artistic worth, but in chronological order. Before me, there were no piano concerts except in peculiar cases, that is to say, when a very great name arriving from Europe, placed itself by its celebrity before the public, which, willing or unwilling, through curiosity, and fashion

rather than from taste, made it a duty to go and see the lion. Now, piano concerts are chronic, they have even become epidemic: like all good things they are abused. From whatever cause the American taste is becoming purer, and with that remarkable rapidity which we cite through our whole progress. For ten years a whole generation of young girls have played my pieces. 'Last Hope,' 'Marche de Nuit,' 'Murmures Eoliens,' 'Pastorelle et Cavalier,' 'Cradle Song,' have become so popular that it is difficult for me to find an audience indisposed to listen to me with interest since the majority has played or studied the pieces which compose the programme.

We should all, however narrow may be our sphere of action, bear our part in the progressive movement of civilization, and I cannot help feeling a pride in having contributed within the modest limits of my powers in extending through our country the knowledge of music.

But Cleveland ought to have a better hotel. Besides, I have a theory about this, which is, that in the same way that nations have the political institutions which they deserve, cities ought to have the hotels which they deserve. If Cleveland, like me, detested rancid butter, stringy meat, and greasy soup, doubtless the hotel would become bankrupt. If, on the contrary, it prospers, it is because my tastes are not like those of the majority. The hotel is right, it is I who am wrong.

The aptitude of the American for commerce of all kinds is marvellous. It is, however, less the fertility of his mind than the sickly thirst for making money. To make money is the end of all his efforts. This aptitude is very useful in a society which forms itself, and which requires that every one should contribute to the common well-being, but it destroys all individuality. The individual is absorbed in the collective whole. Benvenuto Cellini, if born in the United States, would certainly never have thrown his vessel of gold into the furnace to save the great statue of Perrée. "Lamartine is poor," I said one day to one of my friends. "What!" he replied, "I always thought he was so smart." The United States is the only country where they give a sort of public recognition to a rich man. Not only do they admire him, they honour him; still more, they think that he

has rendered a service to the community in which he lives. For a long time I have considered this as an anomaly, but I have ended by explaining it in the following manner: They think it kind of him to have fixed in the country the capital which augments its prosperity. It is always utility. It is this idea which inspires the newspapers in small towns when, on the occasion of concerts given by great artists on their travels, they oppose these invasions, and recommend only the patronizing of local concerts, because then the money does not leave the locality. It is understanding civilization after the manner of the Chinese.

SANDUSKY, Friday.

Concert quite good. Recalled after each piece. The audience encored us all. Some officers who are at the hotel speak of the 'show,' and a man came to the ticket office for a ticket to the panorama!

Saturday, December 10.

Awoke at five o'clock this morning. The snow is five inches deep in the street. The hotel omnibus is full—we are piled up in it. We set out, but the wheels are soon in a rut. The horses pull; the traces break; the horses chafe, and leave the carriage in the road. Time presses; we walk as far as the station through the snow up to our knees.

On the road. Opposite Sandusky, on the lake, we are approaching Johnson's Island, where twenty-five hundred Southern prisoners are confined.

Left at six o'clock, we must stop at Clyde, a small village three miles from Sandusky, to await the train which goes to Toledo, where we have to wait again for two hours the train which arrives at Detroit at half-past six o'clock this evening. In the car I found myself alongside of a Swiss who has been living for four years at Sandusky. He has planted three acres of vines, and his harvest this year amounts to twenty-five hundred dollars. His wine, which I have tasted, is a little sour yet, but, without any doubt, will be in a few years as good as any in Ohio.

We reach Clyde. It is a hamlet which is composed of warehouses for the railroad, of a hotel, and of twenty dwelling-houses. The parlour of the hotel is very comfortable.

We find in it a handsome stove, a sofa, tables, and a portrait of Grant. Grant, I believe, was born at Sandusky, and very naturally is the pride of the State.

After breakfast we assembled in the lower hall of the tavern around an immense cast-iron stove which reddens and sings gaily to the flame of the tree trunks which are thrown into it every quarter of an hour.

I have been talking to an old man who has the appearance of a poor farmer. We are talking—poetry! The United States presents to strangers this remarkable condition of things, that it is impossible for them to conjecture from appearances the rank or position of those whom they meet with on their travels. If they meet with some who sparkle with diamonds and blow their nose with their fingers they will meet again with superior and cultivated minds concealed under the fur skin greatcoat of the pioneer of the 'Far West.' My companion is well versed in the literature of the Bible. He loves poetry and evidently understands it. He speaks to me with enthusiasm of the poetry of David. M. de Lamartine, who has analyzed with the whole force of his style the splendour of the Psalms, would have been delighted in listening to my old companion.

The weather is superb. The dazzling snow scintillates under the rays of a bright sun. The train has arrived—we set out for Toledo; I manage with great trouble to find a seat. There are more than eight hundred passengers. The general aspect and physiognomy of the people one meets with in the West offer a striking contrast to those of the East. Nearly everybody here lets his beard grow. Their clothes are coarse without being poor. Everything announces a great contempt for fashion, and neatness (which is one of the peculiar traits of the Yankee) has not much to do with their dress.

Sunday, December 11.

Arrived at Chicago from Detroit after nineteen hours of railroad. The snow is so thick that in many places it is drifted to a height of three or four feet, and has obstructed the road.

Chicago is always *the* city of the West. We are to inau-

gurate Moore & Smith's new hall. The tickets are all sold in advance. Excellent hotel, "Tremont House."

Monday, December 12.

Concert, hall crammed but the audience cold. I have noticed that an audience which inaugurates a hall is generally cold. Thus also I have never found any enthusiasm where there was in advance 'high expectations.'

Tuesday, December 13.

Second concert. Audience very large and very brilliant. A great deal of enthusiasm. I saw there the richest farmer in Illinois. He owns seventy-three thousand acres of arable ground; in one of his farms alone there are twenty-one thousand acres. He sold lately in one lot twenty thousand head of cattle. They talk of making a gigantic canal from the Atlantic coast, connecting the great central lakes, and ending at Chicago, which will thus enable European vessels to land directly at Chicago, eleven hundred miles in the interior of the country. Fifteen hundred houses are at this moment being built. The new Academy of Music, which a very young man by the name of Crosby is building at his own expense (his colossal fortune of two million dollars having been made in two years from speculations in whiskey), will be inaugurated on the seventeenth of next May by the Italian Opera Company which is at this moment in New York. The new hall will hold comfortably three thousand persons, and rivals in richness of ornamentation that of New York. The inhabitants of Chicago pretend that they will establish a permanent Italian Opera Company in the West. Notice to artists without engagements!

Nothing can give you any idea of the feverish enterprise which exists here; everything is done in grand style. The stores are palaces, the hotels towns.

A newspaper attacks me because I play exclusively on Chickering's pianos, and thinks it shocking that I place the maker's name on a plate that decorates the side exposed to public view. He adds facetiously that it is asserted that I intend to wear, suspended to my neck, a placard, upon which will be inscribed the name of my favourite maker.

This honest editor, who does not appear to be *au fait* in the matter of concerts, ought to know that no piano, here or in Europe, is placed upon the platform without having on it the name of its maker. Then he also should know that Thalberg, for the twenty-five years that he has given concerts in Europe, has never played but upon Erard's pianos. That Chopin has never laid his fingers upon any others than those of Pleyel. That Liszt, in France, in Switzerland, in England, in Italy, in Germany, in Turkey, has always played Erard's to the exclusion of all other pianos. The reason for it is, not what this honest editor thinks it to be, a commercial transaction between the maker and the artist (no pecuniary compensation could induce an artist to sacrifice his reputation by playing on an instrument which he does not like), but simply because the nature of the different talents of those of whom I have above spoken is better adapted to that of the different pianos which they exclusively use.

Erard's, whose tone is robust, strong, heroic, slightly metallic, is adapted exclusively to the powerful action of Liszt. Pleyel's, less sonorous but poetical and, so to speak, languishing and feminine, corresponds to the elegiac style and frail organization of Chopin. There are very many excellent makers in America, and my opinion is that ours are equal to the best pianos of Europe. I play Chickering's, not because all others are bad, but because I like their tone, fine and delicate, tender and poetic, because I can obtain, in the modifications of their sound, tints more varied than those of other instruments. The sound is in the execution of the pianist what colours are in painting. We often see fine pictures admirably drawn which nevertheless appear cold to us. They are wanting in colour. Many pianists, whose thundering execution astonishes us, nevertheless do not move us; they are ignorant of sound. Drawing and execution are acquired by labour. Colour and sound are born in us, and are the outward expressions of our sensibility and of our soul.

SANDUSKY.

Excellent little hotel. The bill of fare is less ambitious than that of Cleveland, but more real, and we dine very

comfortably. The name of the fish attracts the attention of Morelli, who, poorly understanding English, is astonished at the length of the name on the bill of fare. He passes it to us and we see on it, "Fish could not be had in the market to-day." Nevertheless Morelli asks for it many times without obtaining it, and complains that they place on the bill of fare what they cannot give. "Why do they announce this fish whose name is so long?"

At Detroit—population, French Canadian. The accent of these Bas Bretons of America is frightful. I met here a Frenchman who, after having for a long time sustained a lawsuit against the Government of the United States concerning a grant of land made by Louis XV. to one of his ancestors, has just obtained a judgment which gives to him, besides the land in question, damages to the amount of fifteen thousand dollars.

The Canadian shore lies opposite to Detroit from which it is only separated by the river. It is a dangerous neighbourhood and obliges the citizens to keep up constant patrols, the rebels infesting the Canadian frontiers, and threatening for many weeks to make a descent here in order to burn the town.

Wednesday, December 13.

En route for Peoria from Chicago. In the second class car where I have gone to smoke, I have conversed with a Frenchman who, with his monkey, is returning from Oregon and Idaho. The first is a handsome jovial fellow with black beard and resolute mien. He was for ten years in Illinois, where he employed himself in improving his farm. Oregon and Idaho with their inexhaustible golden riches tempted him. He went there four years ago. He related to me his adventures among the mines; they are very curious.

Idaho is a vast gold-mine; the precious metal is as plenty as pebble stones, but *there is no water*, and nearly all the adventurers who were able to get there are dead. My Frenchman, who had for many months held on with four other companions, abandoned the territory. They had three wagons and for three months travelled through the desert fighting every night with the Indians who harassed

them incessantly. No rain had fallen for two years, and our adventurers had to put up with drinking whiskey. They were constantly meeting with the bones or carcasses of other emigrants less fortunate than themselves, who had died from thirst or been massacred by the Indians. At night they intrenched themselves behind their wagons, which they arranged in the form of a triangle, and from behind which they repulsed these nocturnal attacks. Arrived at San Francisco my Frenchman embarked on board a vessel, on which there were already four hundred miners returning from the Eldorado with fewer illusions and perhaps fewer dollars than when they set out for it.

The poor little monkey is shivering with cold and squats sadly in a corner. Morelli has taken it into his arms, and the poor little being has put its arms around his neck and like a sick child is sleeping. The monkey is a very pretty little animal, less ugly than many negroes whom I know (and whites also), and its intelligence much surpasses that of many *bi-mana* without tails that I am acquainted with.

Thursday, December 14.

Concert this evening at Peoria. A very ugly place. The houses are mean and for the most part one-story. The streets are badly laid out. The concert hall offers one peculiarity; the platform, which is like a theatre, is so high that it gives me the vertigo to look down upon the audience; we all fear to approach the edge lest we should be drawn into the abyss. It slopes so much that it gives one a sensation analogous to that of an inexperienced person upon a roof.

Audience numerous and enthusiastic. Hotel passable. Snow has fallen during the night. The river is frozen and is covered with hundreds of skaters, but few pretty women. Their costumes are indescribable. I forgot to say that at the hotel the waiters are girls. Besieged fortresses!

I have read in a newspaper that the emigration to the West is so great that it is estimated that two hundred and fifty thousand emigrants have within the last six years gone to the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific coast.

Nevertheless this region is so vast that this access of population has not even been felt.

The greater part of these emigrants have established themselves in the auriferous territories of Colorado, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, and Montana. Oregon, Washington, New Mexico, and Arizona have comparatively few emigrants, and Nebraska, Kansas, and Dakota have probably lost the few which they had, gold having more attraction than the richness of the soil.

December 20.

At Cincinnati. The 'Burnett House' is an immense caravansary, very dirty and very dear, where what you eat is in the inverse ratio of what you pay, that is to say, is very little. It is at the eating hours at the Burnett House that one can best form an idea of the physiognomy of the Western people. What is most striking is the free and easy behaviour of the men and women. The first wear flat felt hats, covering badly cultivated heads. Their laughter particularly has something wild in it; it is a shrill sound, which recalls the neighing of a horse rather than the jocosity of a polished man.

CHAPTER XX.

I WAS playing at the concert the Kreutzer sonata of Beethoven. The audience had greatly the appearance of going to sleep. The next morning a newspaper says: "We could ourselves have done very well without the long piece for the piano and violin." It was notwithstanding the same paper that last year was complaining that we did not give classical music.

Play at Mozart Hall. It is a very large theatre; remarkable for your being obliged to go up three stories to get to it. While I was playing I recalled to mind the experience of the Swedish doctor, I think it was, who pre-

tended to suspend life, gradually lessening the temperature of the atmosphere in which he placed his subject until it froze like a sorbet, and which he thus preserved in an ice-house *ad hoc* to make it revive some years after. I became frightened on feeling the cold waves of icy air which freely circulated around the hyperborean scene, of Mozart Hall, which gradually abated the circulation of my blood; I began to fear that I might pass into the condition of a frozen mummy. I only know of two places in which I have suffered as much cold: 'Mont Blanc' and the 'Young Men's Association' at Detroit, which I have always suspected of being an ice depot.

. ST. LOUIS.

Arrived, December 22, after twenty-two hours' journey. I do not remember ever having travelled on this road without meeting with eight to ten hours' detention. At Richmond, a village in Indiana, we waited for four hours, as the road was blocked, a train having got off the rails. The plausible reason was that three poor cows got on the road, which paid for their imprudence with their lives, and whose corpses are still in the snow; but for those who see the broken 'rails' and the bad condition of the road, it is impossible not to admit that to travel here is a perilous and rash enterprise.

Arrived at six o'clock on the banks of the Mississippi opposite to St. Louis. The cold is intense. The station, instead of being opposite the wharf where the boat lands, is a quarter of a mile off, which we must walk on foot in a north wind which cuts our faces. Arrived at the steamboat, whose saloon(?) is already filled with soldiers, workmen, dirty women, and dirty children packed together. Crowded, suffocated, we manage to force ourselves into the midst of this crowd, but the atmosphere is soon so charged with the exhalations of those crammed into so small a space that we prefer the risk of being frozen to that of being poisoned. St. Louis is a sad-looking city. Poor in appearance, the shops are mean, and the street richest in large stores hardly compares with the poorest quarters of the 'Bowery.' In the largest street, the curbs of the pave-

ments are broken, and we recognize the *same* holes which we had seen last winter.

The 'Lindell House' is probably, as to its exterior, the most beautiful building of the kind to be found in America. Unluckily, it recalls to me a certain adage which I cannot express better than by saying, that I should like it better if there were fewer columns in the corridors and more chambers, less rose-work on the ceiling, more tender beefsteaks, and the corridors kept heated at a temperature which did not recall the horrors of Captain Franklin and his heroic companions. At breakfast, it is our first meal (for the last two days we have lived on cold pies and apples), we literally froze. The walls and ceiling are painted in fresco, but the furnaces throw out no heat.

The servant waits upon us with a listless nonchalance, but he also brings us the plates only ten minutes afterwards. In summer iced coffee and frozen beefsteaks are perhaps acceptable—but in winter!

The result is, that Morrelli and I commenced a search through the streets for a restaurant. We discover a Frenchman, formerly from New Orleans, who gives us a genuine *beefsteak*, and not a *cowsteak*, and relates to us all his mishaps whilst waiting on us.

There is a class of persons who wish to learn what was the artist's intention. The artist is an instrument through which God inspires good things to men. He is passive. You might as well ask of the sun his intention in producing the marvellous effects of light and shade in a landscape. The inspired artist is like a key-board which sounds correctly under the tremor which agitates it. We, all of us, have in us a finger-board, but some have broken the cords of their soul in such a way that the finger-board no longer produces a sound. Others sound false, although feeling everything deeply. These are generally those artists who, having a lively conception of the beautiful, and a thirst to express it, are not endowed with the faculty of formulating what they feel. Sometimes by dint of slow and patient researches, assisted by their insatiable desire to express what they experience, they attain to creating something which approaches to genius, but the effort and the

labour are apparent, two shackles which genius does not know.

SPRINGFIELD, Illinois, December 20, 1864.

Concert this evening. This time the audience listens to us. Last time private conversations completely masked the music. The audience seems disposed to enjoy what we give them, but it is too late! the impression which, after two visits, Springfield leaves upon me is very disagreeable. I have tried hard to exert myself, I cannot warm up, and I play like a warm-water spigot. Besides, the hall is horrible; a little, narrow, dirty staircase leads to a kind of Mansard six feet square, filled with old and dirty objects. It is the artists' room. The small hall is bad for hearing. You go on to the stage by stairs which are like a ladder. Dohler plays 'Yankee Doodle' and 'Carnaval de Venise,' two pieces which never fail in exciting the enthusiasm of the audience, but which invariably next day bring out a severe lecture from the newspapers. Fortunately we know what to think of it. It is only to save appearances that these gentlemen protest. They like this trivial music secretly, but, like all those who are conscious of their inferiority, they wish to conceal it by openly affecting to despise what secretly they love. O hypocrisy and vanity!

SERMON AT ST. LOUIS.

The preacher was evidently intent on emitting the greatest number of words with the smallest possible number of ideas—like Hahnemann, who pretended to distil the ten-thousandth part of a grain of belladonna into Lake Lemman, and to increase its power in the ratio of its *infinitesimability*. This good preacher was engaged for two hours in drowning in an ocean of empty phrases, one or two ounces of stale ideas. Besides, improvisation, as soon as it becomes a trade, has in it this which is wearisome—that the preacher is accustomed to have upon all subjects a collection of formulæ of which he avails himself as soon as he loses his ideas, or has need to collect his thoughts in order to find them; the tongue knows and repeats these formulæ mechanically, while the mind is occupied elsewhere. When one has launched out into a tortuous phrase, and begins to

lose sight of port, and knows no longer where to land, he casts anchor on amplifications and synonyms; this keeps him in his position, and gives him time to get back again. This proceeding is like that of the milkmen of London, Paris, and of every other place in the world where there are milkmen and water, who, out of one vessel of milk make ten or twelve by adding water to it.

“Yes, my dear brother (it is the preacher who speaks), man is weaker than you can possibly conceive; more feeble than all (a little water), weaker than all other feeble creatures (a little more water), weak because he cannot resist temptations (a good pint of water), and weak because he yields instead of conquering (hem! the vessel of milk is full).” He stops here to put the full vessel to one side, and to begin at another, and so on, to the end of the sermon.

BLOOMINGTON (Illinois).

I am warming myself in the concert hall before we begin. Hidden in the midst of the crowd I look like an amateur who has come to hear. A little fellow who sells photographs of Carlotta Patti and myself in the hall offers me one, saying, “Do you want the portrait of Chuckle and his wife?” Who is Chuckle? I asked him. “What! he is the man who plays the piano.” Where is he? “That is he who passed me,” said the little monster, pointing out to me a fat man who came into the hall.

Good audience—much applauded.

We set out again after the concert, the cold being intense. Passed six hours in suffering, like Tantalus, falling asleep and not being able to sleep for want of room to rest. We ought to be four hours in going, but as it appears impossible for any train in the whole West to arrive at the proper time, we are six hours on the road. On our arrival we took an omnibus, and, after a quarter of an hour’s jolting, we got to a little tavern, benumbed with cold and with broken-backs. Our companions in misfortune are two poor nuns, who, motionless and silent, draped in their large black veils, look like two lugubrious statues of penitence and resignation. Alongside of them are two pretty girls who laugh, and whose thoughtlessness prevents us from mur-

muring, and a young mother with her baby. After having waited in the lower hall of the hotel, the landlord announces to us that all the chambers are taken! General consternation! Morelli complained in all the exuberance of the Italian language; for myself I kept quiet, which one might take for stoicism, but which was only the apathy of despair. Daybreak will not take place for an hour." We have succeeded in procuring some wood. The fire is flaming. Morelli and myself lie down upon the floor with our heads resting on our travelling bags. Roasted on one side by the fire, and frozen on the other by a draught of wind, which comes traitorously in from without under the door, we turn from side to side every ten minutes, like a beef-steak in process of being cooked. "Ah! my good friends in New York! would you might see me at this moment, and all of you, you young hare-brains, who only perceive in an artistic career a road embroidered with roses and paved with dollars, meditate on this episode and At ten o'clock they offer me a bed. I sleep for several hours.

Joliet is a pretty, picturesque, and flourishing little town. Last year it was the theatre of a great scandal. A reverend gentleman, a Protestant minister, received a cow-hiding from two outraged husbands. An inquiry was made, which was followed by a meeting of bishops and Protestant ministers to try the unfortunate Lovelace. The result was that the two outraged husbands were not the only ones who had a right to complain of the minister, and the number of his feminine conquests was so great that half the population of Joliet would have had the right to give him a good thrashing.

To make a victorious tour of concerts in the West is for an artist to gain his chevrons. Bad hotels, snow, mud, railroad accidents, delays, setting out at three o'clock in the morning, etc. It requires an iron constitution and a flinty will to succeed at it. I am tempted to have inscribed at the head of my programmes—"G. has made the tour of the West three times," as the French legions inscribe "Arcole, Marengo, Austerlitz" on their standards.

Very fair concert at Joliet. Whilst Dohler plays the 'Carnival of Venice,' a man in the audience (without doubt to show that he knows the tune) whistles the theme in uni-

son. After the last piece on the programme, a woman, agitated and palpitating with emotion, rushed into the artists' room, and asked to see the *actor* who played on the violin. We guessed by her description that she spoke of Dohler. "He has already left," some one answered, "and you will find him at the hotel." Upon this she tells us with a choking voice that Dohler is her cousin, that she recognized him as soon as he appeared on the platform, although she had not seen him for ten years, that he had always been her favourite, that at the age of ten years he already showed—a singular aptitude in catching mice—that he kept them in a cage—all this with tears of joy interrupted by the exclamations of the crowd who listen: "Is it possible?" "That 's so." (There are always some people ready to say "That's so," without knowing why, or what the matter is.) The episode is interesting and breaks the prosaic monotony of our daily life.

The most interesting and pleasant part of the thing is that on our return to the hotel, Dohler relates to us his interview with his cousin, who began by throwing herself into his arms, giving him the most tender names; the first part of the interview finished, the explanation began.

"I recognized thee as soon as thou didst appear; dost thou recollect thy mice? Why didst thou leave thy paternal mansion to roam over the world?"—(I suspect she was going to say to play the actor with a violin, but she thought it would be cruel on this joyful evening to recall to his feelings his present degradation.)

"Dear Arenburg," she continued, and she prepared herself to spring at his neck; when Dohler, who is full of modesty (seeing she was ugly and old), said to her, "I am not called Arenburg, Madam."

"How, unhappy one, hast thou changed thy name?"

"My name is Dohler."

"Miserable one! art thou ashamed of thine—thy name is Arenburg."

"Madam, I assure you that you are mistaken; I was never here before."

"Ingrate, dost thou not know me? And the little mice?"

"I do not know," replied Dohler. "I am a German, and I have never had anything to do with mice."

The good woman, not willing to lose her right of relationship, said to him with a tone of bitter reproach, and making use of the last argument, "But, miserable one, we are rich, do not fear" (this last remark gave me a high opinion of the lady's knowledge of human feelings); but Dohler, who is probity itself, magnanimously refused this bait of opulence and persisted in denying that he had ever played with a little white mouse.

Set out again Thursday, at four o'clock in the morning. Cold as Siberia. It snowed yesterday, and to-day we have hail. The streets look like a series of little avalanches. Stopped at a station at seven o'clock for breakfast—fallacious pretext—which the sole appearance of a leathery beefsteak and the smell of the coffee rendered simply absurd.

I read on a large placard on the wall. "Caution. Police officers and all good citizens are warned not to trust two young girls of doubtful reputation, who for some time have frequented the most fashionable streets of Chicago from ten o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon. They are pretty, and elegantly dressed. One of them generally wears a rose-coloured silk hat and a cloak trimmed with fur. It is hoped that the vigilance of the police and the zeal of good citizens will not be relaxed, and that these two adventurers will soon be arrested in the very act of persecution against—the 'Christy Minstrels' whom they have followed for a long time around the world and who at this moment are attracting the crowd to Poyant Hall." What do you think of the advertisement? Is it ingenious enough? The American lure is a science and an art. Lately an omnibus horse fell down in Broadway, New York. He died in a few moments. It was near the City Hall, where the great artery contracts, and where consequently the alway encumbered circulation becomes more difficult. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour the street cart carried off the poor animal, who was already covered with placards. On his belly you saw "Buy your hats of Knox."

The 'Bulkley Serenaders' have invented a miniature hand-bill. They are miniature programmes which you find stuck on your back, your hat, your gloves, by

mysterious, indefatigable, and unseen hands. The Dutch tonic of Doctor H—— is advertised in gigantic letters painted on the rocks which overlook the falls of the Genesee River. It gives one a vertigo to read these big letters that seem to look with true Dutch *sang froid* into the roaring gulf which opens beneath them. One shivers to think of the danger the person ran who painted this advertisement. It is the lure heroic.

Arrived at Kalamazoo at noon, Thursday. Excellent hotel, quite new. Charming concert and respectable audience. No cries, or whistling. All the pieces are encored. The appearance of the audience offers a singular contrast to that of Joliet.

December 3.

Quit Kalamazoo for Ann Arbor, Michigan. Arrived at five o'clock. (Train behindhand.) A flourishing little village which particularly owes its importance to the State University, which at this time numbers eight hundred and fifty students. They confer degrees here as high as doctor of science, of law, and of divinity. The University studies last four years, and cost for the whole fifteen dollars. This sum is purely nominal, and is only a pretext in order that the students may not appear to receive State charity.

To-day in the cars a man said to his neighbour, who asked him if he knew the famous singer Goodstock, "Yes, very well, there he is," pointing to Muzio, who was sitting opposite.

Saturday, arrived at London (Canada) after a journey of eight hours. Small town. Concert this evening. Canadian receipts! Thirty-one persons comprising my servants and tuner, who from *esprit de corps* are sitting in the public seats in order to increase the number. It must be acknowledged that the applause was in the inverse ratio of the number. That is to say, that the audience is warm and I really know glad to have come, and I played my best before these twenty-one heroes (I deduct what does not belong to the audience) to thank them for their good-will.

New Year, 1865.

This word, which sounds so deliciously to the ear during our childhood, awakens in me only the echo of vanished joys and dissipated illusions. One more step made towards the goal! The time is past in which the years glided away too slowly for me. It flies now; and I see the sweet images that I found on my road when I commenced my march disappearing far behind me.

Dined with Mr. Edward Harris, whose wife I knew at Toronto with Miss McC——. A charming family; the aged mother receiving that respectful and tender affection which is the blessed harvest that parents reap who have known how to bring up their children. I am particularly struck by all this. We talk politics. The married daughter is naturally in favour of the South. It is not difficult, when in the company of Englishmen, to understand that their sympathy for the South is less the result of their sympathy for the people of the South than their antipathy for the North. They do not easily pardon the boasting of our newspapers, and the absurd and useless bravado which our editors have made use of for so many years when speaking of England.

ANN ARBOR.

A little note is delivered between the first and second part of the concert to Mdlle. Simon, our soprano, requesting her to sing 'Di provenza il mar' from 'Traviata'!

At London, this morning, the newspaper bestowed great praise on our baritone, Morelli, and his beautiful style. The joke of the matter is that Morelli left us two days since to return to New York.

TORONTO, January 3.

Between the first and second part of the concert a telegraphic despatch is sent me which reads thus: "—— will run away before three days, if you do not have him arrested."

This —— is a French hairdresser, who calls himself Doctor and Chevalier de St. Stanislas de Russie. He has speculated on shares with a sharper. Whilst they gained,

all went very well. Losses came, and with them disputes. The sharper claimed eighteen thousand dollars. The knight of the razor had not a red cent. They were about to arrest him. His wife and children came and threw themselves at my feet, begging me to go bail for thirty thousand dollars, which would keep him out of prison until the affair was tried. I consented to it.

I leave you to judge of the effect this telegram had on me. The concert is interrupted. I leave for New York by the first train to-morrow morning. Unfortunately, the Secretary of the Interior decided, two days ago, that no one can enter into the United States across the Canada frontier without passports countersigned by the American authorities. This measure has been taken to prevent the incursion of rebel emigrants from Canada. Lately twelve of these adventurers entered into the village of St. Albans on the frontier, and robbed the bank of three or four hundred thousand dollars.

HARRISBURG, January 28.

Small audience, consequently great enthusiasm. The concert takes place in the Court House. The artists' room is generally the witnesses' chamber, but the porter informs us that he has not been able to light a fire in it, and he has put us in the jurors' room, which is in the second story. The cold is intense. We have to cross Siberian passages and go up a steep staircase forty steps to get to our den. The concert hall is below. At every piece I put on my greatcoat, my fur gloves, and go down forty steps. After my piece I again put on my furs, left at the door, and go up the forty steps. The programme half over, I have already two hundred steps in my legs.

DAYTON, Ohio.

Excellent audience — sympathetic and warm. Hotel, Siberian! High ceilings; immense, dark, and damp corridors; a total absence of heaters. My Swedish doctor, of whom I have already had occasion to speak, ought to come here and establish himself in one of the halls of Phillips's Hotel. Besides, the young man at the desk offers a

fine example of the influence of cold on human nature. His behaviour and politeness are those of an Arctic polar bear.

February 14.

Lately, at Bethlehem, a letter was written to the proprietor of the hotel which he made me read. I transcribe it for you; it will give you an idea of the small amount of dignity that is accorded to art, and the free and easy way in which its disciples are treated:—

“I was not able to go to Gottschalk’s concert last evening; but I understand that he is at your hotel. Ask him if he is willing to come and play for us, this morning, two or three of his pieces. Of course, I will pay him.

“Signed ——.”

Three years ago I gave a concert at Wilmington (the only one, thank God, that I ever gave there). Our company consisted of Brignoli, Susini, Miss Hinckly, Morensi, Behrens, and myself, under the managerial baton of Strakosch. The receipts were twenty-five dollars. The applause 0. Delaware and New Jersey are twin brothers in politics as in music, and the only two States in which musical art is in its first state of design. Muzio persisted a week ago in trying again with me his fortune at Wilmington. I told him my experience, but he would not believe me. The concert is announced eight days in advance. We arrive at six o’clock. We go to the hotel, which would be hardly decent in a New England village. Muzio visits the music store. He comes back at the end of a few minutes. His astonished countenance tells me well enough that the Wilmington of 1865 likes concerts no better than that of 1862. There are eight tickets for the concert sold, and it is six o’clock in the evening.

Muzio, ten minutes afterwards, gravely informs the seller of music that I am taken with a violent headache which will not permit me to appear this evening before the eight amateurs of Wilmington. We pass the evening at the hotel (?) I received through the medium of a gentleman a letter in a feminine hand, which I transcribe for the edification of my readers.

“We are very disappointed in not hearing you. We are many ladies now at the music store; will you be so kind as to come and play something for us? We will pay you the price of the tickets.” No signature. Can it be, Madam or Miss, that the innate delicacy of woman, and particularly of American woman—can it be that the music which you must love since you will spend the evening at the music store awaiting my coming to play, has not suggested to you that it was unworthy of you to speak of the *price of the tickets*?”

This recalls to me two stories which represent your action under two aspects. One grotesque, the other uncouth, according as I look at them from the point of view of my pocket, or of my heart.

A certain Gascon—was he a Gascon? The French say a Gascon, the English would say an Irishman, the Italians a Neapolitan, the Spaniards an Andalusian, each nation having its type of clown—which in all is identically the same. Let us say Gascon. A Gascon then saw at an inn a beautiful parrot. He had never tasted a tropical bird. He was seized with a desire to taste it. “If the taste is equal to its plumage this must be the pheasant of the American forests!”

“How much for your parrot?” “One hundred francs,” answered his host.

“Very well, cook it.” The innkeeper knew his trade. He wrung the neck of the poor bird and put it immediately on the spit. “Now,” said the Gascon, “give me five francs’ worth.”

This is for the *price of the tickets*.

Now for the second story.

I was travelling in Switzerland giving concerts. I was then very young. Without doubt, thanks to this circumstance, more than to my talent, there was at Lausanne a great desire to see and hear me. My first concert attracted an immense crowd. I heard one day an old lady spoken of, who had lost her fortune, who adored music, but whose poverty and infirmities prevented her from going to hear me. She had expressed her regrets by saying that she had never so cruelly felt the loss of her fortune as in seeing herself deprived of listening to music.

I inquired where she lived, and introduced myself to her. She was a paralytic lady, very distinguished by her tastes and her venerable appearance, and I shall never forget the tender emotion which I felt at the bottom of my heart on seeing two tears from her eyes when I offered to pass the evening with her, to play for herself alone everything which she should be pleased to ask me. The next morning after this, to me, delicious evening, I received from an Englishman (O my charming but indelicate Wilmington correspondents, I then thought that only an Englishman could be capable of such a thing) the following letter:—

“Sir, I hear that you have been playing for Madame _____. My wife also is ill, and for a number of years has not left her chamber. She desires to hear you. I offer you ten dollars to play two pieces to her!”

My answer to the Englishman applies equally well to my Wilmington correspondents.

“I have received the letter in which you do me the honour of making me the offer of ten dollars to play two pieces to your wife. I might forget the want of delicacy and tact which your request shows, if it was not for the vexation it gives me which prevents me, by its uncouthness, from acceding to the desire of an invalid.”

CHAPTER XXI.

TOLEDO, OLIVER HOUSE.

ONE of the best houses in the United States. The complaisance of the waiter goes to our heart, and fills it with warm gratitude, like the rays of the unclouded sun that melts the last crust of snow, and makes the first green shoots appear. A very striking contrast to the insolence of the man at D——.

NEW YORK.

Three years ago I wrote this: “Heard yesterday, for the first time, Miss Kellogg; a charming artist, a great deal of

distinction in her deportment and in her intelligence." Since then Miss Kellogg's talent has only increased. The part of 'Marguerite' in 'Faust' is in every one's memory, and will not be easily effaced.

Is it not a subject to be proud of, to think that we, who yesterday were not able to count, so to say, one artist, can to-day claim as ours talents like Powers, Palmer, Miss Stebbins, Church, Bierstadt, etc.? I recall the astonishment with which they read in Europe the tales of Poe, whose success in France, England, and Germany was already secured long before his fellow-countrymen wished to accord him any merit. "What! an American?" and the people were astonished that a nation of merchants could engender a poet. They only knew our literature through Cooper, whose works are translated into every tongue. Washington Irving himself, although his name is known, has never had any literary success outside of the United States, except in England.

But the *Americanophobes* also say: Poe has never been understood in his own country. From whence has come the great opposition of that clique of imbecile, jealous, and sterile pedants, who, like thistles and thorns, always encumber the avenues of all the arts, and dispute their place in the sun with the generous and vivacious plants, who, instead of thorns, present to the sight flowers and fruit? How many scratches and wounds for the man of talent before he *gets rid of* these impertinent brambles? "He had immoral principles." Ah! that is the great word. When then will you separate the man from the writer? the instrument from the thought? Will you find the virgins of Raphael lacking in purity, because Raphael loved Fornarina? Do you deny the perfume of the attar of roses because the Chinese inclose it in jars of stone instead of vases of gold? By this reckoning, villanous verses made by a virtuous writer ought to be read in preference to the poetry of Byron, who was far from being a vessel of election!"

Let me be understood. I lament that the man of genius is, sometimes, from his private character unworthy of the sentiments which his writings inspire; but do not forget that he dies, while his works live. His neighbours only

are interested in knowing that he gets drunk, or that he is not a believer. But his works! They pass through the ages, luminous and immaculate. They ennoble and purify coming generations of civilized nations, and are the only source of human perfectibility. What does it matter to me that Raphael was not married to Fornarina? *La Vierge à la chaise*, in which the divine child looks on us, is not less admired by thousands. Rembrandt was a miser. Are his lights and shadows less marvellous? Was he a miser of his palette? Victor Hugo has not always been a pattern of conjugal fidelity. The 'Cricket on the Hearth,' ravishing in its virtue, is not, some say, the picture of Dickens's hearth. Are the leaves withered by the twilight? Is the author of 'David Copperfield' on that account less of a great writer? No! Let us comprise in art less of sterile and narrow morality, and more of love for the beautiful (that is to say, for the good and the true).

To make the works of the artist responsible for the whole of his private life, is also unjust, and seems to me as absurd as to deny the tone of a fine piano whose case might be of rough wood. I know a celebrated flutist, who insisted on playing at his concerts on a presentation flute of massive silver. It had the sharpest sound in the world. Alas! how many silver flutes are admired in the world of art? Of course, I understand that if you are to choose your neighbours, it would be more disagreeable to have near you a man, whatever his talents might be, whose morals might corrupt all around him, than a very respectable imbecile. So, when you purchase a piano to correspond with your furniture, you select one in mahogany or ebony before inquiring if it has a fine tone; but I quite as much contest your right to proscribe the fine inspirations of your artist neighbour of doubtful morals, because you have observed that he goes to church less frequently than yourself, as to deny the beautiful tone of a fine instrument because it is not varnished.

Do you pause when you hear a symphony of Beethoven played by the Philharmonic Orchestra of New York with that intelligent devotion which makes it one of the best orchestras in the world—do you pause to observe if the performers are in full dress, if the piccolo has his hair care-



fully combed, and if the violinists in the front rows have their boots blackened? Certainly not; and it is fortunate, for your pleasure would often be diminished.

Poor Poe! He drank! Who knows it now?

The other day in the car, there being no seat, I took refuge in the baggage-car, and there I smoked for two hours, seated on the case of my piano, alongside of which, O human frailty! were two other cases also inclosing instruments, now mute, since the principle which made them vibrate, under a skilful touch, like a keyboard, has left them. They were the bodies of two young soldiers killed in one of the late battles.

DUNKIRK, February 14.

Conversation between two ladies who conversed in the corridor of the hotel opposite my chamber: "What an eccentric man this Gottschalk is. He is, however, no great thing. Lately, at Boston, he had to leave suddenly, and his concerts no longer attract anybody!

Another amusing thing. At St. Louis, an officer speaking of me to a lady, one of my friends being near:—

Lady. "Has he received any education?"

Officer. "None at all; but that does not prevent him from being a very good fellow."

Lady. "I thought so."

Officer. "Say nothing bad of him, I beg you; for, as I have told you, he is one of my friends."

Lady. "How does he speak French?"

Officer. "Oh! very imperfectly; but you know he is a Spaniard."

O truth! why art thou not petroleum! One would at least know where to dig a well to make thee flow out.

February 16.

Superb concert at Rochester. An anomaly. A crowd, and a *great deal* of enthusiasm.

BATAVIA, February 17.

No audience, and no applause. Just as we are commencing, the man who attends to the gas forewarns us that at nine o'clock all the lights will be extinguished.

ERIE, February 18.

Arrived at half-past seven o'clock in the evening at the hotel in a sleigh from the station. I was struck with a snow-ball on the temple, and was stunned by the blow. How cruel and brutal the lower class of the Americans are!

Hardly any enthusiasm at the concert. I asked the reason of it. I am answered: "No one here pays a dollar for a ticket, and it made the people angry to pay that price." What a wilful and capricious child the public is! It is vexed to pay a dollar; then why did it come? When the dollar is once disbursed, why not be amused instead of pouting? Let it at least try to get something for its money. This recalls those spoiled children to me, who, because they have not as many sweets given to them as they want, throw all that has been given them on the ground. Whom have you punished by being sulky? Do you think that it is I? Certainly not; because you have paid your dollar and have come to the concert. You complain that the concert is too short. Why have you not made it longer? I have never refused to repeat a piece, and, in the six or seven thousand concerts which I have given, it has not happened one hundred times that I have refused an encore.

I have never seen so many tipplers and drinking-places, and consequently so many drunkards, as at Washington. There are many degrees of drunkenness (they are all of them most ignoble), but there is the habitual drunkard, and he is worse than the others.

The newspapers say that Washington is the most immoral city in the United States. "It is a Gomorrah," says one paper. Rest assured that, if it ever is on fire, it will not be a fire from heaven, but from spontaneous combustion.

February 18.

On the road from Erie to Lockport, thirteen hours on the road, the train got off the rails. "It is the first time that it has happened for six months," is the invariable phrase of the conductor. But I declare that, in the three months which I have travelled in the West, it is the forty-

eighth time that the train on which I have been has been stopped by an accident, either to itself, or from the train which preceded us, and obstructed the road.

At this evening's concert, Lockport, faithful to its traditions, furnishes us with a Lockport audience—that is to say one hundred persons gaping for their money, and who do not applaud. “The scalded cat dreads cold water.” At the first concert which I gave here, there were three hundred persons. They had never seen such an entertainment, and swore that no one should take them in again. Since then I have tried my fortune here four or five times, but always with the same result. This evening, however, they have varied the monotony a little by hissing.

“Pardon me, O Muse! I have cut thy wings, and instead of letting thee fly into space, I have used thee to make the pot boil.”

It is not for music, no more is it for art, to come and give a concert at Lockport.

The artist's imagination has no wings save when it is in those spheres in which it can unfold them and fly. Here it becomes a gosling, and is only good to make the pot boil. We have not even that consolation at Lockport.

UTICA, May 2.

As always a charming audience. I have paid visits to all my good friends. S——, a charming man, and good musician. Dr. K——, my old friend, a man of great merit, who has written some important works on insanity. I have naturally visited the asylum, and have been recognized by *all* my friends. ‘Aunt Libby,’ an old woman with pale complexion, immediately recognized me. She is always dressed in a pink gown, with a very large sash, a plaited cap decorated with gilt paper, and a little white woollen shawl trimmed with blue muslin. Small, plain shoes. She informs us that the Queen of England is enchanted to visit her, and gives her the sum of five hundred thousand dollars. We play and sing in the principal hall of the asylum. All are standing around us listening. Aunt Libby, who is conscious of her high position, whilst we are playing, opens with an air of great dignity an umbrella, which she holds

the whole time in the air. I ask her to play or sing, which she does after being well persuaded. I give her my arm to conduct her to the piano. She requests me with great familiarity and condescension to hold her fan and her handkerchief. The good old woman improvises a kind of guitar accompaniment (always in *c*), a sort of chant to words also improvised—‘I see the Angels,’ *tuck, tuck, tuck*. ‘I see the Angels,’ *ding, dong (bell), duck, tuck, tuck* (here she tries a scale), and looking with evident pleasure, first at the key-board, then at those around her, she commences ‘Yankee Doodle,’ then ends with ‘God save the Queen,’ ‘King George,’ *ding, dong*; another flourish under the form of a scale, then she rises from the piano to receive with a modest air our compliments. Poor old woman! she is enchanted, and offers to show me her sanctum sanctorum, which is full of shells, and all sorts of curious things. Then another lady is introduced to us, who recognizes L——, to his great consternation, as having been her husband! Afterwards we see a lady who believes herself to have been betrothed to General Washington, and bequeathed by him to all the presidents of the United States. She is evidently conscious of the prolific grandeur of her mission, and rejoices in having been the instrument for a population of thirty million souls.

I recognize some of the cases which last year were among the worst. These now are persons of distinguished and modest behaviour, who have so well progressed that in a short time they will leave the asylum.

BUFFALO, March 23, 24, and 25.

Charming concert. Kind audience. I love Buffalo and Rochester; these are two cities in which I always play with pleasure. Syracuse is cold. I have never obtained there a large audience. The last concert was a “chilly affair.” That is what the newspapers say. It rightly adds, that the audience and the artist parted mutually disgusted with each other. It is true at least, as far as regards one of them, the audience, if I might judge from its behaviour. Not one applause from the beginning to the end. I nevertheless did my best, and I am certain that this audience, under the spur of three or four claqueurs, would have warmed

up, and would have found that charming which to-day is found wearisome. The commencement of a concert may be compared to the first stage of a grand dinner, before the ice is broken, when every one is afraid to break the silence, and we hardly dare to speak to our neighbour but below our breath. If among the guests there is one who breaks the ice, immediately all speak at once, and the conversation having become general, each one tries to keep it up. In a concert, if there is a knot of determined persons who, bold enough, dare to give the signal, the crowd immediately follow the current. It warms up, the nerves are affected by it; the excitement causes them to discover points which otherwise would have passed by unperceived. It gives to their perception a susceptibility which it would not have under ordinary circumstances, and sometimes even makes them discover imaginary beauties, so great is their impatience to find food for their excitement. Figure to yourself, on the contrary, that there are no claqueurs; you play the first piece. The bond is not yet established between the artist and the audience.

The artist is ignorant of the disposition of the audience; the latter may have liked the piece, which being finished, an amateur counting on the enthusiasm of the others applauds warmly—clap! clap!! but finding himself alone he dreads being remarked. Some turn and look at him. Like a tortoise that precipitately withdraws his head into his shell after having stealthily ventured to see what is going on around him, he becomes as small as possible and takes on an indifferent air to divert the suspicions of those who are looking at him. The artist, who does not read the thoughts of the audience and judges of its sentiments only by its applause, thinks that he is not appreciated. He becomes oppressed by a feeling of injustice, and hastens to finish a task which he believes to be equally as painful to the audience as to himself. He even skips those passages which he would have lengthened *con amore* under other circumstances if he was sure of being appreciated. Like a flame in a heavy and moist atmosphere his inspirations diminish and end by becoming extinguished. Audience and artist, for want of mutual understanding, and whilst both are animated

with the best intentions, part disgusted with each other. This is what happened at Syracuse, only the audience, whose mind was not very enlightened on all these points, and had only instinct to guide it, on retiring, was satisfied with saying that it was cold and that the concert was long and fatiguing, because, not willing to accuse itself of not being able to appreciate it, it was satisfied and found it infinitely more convenient to accuse the artist with indifference and unwillingness to oblige.


My God, what features! I have never seen anything more artistic or a more striking harmony of contour than in this young face white as polished ivory, set off by a crown of ebon hair. There is there perhaps the stuff for a great artist or for a superior intelligence. Halt there, my imagination! do not build up a romance, but pay your dollar to the collector who comes to snatch you from your admiration by asking you to pay for your dinner. As for my Sappho, she is at this moment handing a plate of pork and beans to a traveller. What a fall!

NEW YORK, April 3.

Set out from New York for California in company with Muzio and his wife. I am engaged by him.

Once on a time, a year since, I said without thinking much about it, "I will make a trip to South America." Some days after one of my friends came up to me and asked me when I was going. A month afterwards some newspapers announced that I was leaving the United States to make a long tour of concerts. I understood that I ought to rid the public and my friends of my presence for one or two years.

I was occupying myself with tracing out the itinerary of my voyage when an impresario offered me an engagement for some months. The impresario for the purpose of stimulating the reluctant ones put on the placards, "farewell concerts before his departure." The tour finished, the summer again found me in New York. Saratoga is tempting. I put off my departure for the autumn. Some friends pleased themselves by saying to me in a disappointed manner, "Oh ho, I thought you had left." The newspapers declared my presence in a bittersweet way, by re-



calling to me that I had put 'farewell concerts' on my placards, which was equivalent to deceiving the public. I took up again my itinerary and I bought a large trunk. Another lucrative engagement presented itself. To refuse was easy, 'but a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' I decided to remain. Besides, you have already understood that I had no desire to leave, and that I was burning to find a pretext to offer to 'Dame Reason' to justify my change of plans. The newspapers occupied themselves, some with interest, others with sourness, about my delay in going. My friends overwhelmed me under the weight of an incessant "what! you are still here," and my disappointed fellow artists began to cast ferocious looks at me. There was a general alarm. I must resign myself, willingly or unwillingly, at the same time cursing the want of reflection with which one day I had expressed the possibility of my making a tour to South America.

For those who live on the outside of art, entering it only through the public door, one pianist more or less is no more than a grain of sand carried by the winds of the desert, but for the unsatiated and famished giver of concerts and their agents one pianist less is a piece more of cake to divide among themselves; it is a mean of one hundred concerts during the season whose receipts come back to the common mass. It is one hundred thousand dollars which falls to them from heaven, without taking into consideration the relief to their *amour propre*. The absent are always in the wrong, and once gone, the public thinks little of an artist whom once it had made its idol.

One fine morning in February, 1865, I made a contract with Muzio to go to California. This contract which I made as reasonable as possible was thus conceived "that my impressario in all probability could not lose much in case of failure and in case of success would have his share of the profits." For ten years I had thought of visiting California. In 1855, the great Smith, the old agent of Jenny Lind, offered me an engagement for San Francisco which I accepted. He was to go on board the steamer San Francisco, I think, preceding me one month, but two hours before embarking he broke his leg, and in this manner escaped the terrible catastrophe which took place two or

three days afterwards—the shipwreck of the vessel, and the loss of more than one-half of the passengers. The unlucky one, nevertheless, was predestined, for he was lost, some one told me, on board of the steamer *Baltic*.

Muzio announces a series of farewell concerts at New York, the last this time, my passage being taken. Some may remember, perhaps, the marks of sympathy and the magnificent present that I received in these last soirées, which were crowned by two concerts in one day, one at the New York Academy of Music in the morning, and the other at Brooklyn in the evening.

With a heart swollen and agitated by all the emotions which the moment of separation from those we love brings with it, when launching ourselves into the unknown, I embarked the third of April on board the *Ariel*. On leaving New York I felt how happy I had been there. Every face which was familiar to me seemed more tender, more sympathetic, and even the most insignificant became interesting.

It was not until then that I discovered, by feeling them break one by one, by how many invisible threads I was attached to the United States. What did it matter to me that Mr. D——, of Boston, maintained in his journal that I was an idiot; that Mr. H——, of New York, affirmed in his that I did not know music. I was recalling only those pin-point annoyances in opposition to the kind friendships which remained faithful to me, and to the invariable public sympathy which had followed me in so many concerts!! But alas! we always feel grief more vividly than joy. It is true I shall no longer read the bilious effusions of Mr. D—— and H——, but is the getting rid of the attacks of these wicked fools a compensation for all that I lose that is good and generous?

April 8.

I have been plunged for four days in Tartarus. Seasickness has confined me to my cabin, but the sea is now calm, and here I am on deck smoking a cigar (which on board is the superlative of boasting), our brave little steamer making eleven knots per hour. My thoughts lose themselves in the past at the rate of fifteen hundred miles per second from New York, and from all those whom I love!

We are over four hundred passengers, many of whom are

emigrants. In the first class we form the most heterogeneous assemblage that can possibly be imagined! Singers: Striglia, Misses Phillips, Senori Orlandi, Fossetti, Mr. Muzio, Miss Simon, his wife (they were married the very morning of our departure), Dan Setchell, the talented actor, a United States marshal (of sweet and amiable manners), a judge, a lawyer, a person of gross and sour manners, who meddles in everybody's business, and contradicts every one, treads on your toes without asking pardon, and puts his enormous chair in the most crowded places, and where there is the least room. There are also a number of senators and doctors, amiable people who make themselves agreeable to everybody, and three ministers, who preach officially twice on Sunday, and officiously the whole day during the week; some ladies, and a considerable residue of that well-known class of passengers without expression whose business seems to be to repeat from time to time—"Fine weather," "Tolerably hot," "Dinner will soon be ready," and other equally interesting remarks, whose momentary clearness seems only to augment the obscurity into which they again fall after having ventured these remarkable observations.

We have many ladies, but they are all married, two of them having lighted the torch of hymen the day of their departure. One of them, a foreigner, takes the greatest possible care in being where her husband is not. 'Flirtation,' as far as concerns us old bachelors, is very rare here, and I, isolated and alone, content myself with observing. I see, as the day declines, each happy couple seeking a lone corner, and this involuntarily recalls to me the poor famished ones who suck in the savoury flavours which escape from the kitchen window.

April 12.

In sight of the port of Aspinwall.

During our dinner, a second-class passenger has written for amusement a bill of fare which he has nailed to the quarter-deck.

The heading is a tortoise, very well drawn, with a chimney on his back and a wheel on each side, representing the steamer *Ariel*, on which we are, and which is known as the slowest steamer on the line.

SECOND-CLASS—THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

· (Nothing extra for meals.)

BILL OF FARE.**DINNER.***Soups.*Turtle,
(scratched out)

Vanderbistallen,

Oyster.
(scratched out)*Roast.*Turkey,
(scratched out)
Lamb,
(scratched out)

Gutta Percha,

Goose,
(scratched out)
Beef.
(scratched out)*Boiled.*Chicken,
(scratched out)

Owl,

Ham.
(scratched out)*Fried.*Oysters,
(scratched out)

Boot Heels,

Ham and Eggs.
(scratched out)*Vegetables.*Green Peas,
(scratched out)
Jerusalem Artichokes,

Beets (diseased),

Cauliflower.
(scratched out)*Side Dishes.*Baked Beans,
(scratched out)Hard-tack (à la Monitor), Lobster Salad.
(scratched out)Pilot Bread (à la Iron-
sides),*Dessert.*Minced Pie,
(scratched out)
Antediluvian Pie,
C. S. Army Pie,Custard Pie,
(scratched out)
Dried Cucumber Pie.*Extras.*

Tomato Ketchup,

Ice Water.

Please report any civilities on the part of waiters.

CARIBBEAN STEAM-PRINTERS.

This proves little in favour of the table. From the first cabin I can judge of the second, and the satire is just and true.

CHAPTER XXII.

April 12.

ELEVEN o'clock in the morning. Land in sight. We see the mountains of New Grenada rising up on the horizon. At two o'clock we distinguish Aspinwall; some white houses, in the midst of which the American flag floats in the breeze; a little further on a Protestant church of cut stone and Gothic architecture presents a singular effect in the midst of the palm-trees and bamboos which surround it. Aspinwall is still only a village; its population does not exceed one thousand souls, two-thirds of which is composed of negroes; but, thanks to the flux and reflux of travellers, who every five or six days cross the isthmus from one ocean to the other, it has a certain commercial importance and extraordinary animation. It wakes up immediately on the arrival of a steamer. Hardly at the wharf, the steamer is invaded by negro porters with large pointed bonnets on their heads, which recall those of the astrologers, made from the stringy bark of a tree, and are of the colour of tow. We have great trouble to keep off this turbulent officious swarm, who seize by force every package that is in sight, and without disquieting themselves about the proprietor, and whether you are willing or unwilling, carry it on land. At a hundred yards from the wharf we find ourselves in a street, about five hundred yards long, in which every house is a hotel. There are twelve or fifteen, one after another, all American. They are one-story frame-houses with a porch. The roof extends above the porch, which is sustained by beams, and forms a veranda on the ground floor.

The negress fruit-sellers abound. They are clad in white muslin gowns, low in the neck, with short sleeves. The colour of the dress is sullied by the dust, scorched by the sun, and rumpled by the rain. Eight or ten rows of flounces are ranged one above the other as high as the

waist. Bare feet. They followed us, offering us, in poor English, bananas, cocoa-nuts, oranges, and some cigars, for which they made us pay ten times their value. I buy some bananas. "How much?" I said to her. "Fifty cents," she answered me. I give her a dollar note, which she returns to me, preferring not to sell to taking paper.

The sun is burning hot. We enter, while waiting the departure of the train, the Howard Hotel, kept by Mrs. Smith, an American. Unfortunately for me, there is a piano in the large hall. The passengers assemble and force me to play. The instrument is from the factory of Raven & Bacon, of New York; it numbers many lustres, and one lives fast under the tropics. The strings have not resisted the climate. Some low notes remain. I utilize them by playing a semblance of my 'Banjo,' and clear out.

The train leaves. It is full. The road is lined with thick jungles of mangles, bind-weed, bamboos, and palms. Sometimes the road widens; then we perceive one or two farmers' huts. Their architecture is primitive: there are four beams, on which is placed, at four or five feet from the earth, a roofing of palm-leaves. The soil around the cabin is still black from the fire, which, by burning the forest, has opened a clearing in the midst of this chaos of vegetation, which grows so rapidly in this warm and humid soil.

The crossing is made from ocean to ocean in two hours and a half. We are running alongside of a pretty little river. Six o'clock in the afternoon. Arrived at Panama.

Salvo Atlantic! Garrison in full dress; six negroes and one mulatto under arms formed in line near the wharf. We embark in great confusion on a boat which transports us to the steamer, which is two or three miles out at sea. The city of Panama, proper, extends for some distance. The houses are of Spanish architecture, heavy, massive, and square, which the laziness of the inhabitants leave to fall in ruins. An American resident assures me that ten houses have not been built since the departure of the Spaniards. Two clock towers overlook the city; it is the cathedral. It is as dilapidated as the rest. The roof permits the rain to pass through. The statues of the saints in the interior, of painted wood, are rotten and worm-eaten.

The doors are off their hinges, and hang on one side at the entrance of the church.

An adroit prestidigitateur, I was told, found the means of drawing four or five hundred dollars last week from this miserable borough. He announced two representations in the following style:—

“Homage of the all-Powerful Devil.” Mr. — will give two representations in *magic*, the product of which, after deducting all expenses, will be consecrated to repairing the cathedral roof, and making new doors. The hall was filled. The receipts were eight hundred dollars, of which the devil (or his disciple) took one-half under pretext of expenses. Some one assured me that wax-lights are wanting for the service of religion, and that there is no money to buy them. Apathy, laziness, and filth everywhere; nobody is willing to work. When their houses (built by the Spaniards whom they execrate, and to whom nevertheless they owe the little civilization that remains to them) fall into ruins, they prop them up with planks or build them up again as well as they can; they stop up the gaps with stones, which they take from the wall that encircles the town, and which to-day is everywhere tumbling down under the double attack of time and of the wretched builders who have made a quarry of it.

On board the steamer Constitution. A splendid steamer, which makes a still greater contrast with that nut-shell—the Ariel—which we have just left. The heat is excessive, and produces a malaise, which we feel doubly from the absence of ice. Here, as on the Ariel, the water is lukewarm. We have to pay twenty-five cents extra for a few small pieces of ice, and again the bar has to be closed, like last evening, at ten o'clock.

A pearl fishery exists on a small island (Isle of Pearls) one mile from the coast; few are now found, nevertheless lately a pearl was fished up which was sold for eight thousand dollars to the Prince of Wales. The fishery has become dangerous on account of the number and daring of the sharks which are found swimming close in to shore.

I have said that the Constitution is the finest steamer that I have yet seen, but I am not on that account willing

to say that there might not be many improvements in various things which concern the interior.

April 14.

I have not slept for three days. I am not in California, and I have already a foretaste of what the contests are *à propos* of 'squatters' rights and theories. My body it appears was in the possession of a company of 'squatters,' who, when I wished to establish myself, were in full activity, and have defended inch by inch their ground, and have chased me away. The mosquitoes of Cuba, and of the swamps of Louisiana, are certainly disagreeable, but there is something bold in their attack and even in their defeat; there is something in their little trumpeting which commands respect, seeming to say, "Here I am, defend yourself;" but these small obscure vampires—these 'B flats'—as one of my lady friends musically calls them, are hateful to me, because they crawl silently out of their dens and profit by the darkness to accomplish on their sleeping victims their sanguinary crimes.

I have respectfully suggested that perhaps cleanliness might arrive at a satisfactory result against the invasions of these pioneers, but the steward, a mulatto, belongs to the genus grandiloquent, species insolent, and I draw back confused for having disturbed the serenity of his august temperament.

This does not badly resemble the hotel at St. Louis, which has magnificent corridors, but nothing to heat them with in winter, when the thermometer points to the cold of Siberia. Here is a saloon one hundred and fifty feet long, and splendid in every way. No ice-water, the first thing necessary for an American. Gildings all around, but bed-bugs (B flats) everywhere. An hour and a half at table to eat nothing good; abundance of meat and vegetables, all badly cooked.

The dull monotony of the life on board continues to unfold slowly and heavily day by day under the heat of an atmosphere like a lead foundry, like a benumbed boa slowly unfolding his rings to the perpendicular rays of an African sun. The sun cooks us, roasts us, melts us, and reddens us; in the shade it is a hot air bath, in the sun a

shrivelling. For fourteen hours in the day we are panting, and every moment frightened at seeing our sweat streaming lest we should be turned to a fountain. The night succeeds the sun with all the splendours of the firmament and the phosphorescent streamings of the sea, but there is no breeze. Whilst we are gasping, suffocating, for want of air, breathing painfully like a stranded fish on the beach, I am tempted to cry out as at the Lindell Hotel, "For mercy's sake less display and more comfort. Fewer stars and a little more breeze! some air! some air! some air! I suffocate!!"

Sunday, April 16.

The Episcopal service is read by the purser—the rule on board limits its duration to forty minutes. A reverend had offered his services, but the forty minutes' clause seemed like an attack upon his dignity and he retired.

The new bride appears the oftenest possible where her husband is not, in which the gigantic proportions of the steamer wonderfully assist her. There would be much to write about humanity such as it appears on board. Sympathies and antipathies, attractions and repulsions have time to manifest themselves. Passengers find their level as the dull calm after the horrors of a storm. Our singers (like all those who make merchandise of music) are already quarrelling. To establish harmony among musicians is as impossible as to find an Irish immigrant who would refuse to take from you a glass of whiskey, or a Western man who would ask pardon for treading on your toes.

Our captain, a fine old fellow, who weighs three hundred pounds, evidently likes his dinner; he keeps us an hour and a half at table. When one, in a small company of five or six friends around a well-served table, after having dined well, stops to taste the dessert and under the influence of the delicious lethargy which accompanies a good digestion, in taking a glass of wine, prolongs the time by talking, nothing is more sensible; but after having swallowed with a grimace some few spoonfuls of peppered hot water, after having courageously wrestled with a

piece of beef hard as bone, one is condemned to interludes of twenty minutes between each course, and that at a table laid for two hundred persons, in the midst of a deafening uproar, with an atmosphere laden with the combined vapours of two hundred plates of hot water and beef leather, it is more than any one should require from the most indulgent voyager.

I have fortunately taken the habit of going on deck between each course. I have for this purpose a large book, a geographical dictionary, which from its shape gives me a high degree of respectability among many persons who think that it is a Bible.

They are serving the peppered hot water. Five minutes. I go up on deck and read for half an hour.

Neat's leather. Fifteen minutes. Three times that for the soup, the process of deglutition by mastication being at least seventy-five degrees more difficult than that by ingurgitation. Half an hour on the deck to read. We now then have disposed of an hour, fifteen minutes additional made to it, now comes the curry which takes a half an hour to serve, etc. etc.

The young foreigner (German) having continued more and more to avoid the presence of her husband is, accidentally it appears, often found in the company of another passenger. The husband, who has some notions about the honeymoon which his young wife does not share in, is heard this evening to make threats of a revolver. Shall we have a drama on board!

April 19.

Acapulco (Mexico) is in sight. After having doubled a large rock the city(?), some huts whose roofs are covered with palm trees, presents itself to our view. Seated at the bottom of a pretty little bay on the edge of the beach, it runs back to the Sierra (a mountain) covered with forests and thick vegetation. We must take in coal here. Scarcely have we anchored when we see ourselves surrounded by a crowd of canoes made from the trunks of trees hollowed out by fire, manned by Indians. They are clothed in white linen drawers; their heads are covered with broad-brimmed straw hats. They sell bananas,

oranges, shell-work, white corals. I was hoping to buy some pearls, but the bay is so infested by sharks (*tintoreras*) for some time that the fishing has become very difficult. Last week I am told they carried off eight imprudent fishermen. On land the beach is covered with Indians, some squatting before piles of fruit, offering to us their merchandise in broken English; others, the greater number, pursue us, offering us necklaces of shells and coloured glass and little pins for the head, of shell and glass-work. A little Indian girl importunes me, she is most anxious to sell me some. Expressive and singular style, white teeth, olive tint. The absence of clothes (at least they are very scanty) is more than compensated by the abundance of her hair and the largeness of her eyes. She ends by sticking a pin in my collar, which she absolutely wishes to make a present of "*al hermoso cavallero*." The proceeding was too gracious for the '*cavallero*' not to respond to it. I gave her a real. Bad luck to me. In a moment I was surrounded with a swarm of Indians, small, large, old, and young, vociferating, disputing the possession of me, who pounced down on me like vultures on a lamb, load me with pins which they stick in me every where. The '*hermoso cavallero*' looks like a pin-cushion. "The Yankees please me, I love blondes, I have made a present to the cavallero, the cavallero in return will make me one." The only way I have to get out of the hands of my brown sirens is to give to them a handful of reals, and I see them rush on another '*cavallero*' and stick him also full of pins.

The houses are miserable huts, the ground plots of which are covered with beaten lime. The streets are not paved, and the footway for the foot passengers, two feet wide, runs alongside the houses from four to five feet above the level of the street.

The church, to all appearance most miserable, is closed; I am sorry for it for I wish to see it. The house of the '*Padre*' is pointed out to me. He sleeps, his domestic tells me, a very pretty young Indian girl, on my introducing myself. The '*Padre*,' a fat fellow, is in his hammock. He receives me very politely, and calls the sacristan to let me see the church. It offers nothing remarkable except the decay

into which its altars, its doors, and its statues are fallen. Above the image of a saint there is a paper on which I read, in large writing and in imaginative Spanish orthography, "Every one too poor to buy medicines for herself will be instantly cured if she makes her devotions with sufficient fervour before this image."

In one corner, suspended to the wall, is a multitude of ex-votos. These are figures of wax or tin, in lead or gilt-paper (according to the means of the giver), representing legs, eyes, and ears. When they are suffering from some disease the devotees suspend before the image or altar of the saint of their preference, a fac-simile of the sick part, and patiently await their cure.

Everywhere the image of idleness, of indifference, of apathy, of ignorance, and of filth. In every house we perceive women lying in their hammocks, or men indolently squatting down or extended in the shade. Everywhere immobility. Civilization will never be able to galvanize these people whose soul is buried under the triple layer of torpor, idleness, and inertness.

A long hut, before which some flint guns are ranged on a rack, represents the guard-house. Ten or twelve Indians, half-naked, lying on their face around a pack of cards, are playing. A sentinel, lazily leaning on his gun, follows the play eagerly with his eyes.

One of the soldiers asks me if I have any news from "los Franceses." "Is it true that the Emperor is obliged to recall his troops?" Is the Señor an Englishman?" "No," I tell him, "I am a Russian officer." "Ah! the Señor," said a sergeant complacently to me, "wished to see great fighting. Don Diego Alvarez¹ (with emphasis as one would speak of the great Napoleon) will teach the French manners. He is in the mountains, his son commands here in his absence." (Then with all the swagger of his race, and straightening himself up into a theatrical pose) "We have killed more than thirty thousand of them in the Sierra." After this speech he straightens himself like a bully and gazes around

¹ Diego Alvarez, an old Indian, is for the Indian Mexicans of the Pacific what Napoleon was for the Old Guard. He is their god, their beau-ideal, their idol. This old general, who is eighty years old, governs the whole Mexican side of the Pacific, and boasts that he has never been conquered.

him to receive the tokens of admiration—due to native heroism.

The Louisiana Hotel is a house of less miserable appearance than the others. The landlord is a fat man who is a Frenchman, not to be mistaken if one may judge by this speech, which he addressed to the Indians lying before his doors.

“*Sacré tas de canaille voulez vous bien me ficher le Camp,*” and for a peroration he administered, right and left, some blows to a group of young pin merchants, who had again discovered me and hoped to recommence their operations on the ‘cavallero.’

“You are a Frenchman, sir,” I say to him.

“No, sir (with emphasis), I am from New Orleans.”

The love of country is a prejudice I will admit, I even know it.

The travellers’ life, which I have led, has singularly enlarged the circle of those whom I regard as compatriots.

From seeing men under every form in all latitudes resemble each other, though changed in name, I have little by little arrived at recognizing that there is really but one nation—humanity; but one country—the globe; but one code, that of justice and morality. Nevertheless, the memories of our first years, our first affections, live at the bottom of our hearts, and this old tavern-keeper saying to me in this obscure hole on the coast of the Pacific, “I am from New Orleans,” awakening all at once my sleeping memories, in a moment became a friend.

“I also,” I said to him, “am from New Orleans.” An acquaintance was quickly made. He recounted to me all his affairs, his life, etc. He kept a restaurant at Lake Ponchartrain.

“What men these Creoles are! Another thing from your Yankees!” (Here he gave way to his hatred for the Yankees.)

The poor man hated the North without being acquainted with it. After having asked me the news about many of the best known people of New Orleans, he spoke to me of Morphy, the chess-player.

“There is glory for Louisiana! But from his childhood he showed what he would be some day. He is not like

another little prodigy, Gottschalk, who promised marvellous things, and whose father sent him to Europe in hopes of making a great musician of him. Nobody has heard anything more said about him. What has become of him?" I confess that I found myself a little embarrassed in answering this question. My self-esteem was considerably hurt. I told him the little prodigy was still a pianist, and that without having precisely realized the expectations of his countrymen, he had notwithstanding continued to work at music.

"It is possible, but I have never heard him spoken of," replied the old man, who evidently had a grudge against the infant prodigy, who had disappointed the hopes of his patriotic love.

We have an excellent dinner. Some birds, whose names I forget, as fat as ortolans. I recommend this old tavern-keeper to travellers. At table we are waited on by a thin waiter in shirt sleeves, whose body, squeezed at the waist by a leather band, is surmounted by a countenance wrinkled into folds, set off by long, flat locks of gray hair. The effect of this mummy-like countenance on a body eighteen years old is impossible to describe. "Monsieur is from New Orleans," said this disguised old man, in a falsetto voice with a French lisp, in smartly taking away from me my plate, "a pretty town which has consoled me for leaving Paris. Ah! Paris, sir, my youth, my well-formed leg, and my arm so plump, as the song says. If it was not for MY HUSBAND I should never work for these Mexican savages." I then understood that this young sexagenarian waiter is the wife of my host, who, through an excess of caution, more pretentious than justifiable, had renounced (these Mexicans are such savages) the dress of her sex.

Whilst we are dining, Don Juan Alvarez, the son of the old guerrilla, and the actual governor, passes with his family. They are going to visit our steamer. Don Juan is an Indian with insignificant features. His wife and daughter carry umbrellas, wear silk dresses, gold chains and necklaces, ear-rings, brooches, rings, embroidered shoes, and crinolines. They walk with all the stiffness of Indians with their Sunday clothes on, ridiculously jumbled together; full of pride in parading themselves in these super-

annuated fashions, which must have had their day among the hucksters of the temple; they attain altogether the height of the grotesque when they think to attain the summit of Parisian elegance.

Dull as Acapulco is, it acts as an agreeable diversion to the monotony of the ship, and it is not without regret that we slowly return, and soon the huge rock behind which we are disappearing conceals from our eyes the miserable huts, the church, and even the little dismantled Spanish fort which defends (?) Acapulco, and here we are again plunged anew in the dull routine of the steamer.

April 23.

A steamer in sight! It is the *Golden City*, which left San Francisco two days ago. The captain comes on board, and, in the midst of questions from all the passengers that encumber the staircase, hurls these words like thunderbolts, "Richmond is taken," "Lee has surrendered," "Lincoln has been assassinated."

The news, more or less true, which has been transmitted to us since the commencement of the war, has rendered us incredulous. Nothing is more probable than that Lee has surrendered, since, on the morning of our departure from New York, the news of the taking of Petersburg was confirmed, but the death of Lincoln! Some dispute for the papers; a passenger has mounted in the rigging, and has been requested to read with a loud voice. Alas! There is no longer any doubt Lincoln is dead. We do not know the details of the horrible outrage—the name only of the assassin is mentioned—Wilkes Booth. I remember of having seen him play a year ago at Cleveland. I was struck at that time with the beauty of his features, and at the same time by a sinister expression of his countenance. I would even say that he had something deadly in his look. A literary lady among my friends who knew him then, told me that he had as much natural talent for the stage as his brother Edwin, but that his violent and fantastic character would not permit him to polish the natural brutality of his manners any more than to restrain the fury of his acting within the ordained limits of art.

I never recollect having seen a more affecting sight than

that presented by the immense deck of the Constitution. The sky is blue, the sun resplendent, the sea is calm, all nature seems to smile above our heads, to render the contrast of our grief more striking with the stillness of all that surrounds us. Strange and inexplicable thing!! The women are those who show the least regrets. Around me rude figures of the seamen leave the badly effaced traces of their tears to be seen. A judge, sitting in a corner, his head in his hands, weeps as if he had just lost a father. All the men seem crushed, overwhelmed under the weight of an incommensurable grief. The women, after having shed some contagious tears, begin to make common conjectures about the motives of the assassin, and the means employed by him. I have for a long time suspected that the woman, who weeps so easily for so many superficial griefs, possesses really less sensibility than man. She has her nervous fits, her paroxysms of enthusiasm or of despair, which carries her at one bound to the heights of feeling, but does not sustain her there. These are irrational impulses, hysterical crises, which lose in depth what they gain in surface.

In the presence of a great sentiment they are inferior, they are little, and man, whose sensibility for small things is dull under the envelope of his brutality, takes upon him in the presence of an immense grief, of solemn despair, his supremacy, and becomes again the master, not only through the force of muscle, but through the greatness of his soul. Woman has more frequently the poetry of words than of ideas.

April 24, morning.

We are to have a meeting on board to give official expression to the sentiments of grief which, with merely two or three exceptions, are felt by all the passengers. I have said with merely one or two exceptions, because a lady, whose opinions are Secessionist, has pushed her forgetfulness of the respect due to humanity so far as to qualify the assassination of Lincoln as a judgment from God; and one or two other female parrots (a species of female dolls, who are dying for sorrow in not having put on their last new dress), who are exclaiming, with philosophic profundity, "that Lincoln must have died *sooner* or *later*!"

Evening.

The meeting, presided over by Judge Field of the Supreme Court of the United States, have voted resolutions which accord with our feelings of fidelity to the government, of respect for the memory of the great and good Lincoln, and of horror for the execrable act which has terminated his noble and laborious career.

Where are now those frivolous judgments on the man whom we are weeping for to-day? His ugliness, his awkwardness, his jokes, with which we reproached him: all have disappeared in presence of the majesty of death. His greatness, his honesty, the purity of that great heart, which beats no longer, rise up to-day, and in their resplendent radiancy transfigure him whom we called the "common rail-splitter." O Eternal Power of the true and beautiful! Yesterday his detractors were ridiculing his large hands without gloves, his large feet, his bluntness; to-day this type which we found grotesque appears to us on the threshold of immortality, and we understand by the universality of our grief what future generations will see in him.

After the meeting, the Italian singers who are on board sing the hymn of the Republic, which I accompany on the piano. Miss Adelaide Phillips sings with electric feeling the patriotic song, 'The Star Spangled Banner.' I play my piece, 'Union.' The enthusiasm aroused is without doubt less owing to our music than to the actual circumstances.

April 25.

We shall arrive to-day, the captain says. Unfortunately the fog has come up, and we are obliged to remain quiet until it disappears. The coast bristles with rocks, and it is very dangerous to approach when the weather is not clear. A general disappointment. Have you taken notice at the theatre of the precipitation with which every one leaves his seat to go as soon as the piece draws near the end? The same persons who for two hours have remained motionless and silent in their seats jostle and crowd each other, as if their life was in danger if they were accused of being in the hall when the curtain falls. For my part, I

have often observed, without understanding it, the impatience which seizes travellers who have patiently endured for twenty-four hours railroad travelling, and who before the train has had time to stop at the station, push each other, and seem to try who shall be the first to jump from the car, at the risk of breaking their head or their limbs. We are nearly in the same condition on board. After having patiently endured twenty-four days in crossing, the few hours which we are forced to pass motionless a few miles from port seem insupportable to us.


April 26.

Very thick fog. No probability of even arriving to-day.

CHAPTER XXIII.

April 27, morning.

THE sky is blue and the air is pure. We shall be at San Francisco to-day. We see distinctly the mountains and the whole coast. The steamer slowly advances. The mountains unfold themselves majestically to our astonished sight. We are entering into the bay. The pen, the imagination, are powerless to portray the splendour of the spectacle which is opened to our eyes. To the left the declivities of the mountains gradually descend, and at last are lost on the shore enamelled with the little white houses of the villages. The cañons, narrow passages where the light entering takes on sombre tints; the swelling of the hills, where the reflections of the sun on the patches of verdure are mirrored and coloured with the reflex of opals and rubies, and the immense azure vault of a sky like Naples. On the right the 'Seal Rock,' frowning sentinel over some arms of the beach, and on which for many centuries certain enormous seals have established their quarters, whose shapeless bodies we distinguish lazily sleeping or crawling like gigantic leeches in the fissures of the rock. Planted on a high bluff, the 'Cliff House' overlooks the horizon. From



a balcony, many persons with long spy-glasses are watching us coming in. The 'Cliff House' is six miles from San Francisco, and is a rendezvous for pedestrians, equestrians, and carriages. They go there to eat oysters, and to see the seals at a few yards from the beach carelessly enjoy themselves without being frightened at the approach of the curious, their security never having been troubled, thanks to a local ordinance which prohibits any harm being done to them under penalty of a fine.

We cannot yet see San Francisco, the city being built at the bottom of the bay, and the latter making an elbow. Fort Alcatraz¹ lifts from the middle of a little island in the bay its gray walls. It incloses all the political prisoners compromised during the war, and those accused of burning the steamer Panama. Two or three hundred American soldiers constitute the garrison of this desolate and sterile rock, on which there is not a drop of water and not a blade of grass. We are still going ahead! We are turning a promontory on our right, and the port of San Francisco opens on our view.

The 'Golden Gate,' the entrance of the bay, surpasses in magnificence the most beautiful sights I have ever seen. Naples and Constantinople, the two most celebrated bays, do not present to the eye a more imposing, more dazzling spectacle, than the Bay of San Francisco, but the city itself does not answer from the port to the idea which one has formed of it. We see only sand-hills with scattered houses of mean appearance. The port is animated, a forest of masts and of flags. Clouds of smoke which are escaping from the ferry-boats, with which the bay is covered, and which are ploughing their way, in every sense, give life to the picture. The wharf is covered with an eager crowd. We are approaching slowly. Confusion reigns everywhere, particularly on board. The young female foreigner profits by the absence of her husband, engaged in hunting for his trunks, to go on deck to make a passenger explain the beauties of the landscape to her. The porters have already in-

¹ The name of Alcatraz—in Spanish, sea-bird—comes undoubtedly from the immense number of these birds which inhabit it, and whose eggs, a few years ago, when fowls were scarce in California, furnished a considerable branch of commerce.

vaded us and seized upon our trunks. The captain on the paddle-box is giving his orders. In proportion as we approach shore we distinguish the crowd which is going toward our landing place. Friends are recognizing each other. "Hello, here is Jack! how do you do?" etc. etc. Everybody speaks at once. The horses in the wagons get frightened and kick up their heels. The engine roars; the drivers cry out. Conversations are taking place between those on the shore and those on board. Handkerchiefs are in requisition. The women are crying for joy, and the fathers blow their noses energetically. All the passengers regard each other as if they were united in the closest friendship. The judge himself has a less disagreeable air! the young foreigner is in the arms of her husband, and she does not appear to find her companion very disagreeable.

There is a great commotion, "a man overboard!" he has fallen between the wharf and the vessel, and has disappeared. Anxiety of the crowd. They fish him out. He is a wagoner; he has escaped safely with only a cold bath.

Some exchange news, others recognize each other. "How are you at home?" Home, that magic word which makes the heart of the most doubting beat. Laugh at it if you will! Call it a weak prejudice! Leave your home; travel, throw yourself into the whirlpool of the world; squander, by throwing to the four winds, the illusions of your heart, its tendernesses, its raptures, until exhausted by the abuse or bruises of life it dries up and, insensible, henceforth is associated with your being, only by the material functions it is called upon to fill in the animal economy. Do you say it is dead? Love, ambition, devotion, the follies of youth, lost illusions! dead, do you say? Reason has taken its place. Return again to your home, there where your first loves blossomed, where your earliest dreams were realized. Behold once more the place where you first lisped in life, spelled love; and this atrophied heart, which you thought was dead, will awaken as from a long lethargy to salute, with all the ardour of its first emotions, as the nightingale sings in the morning the aurora of spring, the memory of this aurora of life—"Blessed home!"

For myself this spectacle saddens me. No one awaits me, and those I love I have left very far behind me. The

Reverend Mr. Thomas, one of the passengers, is standing alongside of me. "Is Gottschalk on board?" cries a voice from the crowd. "Here he is," replies the Reverend Mr. Thomas, pointing me out to the crowd. I submit to this exhibition with regret. My looks, considerably deteriorated by sea-sickness, present the most wretched appearance, and offer nothing but what is disappointing to those who always associate the idea of a celebrity of any kind with a certain physical majesty. Of over one hundred persons who know my name without ever having seen me, I have invariably read from their looks that they were quite disappointed in finding me thin and of ordinary height. The frankest contented themselves by saying, "Ah! I thought that you were taller." The ancients who, without understanding anatomy, made such irreproachable statues, obeyed instinctively a natural law when they gave so little expression to their physiognomy. Form always seduces the masses, and the people in their youth become enraptured with the form to the exclusion of the mind.

The elegant Alcibiades was evidently more sympathetic than the flat-nosed Socrates, and the advocates of Phryne, who took from off her her tunic, to cause her to be acquitted (eloquent peroration which carried with it the austere judges of the areopagus), were decidedly profound philosophers. Sappho must have been pretty. Crowds have only instinct; reason is awakened only by reflection, and the crowd never reflects. It was less by genius that Peter the Great controlled the rude Muscovites than by his terrible fits of passion, seconded by herculean strength and a gigantic height. If on the twenty-fourth February, 1848, King Louis Philippe had mounted a horse and had shown his fine white head to the Parisian insurgents, the dead republic, born of Lamartine and Ledru Rollin, would have aborted. If, afterwards, when Louis Napoleon had been elected on account of his name (it is not necessary to seek for any other reason for his elevation, since he was unknown to France, except by two attempts which were looked upon as foolish and absurd, because they did not succeed), he had presented himself to the Parisians on foot at the first review of the troops which took place on the tenth of February, 1850, the Napoleonic dynasty would have been extinguished.

His body, too large for his slim little legs, his feet turned out, his awkward gait, his retreating forehead, and large nose, would hardly have found favour with the impulsive, enthusiastic, and unreflecting French people. It would have seemed to them a sacrilege to associate this horse-like head with the profile, like an antique medal, of the great Emperor. Thus the President showed himself on horseback, and on the most mettlesome horse of his stables. He is one of the best and most graceful riders in Europe. His fantastic uniform, in which gold played a very important part, concealed the height of his figure. The troops were ranged on the Champs Elysées as far as the Column of July, that is to say in a direction of three or four miles along the boulevards. The drums were beating the march, the bands were playing. "The Prince is coming," said the crowd, and all were awaiting impatiently, when all at once the Prince debouched at the head of a staff glittering with gold and plumes. His horse, excited by the crowd and the music, rendered furious by the spur which his rider did not spare on him, advanced, rearing and making immense bounds. The Prince, calm and smiling, held the reins with a firm hand, and with his right took off his hat before the colours which were lowered at his passage. He passed like a water-spout, and the crowd, wondering at his grace and his audacity, burst into acclamations. It is thus his popularity began. A name which sounded to the ears of the French like an echo of one of their old glories, and great experience in the art of horsemanship; this is what his great reign is founded upon. It is true that his great genius (good or bad, I do not charge myself with appreciating it) has since been obliged to give a reason to those who applauded without knowing him.

A few grasps of our travelling companions' hands, and the promise (made in good faith, but after some hours upon land effaced from our memory) to see each other often, and we go on shore. Mr. Badger, Chickering's agent, was awaiting us, and with the kindest zeal placed himself entirely at our disposal. Our apartments are reserved for us at the 'Cosmopolitan Hotel.' We are gaining knowledge (and I confess that I have a great deal of repugnance for it), with the only scourge of San Francisco—the dust. Built

upon sandy ground; and hills exposed to the wind, which blows every day at noon for six hours, the city is enveloped in clouds of dust, which rise in double columns of a grayish colour above the city, and, at a distance, recall the smoke which covers like a dais the great English metropolis. The journey from the wharf to the hotel is made slowly—the horses pull with difficulty, and the wheels of our carriage sink six inches deep into the sandy dust. This thick and impalpable dust, which is dried by the sun during eight months of absolute drought, penetrates into the eyes, the ears, and the mouth.

The 'Cosmopolitan Hotel' is a magnificent square edifice of cut stone, the luxury of whose furniture is equal to that of the first hotels in the United States. A splendid restaurant and a magnificent billiard-room are connected with it. The dining-room is ornamented with a profusion of mirrors, which reflect the gilded ceilings, and the lighted candelabra give to it the appearance of a European palace. The ladies' parlour contains a Chickering piano, which, contrary to hotel pianos, is excellent, and in good tune. In a portfolio of music, which I found on the piano, I perceived the 'Maiden's Prayer,' *et tu quoque, O California!*

The interior service of the hotel is admirably performed. The waiters, in black dresses and white cravats, are polite (they are for the most part French), and neat (the proprietors of hotels in Western cities, B—— and S——, are requested to meditate on this paragraph), and exercise kindness in taking your orders without making you feel the inferiority of your position. The bill of fare would have made Brillat Savarin and Carême faint for joy. Vegetables in the greatest variety, fruits of all zones, tropical and temperate, and the most artistic dishes appear in the numerous nomenclature. But I am not easily taken by the allurements of these deceptive baits, which the hotels of the West have taught me to distrust. They are generally supernumeraries like those mute choristers which directors add to their not too numerous choruses, who, opening their mouths without singing, do very well as a *coup d'œil*, but have nothing to do with the music—these artistic dishes have no other purpose but to increase the bill of fare. If, sometimes, an inexperienced traveller falls in the snare, he either

receives this answer from the waiter, "There is no more of it," and he thus preserves one illusion more; or else the phoenix asked for is served up to him, and then he swears, but a little too late, that he will never ask for it again.

This would be the time to make a philosophical digression on the art of cooking, which is more closely connected than is thought with intellectual civilization. One of the aphorisms of Brillat Savarin was (who many think was a celebrated cook, but who was only a very honourable judge, whose epicurianism and delicate wit prompted to write a charming book) "it is the beast that feeds, but it is man only who knows how to eat."

In the United States, cookery, like music, painting, and many other branches of a high civilization, has hardly yet been called into being. I will relate to you a little story which will lead me by a by-path to the expression of my whole opinion upon our national cookery and our arts.

At the time of the first outbreak of Asiatic cholera, I was then—I was just about telling you my age; since the cholera made its first appearance in 1832, by a trifling addition you would have discovered how many spring times I reckon. My father, to avoid the scourge, built a small cottage on the border of the Gulf of Mexico, in a secluded spot called Pass Christian. Our only neighbours were a few Indians, the only remains of a tribe formerly massacred by the Spaniards, and whose bones were covered by a small mound in the clearings of the wood behind our little mansion.

We had a piano, and it was there, alone, that I began my attempts upon the instrument which, at a later period, was to attract to me so many admirers and detractors, to give me so many joys, and to render Mr. D—— of Boston so miserable.

One evening when I was playing 'Hail Columbia' a large Indian stopped at the door and watched inquisitively my hands running over the keyboard. My father (although a man of great intelligence, he was not without that weakness in which all fathers participate, who think their children phoenixes) said to the Indian, "You see what this little pale-face can do." The vanity of the savage was so much the more wounded as he could not deny that the

child did what neither he nor his had ever done. He came in and attentively examined the box from whence the strange sounds proceeded. Tea was ready. We passed into the next room without thinking of the Indian. I alone secretly observed him. His great size and hoarse voice inspired me with childish fear. I saw him, after satisfying himself that he was not observed, slowly approach the piano; he looked attentively at the keyboard, then carelessly, and as if by accident, he let his hand fall upon a key which returned a sound. Scarcely had he heard it, when his countenance, which had remained morose, brightened, he sat down at the piano, and with all the force of his arms he began to beat the keys, calling out triumphantly to my father, "You see, I never tried before, and I make more noise than he."

Do you understand my comparison? "No!" Very well, then. Go to B——, and when you shall be told what some one told me—"Mrs. —— is the best singer here, because you can hear her a mile off"—recall to yourself the Indian of Pass Christian. "This gallery of paintings is the largest which we have in America." The Indian of Pass Christian. "Mr. Such-an-one is an excellent judge of music; he has spent six months in Europe." Again, my Indian. "Our hotel is as good as the 'Fifth Avenue' or the 'Continental;' look at the number of dishes on the bill of fare." The Indian, always the Indian.

To sing you require lungs, but it also requires other things; an ox can be heard a mile off. A gallery of paintings, if it possessed two hundred million daubs, would not be worth one miniature of Isabey, or one of Meissonnier's interiors. Mr. Such-an-one, instead of six months, might have remained six years in Europe, and come back as big a blockhead as before. Your hotel might have as many dishes on its bill of fare as the Queen of Spain has names (I think she has one hundred and thirty-two); if they are bad your cooking makes it like a cheap eating-house.

But the food of the Cosmopolitan Hotel is excellent, or at least the dishes here are eatable. The town, when you are in the middle of Montgomery Street (the principal Street in San Francisco), looks like the beautiful portions of Chicago; the stores are large and luxurious. Built upon

a number of steep hills, the streets rise and descend; they have levelled many of them, but much remains to be done. I have seen one spot where the ground is so steep that you have to go up by steps, the roof of the lower house coming to the level of the steps of the one which precedes it, and so with those following. The levelling for the most part being done after the houses are built, they have enlarged them at the bottom. They prop them up and build lower stories to them, so that what was once the ground floor becomes the garret.

It is impossible on seeing San Francisco to imagine that the date of its foundation goes no further back than twenty years ago, and that it has been burned down two or three times. I have been shown the place where the beach was. It is now nearly a mile from it. They have gained this land from the sea by throwing into it the sand carried from the hills whilst they were levelling. San Francisco numbers three theatres, two large concert halls, several small ones, and an infinite number of saloons for melodeons and a Chinese theatre. Maguire's Opera House is generally occupied by a dramatic company. Maguire's Academy of Music is a charming hall, which holds from fifteen to eighteen hundred persons easily, and in which the Italian opera under the direction of Maguire is now performing here. The Metropolitan Theatre is a little larger than the Academy of Music, but less elegant in its interior decorations. Bianqui's Italian Company is playing there in opposition to that of Maguire's. The name of Maguire is constantly found throughout all California. The one that bears it was, some say, a sporting character, a boxer. He has made a fortune, and, at the same time, has built almost all the theatres of the interior and of San Francisco. He is very intelligent, very enterprising, and provides by himself alone for almost all the amusements of the northern cities of the Pacific. I have found him very kind and very just in his transactions. There is, besides, at this moment at San Francisco a circus company to which Zoyara the hermaphrodite belongs. I remember the excitement produced by the 'Hermoso Señorita Zoyara' at Havana, when every young person was foolishly interested in the solution of the mystery concerning her sex.

I am told that Mlle. Zoyara is married, and that she is the best husband in the world and the most excellent of fathers. I suppose from this that the problem is solved.

The cafés and billiard-saloons of San Francisco are magnificent, handsomer even than those of New York. The 'Bank Exchange' is the most aristocratic of the latter, and at its bar the great merchants every day find an exquisite collation. Champagne is constantly drunk here throughout the whole day. It is the base of all the drinks, such as lemonade, cocktails, smashes, cobbler. As to the California wine, I have as yet only seen one bottle of it, and I do not believe that a glass a day is drunk of it in all the cafés of San Francisco. I made this remark to a Californian, who laughingly answered me: "We leave the care of it to you Eastern people." I know too little of liquors to decide whether he wished to say something not at all flattering to our taste in matters of wine.

The markets of San Francisco are worthy of being seen. They are floored, and of scrupulous neatness. This country has all the best things of the world in profusion. Fruits and vegetables of every zone and every climate abound here. Salmon (I have seen some which were two feet in circumference) cost two bits (twenty-five cents) a pound. They are so plentiful, that there is a story, true or false, which says that the Irish servants stipulate that it shall not be given them to eat more than twice a week. Strawberries ripen the whole year. The apples of Oregon are excellent. The oranges of Lower California are in abundance. The olives are as large and good as those of Andalusia, and will become, when the mining fever abates and industry develops the resources of the country, an important branch of industrial production. Almonds, cherries (and what cherries!), peaches, grapes, apricots, artichokes, cauliflowers, beets (the poorest are three times larger than those of the East, and I have seen some that weighed twenty-five pounds); in one word, all the richness of the vegetable kingdom has been accumulated here by Providence on this land of promise, whose climate, a perpetual temperature of spring, would be the finest in the world, were it not for the cursed wind which comes up every day from noon until six o'clock and whirls the sandy dust in every direction.

The scarcity of trees in and around San Francisco might be easily explained by the action of this wind, which cuts down vegetation and scarcely suffers low plants and bushes to grow.

The mines of copper, silver, gold, and mercury seem inexhaustible! New ones are discovered every day. Very fine opals are found in Calaveras County. The water of the sea near to the coast presents large oleaginous spots, which seem to indicate that there must be depots of oil in the interior of the hills. Some have commenced, it is said, to dig wells in many places, and the oil fever promises to make as many victims as its elder sister the gold fever. "Victims!" some may say to me. "How? If the mines are so rich, can they make victims?" I will say nothing myself, but I will answer what a Californian told me to whom I addressed the same question. "The expenses of digging are enormous; roads are difficult to cut in the mountains; water is hard to procure to wash the gold, one is obliged to go sometimes five or six miles to find it, and bring it by means of aqueducts. Besides, the diggings frequently cave in, and require the employment of enormous timbers, which are very costly; workhands are dear; besides, finally (it is not I who speaks), the chapter of never-ending robberies. There are, perhaps, three thousand mines in California, and there are hardly one-half dozen that regularly make dividends, and, nevertheless, all are rich and productive."

The natural riches of California are marvellous, but it lacks capital. The rate of interest, which is one and a half per cent. a month on a first mortgage with good signatures, cannot otherwise be explained. Money rates as high as two to three per cent. a month. Capital fails, notwithstanding the immense resources which the country presents; it is the oil which would lubricate and put in motion all the wheels of the great machine.

There are, besides the 'Cosmopolitan' (which I consider the best), three other very good hotels. The extraordinary development of the city within the last ten years has naturally caused a great increase in the value of land. Chicago some years ago seemed to have attained during the speculative fever in land the maximum; but nothing approach-

ing to the following figures: Admiral Dupont gained last year a lawsuit by which were accorded to him thirty-five thousand dollars for a piece of ground for which he had paid fifteen dollars. Mr. Lick purchased for fifty dollars, from a man who had paid five dollars for it, the ground on which he built the 'Lick House.' This ground is to-day worth, without the hotel, five hundred thousand dollars.

Messrs. Badger and Linderberger, wholesale ready-made clothing merchants, whose large store is situated in the business street of San Francisco, have in the first story a depot for Chickering's pianos, of which they sell a great number. Is it an indication that music is much cultivated? I would not dare to assert it. Music, of all the arts, is the last to implant itself, and only takes deep root in old civilized societies. It is too abstract, it appertains too much to the domain of thought and feeling to flourish, where the physical forces are in full activity. It is an art for idlers and dreamers. Neither the one nor the other is found among men who have to build houses to shelter themselves, and who have to seek their food. The plastic arts are the first, after spoken poetry, which suggest themselves to the minds of primitive peoples.

Concerts at San Francisco have never succeeded. Ole Bull and Strakosch left it in confusion. Paul Julien, who has just passed five months here, has not carried off one thousand dollars net. On the other side, I regret to say it, the circus flourishes, and Miss Adah Menken, after having driven all the people crazy, has carried away with her fifty thousand dollars. You will easily understand that the chaste muse, sister of Apollo, can only go astray before a public which is enthusiastic at the nudities of Mazeppa.

There are numerous Chinese here. It is supposed that there are more than seventy thousand in California, and at least five thousand in San Francisco. The great majority of them are laundrymen. Stockton Street is lined with Chinese shops; they sell drugs, seeds, make shoes, etc. Some of them are very rich, very intelligent, and speak English readily. I was introduced to Sam Kee, a druggist I think, who, seated behind his desk, was writing his letters—a ship leaves for China to-morrow.

The neatness with which he wrote from right to left his

correspondence would make the best book-keeper pale with envy. My guide, doubtless to give him a high idea of the visitor which he introduced to him, repeated to him frequently, "Mr. Gottschalk, the great, great pianist," but perceiving that the Celestial opened his eyes without understanding the word pianist, he added to it a pantomime with his fingers which he shook rapidly in the air repeating "great, great."

Sam Kee bowed very profoundly, regarding me with a restless look. It is plain that the pantomime with the fingers did not inspire him with confidence. He accompanied me as far as the door, all the time bowing to me profoundly, as much for the purpose of complimenting me, as from fear lest I might use the agility of my fingers to his detriment. I should not be astonished if he had mentioned, on returning to his writing to his correspondents, that he had just received the visit of a celebrated robber of the United States.

One of these rich Chinese made his daughter come over. She was so beautiful that several Yankees, Europeans, and Celestials fell in love with her. The miserable father in his distress did not know what to do to secrete his treasure from the indiscreet regards of the enthusiasts. He closed his door on all visitors. But the type of Rosina in the 'Barbier de Seville' is the eternal type of amorous damsels. An admirer had some ability in his plan, and one night the house was besieged for the purpose of carrying off the beauty from her jealous father. The old Chinese and his servants barricaded themselves, and defended themselves so well that they put the besiegers to flight. The event made such an impression on the honest merchant that he freighted a ship, and forty-eight hours after the beautiful Chinese set out again, sighing for the banks of the yellow river—where probably she has married a fat, big-bellied mandarin to whom she does not care to speak about her adventure with the young barbarian.

I doubt if the old Chinese has a very flattering idea of our civilization.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I WAS introduced to Mr. de Cazotte, French Consul. He is the grandson of Cazotte of the revolution, one of the famous Illuminati.

In a narrow street near Stockton Street we see two or three unfortunate creatures concealing their misery under paint and tinsel, and smiling at us with that horrible stereotyped smile which ballet dancers and courtesans possess the secret of.

Two days after my arrival a visiting card was brought me. "The gentleman is waiting for you down stairs," said the servant. I meet again here a young Frenchman, one of my friends, Parisian in mind and heart.

I have been introduced to one of the Crœsuses of San Francisco, whose fortune, it is said, is incalculable. He came here as a Mormon missionary, but quickly perceived that there was more gold to be gained than proselytes to be made. The women were then in such an infinitesimal proportion to the male population that it would have been ridiculous to preach polygamy to those who were forced to be celibates.

He obtained a round sum which he made use of; money brought then ten or fifteen per cent., and in a few years he had made many millions. He was in his office when I was admitted into his presence, and was amorously caressing the big toe of his right foot with the index finger and thumb of his left hand. "Gottschalk, Gottschalk!" he said to me, without letting go his big toe, "I know that name. "Ain't you one of them opera singers? What do you sing, bass or tenor?"

He has, I am assured, renounced the doctrine of polygamy, but he drinks a great deal.

French commerce is represented here by many considerable houses. Contrary to that of other countries where the French play in the money market only a secondary part, they rank here among the first.

Accustomed to the female type of the United States, the foreigner is struck here with the small number of pretty women that he meets with in the streets. Truth forces me to say that the proportion of pretty faces and dresses is remarkably inferior to the Atlantic States. I have, it is true, met in society some charming young girls and married women, but they are rare exceptions.

The newspapers, the '*Alta California*,' the '*Bulletin*,' etc., are numerous, and generally are well edited as regards political matters; in matter of art they have too frequently encouraged the circus, Mazeppa, and the minstrels, to have true taste, and particularly to treat art and artists with the attention and respect which they deserve. We have invited all the newspaper editors to a supper at our hotel, after having paid them a personal visit (which not one of them has returned). Of the twelve or fifteen invited, two only came, and they belonged to the same paper. From the others we have never received any excuse, any card, or anything else indicating that they had the least notion of the elementary laws of politeness. It is true that after my first concert they all gave me very flattering notices, but all I owe them is limited to that, or nearly so. Accustomed to the courtesy of the East, I have felt their indifference so much the more, as the number of pianists who have visited San Francisco gives them less right than the others to be blasé. There is yet too much, decidedly, of Zoyara and of Menken in the atmosphere. Let us not hastily conclude from this that the people here are uncouth. San Francisco is one of the most polished cities in the world, and infinitely more refined than many of those in the West. But a concert for them is a concert, that is to say, an amusement, dearer and less entertaining than other exhibitions, and from their point of view they are right. A dozen of apples are worth more than a banana; there are more of them, and they do not cost so much. As for enthusiasm, Menken and company seem to be the only ones who can excite it here. Billy Burk, the minstrel, has left behind him here ineffaceable souvenirs. Many ladies expressed in my presence the void that his departure has caused in the budget of amusements at San Francisco.

Maguire's opera has commenced the season with '*Trova-*

tore.' Putting aside the infatuation of small towns for everything that is new, the troupe is perfectly justified by its success.

We have announced a series of six concerts. The two operas, which are in full activity, will be a rude competition for us. In any other country we should think little of it, but here, where, since Mme. B—— (and what an opera), there has been no Italian company, they have all the attraction of novelty. I was present at the representation of 'Ernani' at the Metropolitan. Morelli, the excellent baritone, played 'Charles V.' He has still his fine voice, his intelligent conception of the part, and his just intonation. This last quality will suffice, to my notion, to secure him public admiration,—as to sing false has to-day become a condition *sine qua non* of singers. The choruses, composed in great part of Germans and Italians, have been quite satisfactory, as well as the orchestra. I am not among those who admire Verdi to excess. Some of his operas, 'Attila' for instance, seem to me in some parts unworthy of a great musician, but on listening to the quintette in the second act, the duo of the basso, the trio finale, and the finale, I cannot help recalling with bitterness the unskilled judgment which the whole European press, and all the simpletons, who compose three-quarters of the public, gave twenty years ago. I was present at the first representation of 'Ernani' at the Théâtre des Italiens at Paris. I was in the box of Madame Mennechet de Barival, a writer of merit, an eminent pianist, and the Egeria of Ambroise Thomas. "What detestable platitudes! What vulgarity! What noise! What vacuity!" re-echoed around me. Not one of the beauties of the opera was noticed, and all the little ballad composers fell upon him and tore him to pieces. I myself, who, thank God, have never found enough gall in my nature to make me rejoice at the fall of a confrère, I, myself, in good faith, found everything detestable. Nothing easier, I said to myself, than to make such operas. It has happened to me since to try to make an opera, and the day in which I sketched out a bad duo, I all at once perceived that Verdi possessed genius. I recommend to *pianisticules*, who deny talents to their confrères, who dare

to compose, this little exercise, which cannot fail of being useful to their petty vanity.

CALIFORNIA, 1865.

I am wanting a pianist. I had executed on fourteen pianos the March of Tannhauser arranged by myself. Its success had been so great that I had to announce another concert on fourteen pianos. On the eve of the concert one of my pianists fell sick. What am I to do? Put off the concert? Never! A warmed-up dinner is never worth anything. In the matter of concerts you must never put off. The public is flighty, capricious, pitiless. Learn to seize the hour it is favourable to you; if you do not, it escapes you without any reason.

Announce only thirteen pianos. Another error, still more dangerous. The public wish to hear fourteen pianos, and if you give it one less it will think itself robbed. It demands fourteen pianos in full view on the platform. Should you place some manikins on it, it will be satisfied, provided that it sees there the number of pianos that were announced. The difficulty was becoming insurmountable. San Francisco, although filled with all the corruption and with all the plagues arising from civilization, did not then possess but thirteen first-class pianoforte players. The proprietor of the hall, seeing my embarrassment, offered to speak to his son, an amateur pianist, he said, of the first class, who played Thalberg, Liszt, and Gottschalk without difficulty, and for whom it would be only play to take the part that was wanted for the March of Tannhauser. Experience has for a long time taught me that it is well for an artist to beware of the co-operation of amateurs in general, and especially of those who play everything at first sight, and make havoc in playing the pieces of Liszt and Thalberg. But the father spoke of him with such assurance that I accepted his son's assistance (God protect you, O artists! from the fathers of amateurs, from the sons themselves, and from the fathers of female singers!). The concert was to take place in the evening. I suggested that a rehearsal would be necessary. The son, who in the interval had been introduced to me, expressed surprise, and said it was useless. The part was very easy; he played the

fantasies of Liszt. I replied that it was less for the difficulty of execution than for playing together; and that, if he wished, I would play with him to point out to him the movements. He then placed himself at the piano, and like all amateurs, after having executed a noisy flourish, attacked with the boldness of innocence the piece of Tannhauser. At the end of two bars, my mind was made up; I knew what I had to rely on, and I assure you that it was not pleasant. It is not that he played badly, if he played at all. The most complaisant ear would have hardly been able to distinguish any shreds of Wagner's theme which were floating here and there like waifs in the midst of an ocean of false notes, in a deafening storm of continuous pedal (the storm cannot be described), and of the complete wreck of the measure and spirit of the author; it was no longer to be thought of. My position became horrible. To refuse his assistance—the assistance of the first amateur in San Francisco! elegant and rich, who had probably caused to be circulated among all his friends and all the good society of the city that he deigned to give me the use of his talent! It was impossible! The rehearsal was short. I did not even make a remark; it would have been of as much use as making an Adonis of Æsop. The father, beaming with pride, was looking at me, and, wiping his forehead, after the piece, said: “Ah ha! what did I tell you!” The young man seemed convinced of his worth, and, with the ease which amateurs only possess when the public is in question, repeated to me many times, graciously smiling, with a satisfied little air, “Oh, yes! I think that that does very well! *Besides, it is very easy!*” We parted. I thought seriously of putting off the concert, under the pretence of indisposition, when my tuner, a man of resources, said to me: “Sir, if this young man plays, trouble is inevitable with the other pianos; it is absolutely necessary to prevent his being heard, and the only way to do it is this”—and at the same moment he pushed a *crochet* in the piano I designed for the amateur, a vertical piano, took out the whole of the interior mechanism, and, looking triumphantly at me, added: “The keyboard remains, but I assure you that there will be no more false notes.” The mode was excellent.

The evening came. The hall was full. My amateur, in white cravat and evening dress, was showing himself in the hall. His friends awaited the moment of his entrance with impatience. He requested me to give him a piano near the footlights in full view (for it must be stated that amateurs, who should be less familiarized with the public, have an impassibility and *sang froid* which we never acquire—again innocence).

I placed his dumb piano in the middle of the stage, close to the prompter.

Before going on the stage, I made my thirteen acolytes take notice, that, in order to produce the greatest effect, it was indispensable not to make any preludes, that thus the public might be more surprised on hearing all at once the fourteen pianos attack the flourish of trumpets with which the March in Tannhauser commences.

One, two, three—we begin. It goes on marvellously. In the midst of the piece I looked at my amateur: he was superb; he was sweating great drops; he was throwing his eyes carelessly on the audience, and performed with miraculous ease the passages apparently the most difficult. His friends were in raptures. They applauded to excess. Some enthusiasts even cried out, "Hurrah for ——!" (the amateur's name). "Encore!" "Encore!!" We must repeat the piece. But at the moment of commencing the amateur forgot my recommendation not to prelude, and could not resist the temptation to play a little chromatic scale. I see him now! The stupor which was printed on his countenance is inexpressible. He recommenced his scale. Nothing. The piano was mute. For an instant he had the idea that the ardour with which he had played had been fatal to the strings, but, throwing a glance inside, he saw them all right. Without doubt it is the pedals, and, after some shakes impressed on the pedals, he began again his little chromatic scale. Then, persuaded that the piano was just out of order, he strove to make me understand that we could not begin again the March.

"Pst! pst!!" said he with a wild air, but I had seen the danger, and without loss of time, I had given the signal and the March was recommenced. My young man, to save appearances before the audience, made the pantomime of

the passages, but his countenance, which I saw from below, was worth painting, it was a mixture of discouragement and of spite. The fury with which he struck the poor instrument, which could do nothing, was very funny.

"That was very well done, gentlemen," I said, on entering into the artists' room, "but the effect was less than the first time."

"The mischief!" said my amateur to me, "my piano broke all at once."

The secret was kept a long time by my tuner, but it finally leaked out, or at least I had reason for supposing it did from the furious glance that my unfortunate amateur threw on me one day that I happened to salute him on meeting him in the street.

Moral—beware of amateurs.

I have been to mass at the French church. The priest, from Auvergne, gave us a sermon which would have been only grotesque, if it had not been the height of impropriety and absurdity in a temple consecrated to God.

The evidently limited intelligence of this unfortunate priest, placed at the service of a nasal and monotonous organ, like that of the children who repeat without any inflexion of their voice and without punctuation lessons which they do not understand—had suggested to him a digression on the dogma of the Blessed Virgin, à propos of the month of Mary. After some commonplaces, drawn from the children's catechism, this is nearly the luminous theory which he expressed. He wore spectacles and had a nervous trick, every time the flow of his ideas threatened to be exhausted (and this happened every two or three words), of carrying with a convulsive movement his hand to his nose, to be certain that his spectacles were firmly fixed, then coughed, and continued:—

"Mes chera freras. Elu Vierge il a été achoinisie a parce qu'il une bonne femme. Ac 'telle qu'alle a élevé à l'enfant Jesus. Veres savez tous combien les mères ont de mal pour élever leurs enfants. C'est elle qu'a pris soin du sien que elle a nourri. Il lui doit tout à sa mère et alle a pris sur lui le droit de lui demander ses faveurs. Aussi après il a toujours fait tout pour lui être agréable.

Aussi, ames chera freras voustre meilleure recommandation est de vous adresser à la Vierge Marie."

The peroration of the sermon is too original for me not to favour you with it.

"Il y a pas beaucoup de monde ici à cette église, ma il y a des paroisses qui ont plus de familles que la paroisse de San Francisco et puis alles ont leurs occupations, et puis beaucoup de ces familles *qui en ont* sont obligées de rester à la maison pour en prendre soin."

This rigmarole worked on my nerves. It is unworthy of the Catholic religion to permit such indecencies. And I admit that the Protestants would have found fault if they understood French. Fortunately the number of reverends who speak this language, which so much infidel literature has sullied, is in the inverse ratio of their hatred for the doctrines of free thought.

VIRGINIA CITY, Territory of Nevada, June 4, 1865.

We have at last arrived. The clerk, an impudently pompous genius, extended on his chair behind the desk, his feet as high as his head, after having made us feel by his peremptory tone the incommensurable distance which separates poor travellers from a 'hotel clerk,' grants us permission to install ourselves at the rate of thirty-five dollars per day in a chamber six feet square. I timidly ask if there is not a larger one, but he answers me angrily, "No!" in such a way as to make me understand that I must not abuse his patience, under pain of being driven out of the little hole he has been willing to give me. Fortunately, to the hotel a restaurant is attached, kept by a Frenchman, who with all the simplicity of his nation tells me his troubles—always the same—of shares taken in the mines which ought to pay immense dividends and which ruin all who have them.

The town is ugly—built of wood on rough ground. The streets are steep and irregular. The cafés are numerous. The music store is a shoemaker's shop, two-thirds of which is filled with boots and the rest with drawers and loose sheets of music, which would seem to prove that the population walks more over the rugged soil of the town than on the road florid with art. It is not truly to

speaking a town, it has rather the appearance of one of those European fairs, which once a year attract for two months merchants and purchasers from the four points of the horizon. The dust blinds when it does not choke you, and vice versâ, and both at once. Shut up in the midst of steep mountains, the sight perceives as far as it can extend only the gray tints of the arid soil, or the sombre masses of the sage, the only vegetable that grows. It is meagre, sad, mean, and monotonous. I have never really known spleen save in Virginia City. It is the most inhospitable and the saddest town that I have ever visited. I have passed eleven days here, during which I have given three concerts. I have not received from the inhabitants one invitation, not one visit, nor any mark of distinction. I fortunately found here a family from New Orleans, whom the vicissitudes of fortune have temporarily banished here, and a young Louisianian, who, by their interest, sometimes contributed to dissipate the ennui of my isolation.

Sunday, sitting in my chamber, the window opening on my terrace, I was enjoying the only advantage which Virginia City possesses, a pure sky. Whiz, splash, whiff, whew—good God! What does this mean? I was almost inundated and upset by a column of water which continued to invade my room. “That is nothing,” said a servant to me, “they are only the firemen who are exercising and amusing themselves.”

Every morning I go out with the firm intention of comforting my conscience by letting the truth be known, which, like steam too long compressed, chokes me, that Virginia City is the saddest, the most wearisome, the most inhospitable place on the globe; but the first person that I meet asks me the same question which is put invariably to every stranger who arrives, by every inhabitant of Virginia City, who speaks to him—“Well, sir, *how do you find our place?*” and on the countenance of your interlocutor you read so legibly that he expects you to find it with him the gayest, the most beautiful, the richest, and most polished in this part of the world, that you do not feel you have the courage to destroy his illusions and the happiness they cause him. You drive back the compressed vapour of your discontent, and answer him with a doubtful “hem!” which he natu-

rally translates as acquiescing in what he thinks, and he adds with an air of satisfied pride, "You bet it is!"

I have been ill for three days. Without contradiction, nobody, except the doctor and the Louisianians, of whom I have already spoken, inquired after me. Having asked for warm water at eight o'clock in the evening, the pompous clerk refused me. The Frenchman has fortunately the kindness to get some from the French restaurant keeper in the neighbourhood.

I begin to suspect that those French infidels so corrupted, and whose literature is so immoral (*vide* Voltaire and Rousseau), are less ignorant than some have supposed of those small virtues, such as charity, generosity, and kindness.

June 9.

I leave for Dayton in the stage. The heat is excessive, fortunately the distance is only six miles. We have four strong horses, in one hour we shall be there. I reckon without the driver. He passes through the principal street of Virginia City, and takes up two other passengers, we are three outside and nine inside. The stage can only comfortably contain eight. We stop before the butcher's, who gives us a basket of meat. "Good day, Jo, very warm to-day; will you hand this basket of meat to some one near to Silver City?" Hua! hia! we set out again. "Jo, my wife wishes to go there also, have you any place?" "Any place! but, yes, there is." She gets up. The sun bakes me, the dust blinds me, I begin to lose patience. "Driver, when will you go?" "What, mister, are you in such a hurry?" (This is said with a certain emphasis, suggesting the *idea* that he is not in a hurry.) Hardly started again, we hear "Driver, I want to go to Gold Mill." "Get up, there is room:" a new passenger who gets inside. After a certain time we find ourselves in the suburbs of Virginia City. We have added to our load three baskets, a roll of wall paper, and a trunk, which is between my legs! A fat man, who is sitting on the hood above me, puts, with imperturbable coolness, his boots upon my shoulder; two fat, red faced women, flanked with cabas, with parasols, under pretence of being afraid, allow Jo to gallantly hoist them in the

midst of the other unfortunate inside passengers, where they succeed in depositing their corpulent bodies. "Cling, clang," we are rolling along. (My neighbour to the right speaking to Jo:) "Those people we took up at the International, are they not a part of the travelling company at a dollar and a half a ticket?" "Yes," answered Jo. "Ah! speak to me of Billy, he is worth one dollar and a half; he was dead drunk every evening, although a charming fellow." Thereupon he turned round to take notice of the admiration which what he had just said produced. "Stop, driver, I am going to Dayton!" "There is room, get up." My neighbour above me draws back to make room for the new passenger, and thrusts his two boots on my right shoulder. This furnished an opportunity to the latter to place his upon my other shoulder, and here I am between the two. We arrive at the toll-gate. I am as red as a lobster, my nose peels. The dust blinds me. The sweat which I wipe off from my face would serve for mortar. Our driver peaceably continues his journey, taking up many passengers with his imperturbable "Plenty of room." At the toll-gate, I get rid of the trunk between my legs. Between the basket, which raises my feet several inches above the floor, and the boots of my companions above me which make me bend my back, I had the appearance of one of those Chinese grotesque figures, squatting down, the chin at the top of the knees, which ornament the *etagères*. After two hours of suffering we arrived at Dayton. Dayton has but one street, or rather has none, seeing that the town is confined, or nearly so, to about one hundred houses, which line the road.

DAYTON, Nevada, June 9.

A small village, seven miles from Virginia City. Sitting before the door of the inn, I am tranquilly smoking my cigar, awaiting the hour for my concert. All at once I hear at some distance the noise of a large drum. "What is that?" to the landlord. "Why," says he, looking at me, "is not your concert for to-night? Well, now, they are drumming to call the crowd." A ragamuffin rushed through the street ringing a bell from door to door "to call the crowd;" but the finest part of the affair is that for

ten minutes the drums and the big drum are quiet. At the moment of taking my way towards the theatre I am surrounded by two drums, the ringer of the bell, and the big drum, who have come for a "run up to the show." I contrive to escape, and fly like a hare from fear of these cursed drums.

The hall of the theatre is lighted(?) by three or four smoking Argand lamps. The stage is so dark that our concert has rather the look of an exhibition of the stereopticon. Our audience consists of a few females, ten or twelve boys, including therein the two drums, the bass drum, and the bell. The balance are miners in large flannel shirts, with pantaloons turned up over their large boots. Their large Californian hats are of gray felt with broad rims. Do not hasten to conclude from this that they were turbulent. They listen attentively, and their decent and tranquil demeanour would cause shame to many audiences that pretend to the refinements of civilization. It is not, besides, the first time that I have had the opportunity of taking notice of this fact in a Californian audience. Their pretended rudeness, which I have so often heard spoken of, goes back to the primitive times of the miner-colonists. They are now much more refined, better educated than the 'Far West.' I repeat it, I have rarely seen a more peaceful population. It is true that I make my programmes as simple as possible. It would be as absurd to play for them pieces very difficult to understand, or classical music, as to give beefsteaks to a newly-born infant. They have never heard the piano, and of all instruments it is the most difficult to render comprehensive to an audience who have almost or never heard music. Every instrument which from its nature embraces multiple combinations of sounds, is obscure to an ear that is not accustomed to it. Scarcely is the concert ended, than a young girl out of the audience mounts the platform and quietly turns out the only Argand that gave light, whether poorly or well, to this part of the exhibition. I suppose she is the daughter of the proprietor, and I would wager that she will be a precious acquisition to the husband who shall marry her. At ten o'clock at night, we get into the stage again to return to Virginia City. This time I am sitting alone near the driver. The

weather is superb. The moonlight is splendid. The sky above our head is of a sombre blue, in which, like detached diamonds, the stars shine out. On the horizon, the mountains, bathed in transparent vapours, give to the landscape the appearance of a fairy scene.

The mountains are brought so near that, seen from the height where we are, through this blue vapour, they seem to be the waves of an ocean, which, by a magical effect, have become petrified in the midst of a tempest. The breeze, which blows softly, brings to us the thousand distant sounds from the deep valleys and high peaks. A bird concealed at the bottom of the precipice makes its monotonous song heard, composed of three notes, which it repeats without interruption.

At the turn of the road we perceive at the top of the mountain, along the sides of which our road winds, an Indian. My driver, it appears, has lived a long time among them. They are, said he, very peaceful, and less lazy than the majority of their race. They go to Virginia City every day, and are employed in carrying water, burdens, etc. It must be said that they have no stable occupations. The Indian only lives from day to day, and would never be able to accustom himself to any permanent work. Their wives are very chaste. She who is unfaithful is condemned by the tribe and put to death. Last year the people of Gold Hill went to gather, at the proper season, pine-cones in the woods of the neighbouring mountain. A young Indian woman and one of the young men of Gold Hill met. They loved each other. Some time after the two lovers were surprised by an Indian of the tribe coming out of the tunnel of the Ophir Mine. He showed no resentment, and even accepted some money which the young man offered him to secure his silence. The next day the body of the poor Indian girl was found in the tunnel of the Ophir Mine.

CHAPTER XXV.

June 13, 1865.

LEFT Virginia City at three o'clock. Having timidly asked at the stage office why he took fifteen dollars from me, the clerk answered me, looking angrily (probably because I had spoken politely to him), "that he had no reason to give. But if I still must know more? I tell you that you must pay fifteen dollars, and that ends it; and if you are not satisfied, I will make you pay sixty dollars. Are you satisfied? God damn you!" Amiable people! Yes, I am satisfied that my last impression of Virginia City is such that my joy at leaving it can be still more augmented, which at first sight did not appear to me possible. For the same reason that the Turks in the greatest heats take vapour baths for the purpose of finding the atmosphere afterwards comparatively cool, it is necessary to visit Virginia City for the purpose of afterwards finding those places tolerable where otherwise you would be killed with *ennui*.

For some miles the landscape presents its dull and sickly appearance. The vegetation continues to be mean, but soon the grass begins; a river—the Turkey, I believe—rolls its turbulent waters over a rocky bottom. The trees are numerous. We pass through a forest of pines. The landscape becomes charming. The mountains are again covered with forests. The gray tints are replaced with green verdure. The moon rises and adds to the beauty of the scene. We are nine inside, of whom one is a lady. Feeling sick, I asked a man who occupied a corner if he would change places with me for a moment, as I was suffering (I never could ride backwards). He refuses me with the most cruel *sang froid*. O Christianity! When will thy spirit be implanted in these gross natures? Politeness is a virtue which approaches on more than one side to charity,

and, so long as our fellow-countrymen shall affect to despise politeness, they will be savages and not Christians.

“I bet you it is the place to get a good dinner. Virginia is the place, you bet. There ain’t a place in the world (nothing short of the world would do), you bet, where you can live better than in Virginia.” This is from my neighbour who gives vent to his feelings, having had a bad supper at the previous station.

The night, a dreadful night, fortunately compensated for by glimpses of a magnificent nature which the moon lighted up, passed slowly.

The lady at the back complains that her neighbour in the middle crowds her too much, or that the one opposite treads upon her feet; all the awkwardness that I have met with scarcely ever takes place in stages but during the night.

The first rays of day at last illuminate our faces—dirty, covered with dust, our eyes swollen from want of sleep, etc. We arrive at Dutch Flat, a pretty little village, concealed at the bottom of a wooded gorge like a nest in a bush. The neat, white houses are covered with magnificent rose bushes, whose flowers cover the trellis as high as the roof. They are small frame houses very neat, very small, etc.

Concert this evening. Almost one hundred and seventy persons. Audience very quiet—very quiet because they do not applaud. It is true that they did not otherwise show their discontent. I very much suspect that they regretted their dollar and a half. “Taken in,” said one of them some time afterwards, and added, to console himself, “It is true that for once it is nothing.” It will be the givers of concerts after me who will feel their resentment. I still cannot help remarking the propriety of conduct of these audiences who, however wearisome our music must appear to them, submit to it without protest.

It often happens to me when playing to look at my audience. There are certain passages where I am so accustomed to see their countenances brighten up, that in civilized audiences I am wont to consider it an indissoluble thing like cause and effect. For example, the close of ‘*Murmures Eoliens*’ or even ‘*Last Hope*,’ or the end of ‘*Ojos Criolos*.’ Here, I perceived that it is exactly as if I was speaking Chinese; they hardly understand it, and in-

quisitively regard me exerting myself with that curious and vacant air which other ignoramuses, for instance, cast upon the hands of a telegraph operator. How many things there are to learn, we often cry out! Come here, and in seeing these audiences, you will see how many things it is possible to be ignorant of.

To give you an idea of the artistic ignorance here, it will suffice to copy an account which has appeared to-day. "Last evening the opera hall was filled to overflowing (there were dances, comedies, etc.). X. was received with thunders of applause, but he is past-master in his art. His imitations upon the violin of birds, quadrupeds, are inimitable. His music is what can be felt and understood without any need of being a musician (a blow at me). Everybody understood it." And here is the measure of the tastes of Nevada. O ignorance! when will you cease to be pretentious and insolent!

I have been sick for three days. I cannot recollect in fifteen years of travels and vicissitudes having passed eleven days so sadly as here. I defy your finding in the whole of Europe a village where an artist of reputation would find himself as isolated as I have been here. If in place of playing the piano, of having composed two or three hundred pieces, of having given seven or eight thousand concerts, of having given to the poor one hundred or one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, of having been knighted twice, I had sold successfully for ten years quarters of salted hog, or had made a great fortune by selling dear what I had bought cheap, my poor isolated chamber would have been invaded by adorers and admirers. Decidedly the country of money is not the one of artists. "*Muse, étendez vos ailes et fuyez au plus vite.*"

June 16, 1865.

Left Dutch Flat by stage at five o'clock in the morning. Nevada City is thirty miles off, and we shall be there at half-past eleven o'clock. The country is charming, less mountainous; it permits the sight to extend over green prairies, which gently undulate and are lost in the pine forests which cover the sides of the distant mountains. At nine o'clock we are at Grass Valley, a veritable garden;

laughing, spruce, flowery, coquettish, it has under the morning sun which gilds it the appearance of bidding me welcome. Adieu to my spleen! I have forgotten Virginia City and its villanous mountains, bald and grim, which make mouths at you perpetually as if they wished to reproach you for the incessant overturnings to which the cupidity of men condemns them. Here the roses climb to the roof tops, the trees are gigantic, the brooks gayly roll their crystal waters, wantoning amid the rocks which are in their way. No more briers, but trees and flowers; no more of bald leprous hill-tops, but verdure and finally life. I respire, I live again.

Grass Valley is charming. The streets are carefully planked; this gives them the appearance of a floor. The hotel is excellent. The journalist comes to pay me a visit. We set out again at eleven o'clock for Nevada, which is only four miles from Grass Valley. The valleys become larger. The view is magnificent. The trees are gigantic. At a turn of the road we see all at once below us a large valley, a pasture, a garden in the midst of which little houses are at first scattered, afterwards they are grouped together, and finally form a village—it is Nevada. The streets are also planked as well as the pavements, and they are so united and so clean that one might think one was driving over a floor. There are several fine, spacious hotels, furnished with luxury. Large billiard halls are attached to them.

Concert at Temperance Hall. One hundred and fifty persons who listen with infinite attention. I would not dare to say that they listened with pleasure, but at least they behaved themselves decently. There is decidedly an amelioration in this evening's audience. All are well dressed. Some females have hats. Temperance Hall backs on a steep hill, covered with verdure, on the top of which is hung a charming cottage of Chinese architecture, painted rose-colour, white, and green.

NEVADA CITY, June 17, 1865.

I have already given twelve concerts at San Francisco, made a tour to Sacramento, Placerville, Carson City, Dayton, Gold Hill, Virginia City, and Dutch Flat. I shall not

try to give you an idea of the fatigue of these travels. Those who are unacquainted with this country could never conceive what the roads are in the mountains, and the dangers of all kinds accompanying the route from San Francisco to Nevada. Let it suffice to state that I remained twenty hours in the stage from Placerville to Carson City. Also that I was sick for three days afterwards.

California is a humbug. The climate is certainly splendid; the mineral and natural richness of the soil are inexhaustible. The *finest fruits and vegetables* in the world are found here. But what is all this to a man who owns no mines, to know that they produce abundantly (is this always true)? If, like myself, he eats but little, and is not an epicure, what does it matter to him that the most splendid salmon in the world, and the most magnificent strawberries are found here? Are the mines, the salmon, the strawberries, etc., a compensation for the thousand and one things wanting, which are discovered at every moment, at every step in the so-called civilization of the Golden City? The women are not pretty, and they dress as if the whole stock of the second-hand clothing shops of Paris had been sent to California.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1865.

I have commenced a second series of concerts here which so far have been very successful.

August 15, 1865.

I have left on board the steamer Julia, to go to Stockton. After having crossed the bay, we get into a kind of bayou which narrows the passage so that the sides of the boat graze the banks; this tongue of the sea pierces the land as far as Stockton, ninety miles from San Francisco. We arrived at two o'clock in the morning, but I slept until eight, and did not go on shore until nine. Put up at the Weber Hotel. Do not suppose that it refers to the musician, but rather to a German colonist, to whom almost the whole town belongs, and who possesses a fortune of many millions.

The town, or rather the village, resembles Sacramento on a very small scale: several churches, pretty little cot-

tages concealed, like nests, behind the thick foliage of the large trees.

Concert small, in a mean hall, without platform. Receipts one hundred and twenty-eight dollars. The expenses amount to more than the receipts. I have been introduced to Judge Underhill, a charming man, who is an amateur of music, and plays the organ in the Presbyterian Church of his friend the pastor Happersett. The latter is a charming, jovial, agreeable old man, whose frank laughter indicates a tranquil conscience, and the absence of gall. Amiable man! The organ of his little church is charming. His room is on a level with the organ loft, and its recess communicates directly with the pulpit. At the time I paid him a visit I found him writing his sermon for the next Sunday. Large, round, and legible writing, clear and firm, like the good man's character. The most magnificent fruits ripen here, peaches, figs, grapes, etc.

A small newspaper gives an account of my concert. It has discovered that I shake with the thumb and the fourth finger, and thence concludes that I do not know how to play the piano, and that I am a charlatan incapable of playing Beethoven. The same nonsense still!

I have visited the insane hospital; been introduced to a German baron, a very distinguished man, a captain in the Prussian army, a civil engineer of the greatest worth. He possesses great intelligence, but he is insane and imagines that a band of jealous persons has been organized to follow him day and night, and to ridicule him.

Colfax, the Speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington, is here. He spoke last night to an immense crowd. The placard of the meeting announcing Colfax, and that for my concert, are alongside of each other. A fat farmer, who evidently understood no more about politics than he did about music, mixing the two names into one, inquired "Who then is this Goldax?"

Dined at the Lafayette Restaurant, kept by a Frenchman, and have eaten there, which it would have been impossible for me to have done at the Weber Hotel.

My second concert has not been much more fruitful than my first. The baron (of the Insane Hospital) was there, and congratulated me on my great talent. An amateur of

the town played a solo on the flute one tone lower than the piano. The teacher of the piano is an old German player on the trombone, who, not being able to play the piano, hums the air to his scholars. One of the last pieces given by him for them to practise is 'Moïse de Thalberg!'

I was presented on my fête-day with a superb medal. All the details of the presentation will be found in the following notice: "For two days the wondering crowd has stopped at the window of Mr. Tucker, the jeweller, in Montgomery Street, to admire the beautiful medal presented to Gottschalk on the day of St. Louis, his fête-day, by his friends of San Francisco, in testimony of their appreciation of his talent and of their esteem for his personal qualities. It is to Mr. F. L. A. Pioche, whose well-known liberality is equalled only by his love for the arts and the protection which he gives them, that appertains, we are assured, the initiative of this magnificent offering of respect rendered to a great artist and to an amiable man, by the élite of the Bank and of the great merchants of San Francisco. The subscription-list, having at the head the names of Mr. Pioche and of our worthy and respected consul, Mr. De Cazotte, was covered in a few hours with forty signatures. Mr. Mezzara, the eminent sculptor, offered, with the zeal of an artist whose heart is always ready to associate him with noble thoughts, to design the model for the medal which Mr. Tucker was called upon to execute. It was on the 5th of August that the model of Mr. Mezzara was sent to him, and, although there were only twenty days for him to accomplish the difficult and delicate task which he was called on to perform, he has succeeded in making a *chef-d'œuvre* of jewelry which is certainly unique in America, and which could not be surpassed in elegance, in delicacy, and in magnificence in the ateliers of Froment Meurice himself.

"The presentation of the medal took place at the dinner which the forty subscribers gave, on the 25th August, to Gottschalk. The menu of the banquet, whose bill of fare must easily have made the ghosts of Vatel, Carême, and Brillat Savarin leap for joy, was a marvel of gastronomic research and of culinary chemistry. At the moment of taking their seats at the table, Mr. Pioche, after a few well-

chosen words, handed to Gottschalk, in the name of all of them, the casket of red velvet containing the medal. Mr. De Cazotte, Messrs. Badger, Pioche, Pringle, Caselli, Richard, and Scott made several speeches *à propos* of the occasion, to which Gottschalk replied with the modesty and tact which characterize him.

"The medal is of gold. It is nine inches in circumference. The principal face is formed of six plates of auriferous quartz of different colours artistically arranged, on which are fixed the initials L. M. G. in diamonds, surrounded with a crown of laurels in diamonds and rubies. The knot of the crown is fastened by a magnificent solitaire. The reverse of the medal bears the arms of California in relief, surrounded by a circle of diamonds. Below are these words: 'To Gottschalk: a token from his Californian friends. 25 Aug. 1865.' The attachment of the medal is made of a large ring set with diamonds, in the midst of which is a lyre also with diamonds.

"The intrinsic value of this jewel, which has cost, we are told, more than two thousand dollars, is still surpassed by its artistic merit. It would be impossible, without seeing it, to form an idea of the delicacy of the work, of its marvellous finish, and of the exquisite taste of this little *chef-d'œuvre*. Let us felicitate Mr. Mezzara on the originality which he has shown in the conception of its design, and Mr. Tucker on the fidelity with which he has executed it. Let us congratulate Gottschalk for having been able by his private qualities and his talent to make friends who know how to prove in such a significant manner their esteem for him.

"This present is worthy of a monarch, and it appertained to the Queen City of the Pacific to present to the first musician of America a testimony which was at the same time worthy of the artist and in harmony with the magnificent generosity and the marvellous development of the modern El Dorado."

ON BOARD THE COLORADO, September 30, 1865.

In sight of the coast of Costa Rica.

Purgatory is not what foolish people think it is. I know by experience that it consists for the moment in going at

the rate of fourteen knots an hour under a sun which would melt a copper mine, and I am almost sure of going ashore if we arrive at any part of the Elysian Fields. I think that I have sinned in my life, but the sum of all my misdeeds has been cruelly expiated in the first three days of my sojourn on the Colorado, during which I have first been purged by the most unmerciful sea-sickness, which has had at least this good effect—that it has forced me to keep my bed, and does not expose me to the remarks of my travelling companions.

I left San Francisco on the eighteenth. The heat in the cabin is suffocating. I go on deck. The moon illuminates with a bluish and transparent light the coast of Costa Rica. The effect of this scene—whose indecisive lines are lost on the horizon in the large brilliant clouds, the phosphorescence of the sea in these tropical latitudes, where it seems to roll in waves of living silver, and the transparency of the atmosphere—recalls to me the scenes of the theatre, where behind a veil of silver gauze is displayed, amid the bluish light of the bengal fires, the splendour of the enchanted palace of the final apotheosis. The light of the moon is such that I can easily read a volume of Alphonse Karr, which I bought at San Francisco.

The passengers between decks are lying pell-mell on the poop, and snoring to see who can do best. Several families of French emigrants form a kind of encampment by themselves. The mothers, the children, and the young girls sleep alongside of each other, and the brothers and husbands form the frontier. One of my cabin companions, driven, like myself, on deck by the heat, gives me the following details about the Sandwich Islands, where he dwelt for a long time and which he has lately left.

The details interest me so much the more as King Kamehameha V. gave me an invitation to visit his Court. The islands of Hawaii, which form the kingdom of the Sandwich Islands, are six in number. They were discovered by Mendoza, but it is generally thought that Captain Cook discovered them. The latter was killed there in a quarrel which arose between his sailors and the natives. Kamehameha I. was the Napoleon of Hawaii; chief of a district, he caused himself, by his valour, to be recognized as king of the

whole of the islands, afterwards he armed a brig which he had kept when Vancouver made his voyage of discovery, and with the assistance of two English sailors, who had deserted (John Young and Davies), and became his ministers, he conquered all the other islands of the archipelago. The last battle he was engaged in, and in which his victory was decisive, and gained him the sovereignty, took place in the valley of Nonhouhanon (Cold Valley). Many thousands of the hostile Kanaks, on seeing themselves conquered, rather than yield, threw themselves in a body from an immense precipice formed by a huge rock which rises more than three thousand feet above Cold Valley.

Kamehameha was a man of genius. He predicted European civilization. Assisted by the two sailors he applied himself to civilize and polish his people. The Kanaks are mild and hospitable. Their instincts are poetic, and they possess a simplicity and candour almost infantine. The Kanak religion was Fetichism. They believed in superior spirits. All their idols were symbolical. They had a singular custom, the Taboo.

Kamehameha in his sphere was one of the great spirits of humanity. His height was gigantic, being six and a half feet. The prestige which surrounded him was marvellous. The Europeans themselves felt it, so irresistible is the force of genius. He lived at the beginning of this century.

Polygamy existed, and the chiefs and kings had, most frequently, their sisters and daughters for wives. In every district where the king stopped in travelling, all the women, single and married, rushed to him with the offer to partake of his royal couch. In every chief's family there was one of the daughters who was devoted to the office of learning their traditions for the purpose of perpetuating them.

Queen Kalama, widow of Kamehameha III., has been the one who was best acquainted with the traditions of the country. In this country it is only the mother who ennobles. So far is this carried that if the king himself married a woman of an inferior condition to his own, her children would be strangled in the cradle. It is thus that Queen Kalama, who was not of illustrious birth, saw all the fruits of her union with Kamehameha III. perish. This respect for nobility through the female is such that Prince William,

son of a chief who does not possess great nobility, but who married the granddaughter of Kamehameha III., considers himself nobler than the actual king, who descends from K. only by the male line. Besides, the father of Prince William behaves with great humility before his son, and shows him all possible respect on account of the great nobility of his wife. In the time of Cook the population was at least three hundred thousand souls. In 1856 the census gave eighty-eight thousand Kanaks and two thousand whites. The Kanak type approaches that of all the other inhabitants of Oceanica. Long, black, glossy hair; complexion copper-coloured, thick lips. The proportions of their body attain a perfection which recalls the most celebrated types of antique statuary.

Honolulu, in the island of Oahu, is the capital of the kingdom, and the residence of the court. It possesses an admirably sheltered port, which can hold two hundred and fifty vessels. The town is built at the foot of an extinct volcano, of which there are twenty in the island. In the island of Hawaii are found the greatest volcanoes in the world. In 1856-57 not less than ninety craters were in a state of activity. A peculiarity, when these volcanoes are in eruption, Vesuvius is also in eruption. In 1859 the lava, ten to fifteen miles in breadth, and for a course of fifty miles, ravaged the country. It filled up valleys, mountains, and, precipitating itself into the sea, filled up many small ports.

The islands are surrounded with coral and madrepore, which constantly increases their size by forming alluvium land. The mountains are enormous. The two principal volcanoes are called Maonnarana and Maonnakea.

Victoria, the sister of the present king, who will reign after him, is very ugly but very intelligent and of dissolute manners. She countersigns the records of the king, in quality of Quinamii, that is to say, prime minister; it is her function by birth.

The uniform of the king is that of a lieutenant-general of France.

The military music is organized and directed by a German. The king was living some years since with his old wife, Queen Kalama. His palace is superb, in the

midst of a park, and is furnished in French style with marvellous luxury. All the portraits of living European sovereigns are there. The receptions at the palace are very brilliant and imposing. The climate is temperate and delicious.

Their manners are dissolute, and the women are addicted to libertinage. They marry at from ten to eleven years of age and at twenty-four are old.

ON BOARD THE COLORADO, September 30.

We reached on the twenty-fourth Manzanillo, a Mexican town, concealed in a little bay, encased by mountains, whose sides lose themselves in the shore; the town in fact is but a cluster of huts. The Mexican imperial flag floats at the end of a mast on the roof of a square frame white-washed building, the governor's palace without doubt. Two or three pirogues loosen from the shore and approach our steamer, one of them manned by three young Mexicans, covered with muslin drawers, which descend as far as the middle of the thigh. They use paddles. The youngest of the three is ten years old at most. He absolutely wished to sell me a monstrous tortoise, which he has all the trouble in the world to keep at the bottom of his boat. Not being able to sell it he seats himself on the back of the monster, who tranquilly crawls along without appearing to notice this increase of his load.

Another canoe has boarded us; it is that of the custom-house. A half naked Indian, whose shirt, with sleeves bound with yellow pipings, is in tatters, is an imperial soldier who accompanies the custom-house officer.

Arrive at Acapulco to-morrow. Acapulco, according to the dictionary of Mr. Bouillet, is what in reality it is not, for it is only a small borough. The houses are all low, and consist of only a ground floor. The French returned here four days ago and have landed a garrison of three hundred Mexican soldiers. They are for the most part Indians or mulattoes, who go barefooted and are very dirty. There is not one of them whose uniform is perfect, while the greater number have the short coat like the Prussian, which reaches to the middle of the thighs. They are small and repulsively ugly. A large officer of awkward

figure like a Don Quixote, in uniform of the line, parades with his hand proudly placed on the handle of his large sword. He has a long blue coat and cap, wears a watch-chain which is loose on his velvet waistcoat, a fanciful cravat and gray pantaloons spotted with grease. I ask him for his cigar to light mine with, and with that facility of making acquaintance which the Spanish American possesses, he recounts to me his feats of valour. "We have only three hundred soldiers here now, but," he added bridling up, "all picked troops."

A fat old man with a large straw hat on his head, and his lip covered by a formidable gray moustache, drew near to ask me if I had any recent news from Mexico. "The general," said the lieutenant, who introduces to me this old Don Quixote. The general is, as I have since learned, only a colonel, but it is good taste in the Mexican army, among the subalterns, to exalt the commander before strangers.

The whole town is depopulated. The French had hardly shown themselves, than Mr. Diego Alvarez retired behind the mountains which surround Acapulco, with his soldiers, and all the inhabitants followed him. It is less in reality through hatred of the French than through fear of the terrible Mexican general, that this exodus has taken place. In fact during the first French occupation, the army denounced many of the inhabitants for having fraternized with the enemy; they were tried and shot by Alvarez. One Frenchman only, whose little shop bears the sign 'Bazär du Pacifique,' has had the courage to remain, and yet we are assured he has opened only this morning on the arrival of the steamer and will close again on its departure. He sells nothing to the imperialists and lives in the cellar during the day.

CHAPTER XXVI.

October 1.

LANDED at Panama. The steamer cast anchor before the island of Tobago, at two miles distance from the town. The site is ravishing; the island is a broken coast, whose steep and precipitous declivities plunge perpendicularly into the blue sea. A boat comes for us, it will have to make three trips, for it cannot carry at once four hundred passengers, and we are at least four hundred. The wharf is crowded. The negro porters, sellers of fruit and cigars, quarrel among themselves, as customary, for their prey. Each of us is assailed by six or eight of these ragged monkeys, who offer us their services in English, French, and Spanish, and often impose themselves imperiously upon us by seizing, whether we are willing or not, our trunks. The women sell lemonade, rum, and parrots. It is enough to drive one wild; we are jostled, squeezed, tossed about from one end of the wharf to the other. The first train is just starting for Aspinwall, it is for the steerage passengers.

I succeed in collecting three of my trunks, which are running at random on the shoulders of three busybodies, who were in quest of a job, and who consent, by means of a forced contribution, to permit me to take possession of my property. A hat-box and small trunk are still missing, but after the departure I shall probably find them, because I took the precaution of writing on them "Panama," which signifies that I stop there, and takes from the porters the hope of keeping them with impunity. There remains to them the consolation in perspective of skinning me under the pretext of having had to watch my baggage for two hours.

An omnibus, drawn by two sorry-looking horses, swagged in the back, driven by a negro, takes me to the town properly so-called, which is a mile off. On our road we pass

by wretched cabins, negroes in tatters, ruins of stone-houses, some tottering walls, the stones of which served for building the few new tottering hovels which are built in this decrepit town. On a hut, a sign in French, "French gentlemen travellers are informed that Jean François, from Paris, washes and does everything pertaining to his trade."

A large square building of cut stone, the whole of which is broken down, and the interior of which has become a medley of climbing plants and trees, is the old Jesuit college. This is the old town, the title might lead one to suppose that the remainder is less in ruins. Vain illusion. Ruins! ruins! ruins! The cathedral is falling down. The wooden balconies of the houses lean towards the street with an evident tendency of throwing into it those who might be so imprudent as to venture into them. The dismantled roofs are covered with vegetation. The clock-tower of the cathedral is covered instead of slate with pearl oyster shells incrusting in the masonry, which sparkle in the burning rays of the sun. The streets are narrow and crooked, and the pavements resemble the brim of a well. The porches serving for entrances to the shops are dark: they sell in them a lot of tatters and other mean dirty things.

The Aspinwall Hotel is kept by a Frenchman. The hotel is dirty, and dilapidated; the dinner is passable, although I found many flies in my soup and omelette.

Opposite to the hotel a Frenchwoman keeps a shop of superannuated dresses.

I have been walking on the promenade of the ramparts on the edge of the sea. An old cannon, which keeps itself in equilibrium on half of a gun carriage, is what remains of an immense barrack of cut stone. The walls have crumbled and the roof is falling in. The ground floor still remains. The windows are grated, it serving for a prison. A crowd of unfortunates stretch out their hands to me through the bars. "Un medio, Señor." I throw some small pieces of money to them. "Dios lo bendiga," covered with benedictions, I was about retiring; but the soldiers, allured by my generosity, are at my heels, and I am soon surrounded by a score of black and yellow ring-tail monkeys in red caps, who have come out of the guard-house. By their caps I guess that I have business with the invincibles of the

army of occupation. The uniform consists of a scarlet cap, cotton drawers, no shirt. Some have bayonets at their sides, others a cartouche box hung by a shoulder-strap, and no shoes. They were fighting three weeks ago.

PANAMA, October 7.

A concert, organized by subscription, given in the hall of the Hotel de Ville. The tickets are a dollar. Receipts one hundred and forty dollars. The audience appears to be charmed, whilst I am playing on a cottage piano which I suspect was the product of an illicit union between a jew's-harp and a large kettle. The climate is so hot and damp that the best piano is not playable at the end of three weeks. Besides they have no tuner. The only person who meddles with them is an unfortunate French secretary at the consulate, who has one-half of his face and nose eaten off by a frightful cancer.

I have seen to-day the President of the State, 'Sobrerano,' of Panama. He is a dark mulatto, who received me in his shirt-sleeves and slippers, in a nasty, miserable, and unclean little house. His mother is an old negress who sells preserved guava, which she makes herself, and who goes every morning to market, barefooted, in her chemise. The President is the son of the old Bishop of Panama.

Yesterday I was admiring a pretty girl, eleven or twelve years old, who was making some purchases in the French Bazaar opposite the hotel. She is, I am told, the daughter of the priest—this was said artlessly, as if we had been only speaking of the mayor. Besides her, the priest has also six others—all pretty. She did not hesitate in saying when she purchased: "Place that on account of papa, il Señor Cura."

The French consul, Mr. De Y——, cousin, I believe, of Mr. Drouyn de L'Huis, is a charming man, who gave me an excellent dinner, which I thankfully accepted and appreciated with pleasure after the infernal cooking on board.

He showed me some superb specimens of the ceramic art of the Indians, found in digging near Chiriqui, two hundred to three hundred miles in the interior. It is curious that the form, design, and colour of the vases recall

to mind those of the Etruscans. In the necropolis of Chiriqui an innumerable quantity of golden ornaments have been found. The consul has made a collection of them. Some of them are elegant and of remarkable workmanship. They are for the most part animals—lizards, frogs, sharks, and crabs—from one to five inches in length, cast in gold, which they doubtless suspended from the neck, if I were to judge from the small rings which were invariably found in all these objects, artistically concealed in the paws or placed in the middle of the sculpture.

The consul, having heard of very rich discoveries, wrote lately to his agent at Chiriqui, ordering him to purchase all the ornaments which had been found in the recent excavations. The latter complied, and the consul received at the end of a few days a very heavy box full of shapeless golden ingots,—the agent having had the happy idea, he said, of flattening with the hammer all the objects, so that they might take up less room!

To give you an idea of the richness of the excavations, the weight of the rough gold in the objects found at Chiriqui has been valued at seventy thousand dollars.

The church is dilapidated; and everywhere the horrible taste of the Spanish religion: silver papers, artificial flowers, horrible paintings. A picture, representing, I suppose, purgatory, has particularly attracted my attention. The Trinity, painted on a cloud, lets fall on a crowd of weeping parents indulgences and medals. In one corner a little priest, on a little cage, in which a spit of souls in trouble are roasting over a furnace, lets fall, as through the chink of a money-box, a few pieces of silver, which doubtless are to refresh the roasting ones. Completely, at the bottom of the picture, are seen the flames of purgatory, in the midst of which a pope, a bishop, a king, a white man, a black man, and an Indian are burning—to prove doubtless that no one is protected from the flames of purgatory, and consequently could not be dispensed from paying its debt. There are some farmers who pay the priest for permission to sweep the church out after high mass on Sunday. They carefully gather up the dust and spread it over their fields, persuaded that it is an excellent fertilizer and that it blesses their crop.

Nothing could give you an idea of the ignorance and the apathy of these people, who constantly see the progress of the civilization of the Americans, and who nevertheless continue to isolate themselves better than the Chinese do behind their Great Wall. They have a horror of innovations. The foreigner is repugnant to them because he represents a summary of ideas and customs different from those which have been transmitted to them by their ancestors. They take great care not to expand their views beyond their small sphere of action, in which they are so circumscribed that they have finally lost all idea of social proportion or historical perspective. They depreciate all foreign events which take place, and exaggerate all those which appertain to themselves.

Their views never extend beyond the circle of little intrigues and petty passions in which they take part. Through constantly occupying themselves only with themselves, they finally lose every idea of proportion; the imperceptible sphere in which they move becomes the centre of the world; the universe looks at them—they think themselves great.

PANAMA, October 10.

The French consul has just told me that I will make the voyage to Lima in company with sixteen French Sisters of Charity, two Lazarists, and a young Peruvian priest, who has just taken orders at Rome. God grant that this holy cargo may procure for us a calm and a happy voyage!

The English steamer is a dozen miles distant from Panama. A little steamer—in which are piled our trunks, upon which the whole of the sisters and the priest have seated themselves—takes us off. Singular change! I cast a look of regret on this miserable little town in ruins. I leave there, almost affections, doubtless very premature; but a travelling pianist is outside of all rules, he has little time to lose, he loves very quickly, and I have left behind me many pieces of my heart hanging on the thorns by the road.

There was opposite to my hotel a little Indian girl, with large black eyes, and coarse hair, which scarcely yielded to the constraint of a large gold comb. A supple figure, beautiful yellow bronze round shoulders, naked or nearly

so—her dress being very light, and open on her bosom. She is a seamstress at the dressmaker's. I have never spoken to her. She has a very wild and timid look—only sixteen years old. I looked at her very often from my balcony. One day, for a pretext, I took her a ribbon which I did not want, and which I had bought. She was teaching the alphabet to a little Indian sitting at her knees—perhaps her brother. I asked her with my softest voice if it was her brother. She did not answer me, but ran and hid herself behind the shop. My amours stopped there, though, to speak the truth, I affected not to see her any more when I passed her in the street. I often looked at her again, concealed behind my blinds. Grapes—too green! always the same story; we cannot reach them, and we revenge ourselves on them by a look of contempt. O villanous human nature! Fortunately for me my desire of conquering is never so great as my fear of being conquered, and the uncertain perspective of victory would never lead me to give battle when the issue might be a defeat.

The brave sisters sing canticles, but the little boat begins to rock singularly. The sea is rough, the boat plunges, rises again, and trembles like a restless horse who does not like his rider. It is certain that she shakes herself as if she wished to get rid of her burden. Our trunks tumble down. The poor sisters did not require this catastrophe to interrupt their canticles. Alas! already many of them, with dim eye and pale face, wrestle in vain against seasickness. The Superioress herself, after having swallowed her dignity as long as she could, gets up, and disappears at the stern. The fat Polish priest heaves great sighs. The little Peruvian priest is stretched at the bottom of a grotto formed, mid the fray, in the middle of the mountain of trunks, and the little Italian Lazarist, mad, distracted, rolls his large eyes without looking around him, muttering mechanically his breviary, which he interrupts to lean in the attitude of a resigned martyr upon the rigging of the vessel. But as to myself I soon lost the faculty of looking at the ills of others, for the purpose of feeling more my own, and what are they? Sea-sickness is the most unmerciful, the most terrible, and the most implacable of all evils.

OPPOSITE TO PAYTA (Peru), October 15.

Some one was lately relating to me that in a procession at Guatemala during holy week, the devotees, no longer satisfied with the large wooden Christ which they promenaded, thought of putting a big, jovial fellow, who was willing, upon the cross. He was attached to it in such a way as to make believe that he was crucified; his feet and his hands having previously been painted scarlet. He had besides a female friend, whose services he offered, and whom they transformed into the Virgin Mary; both were promenaded in procession as far as the church, where the drama of the Passion was acted *in naturalibus*. The most shocking part of the thing was that the Virgin was to the knowledge of all the mistress of the one who represented Christ!

There is at Guatemala an analogous custom at the epoch of Holy Week, with this difference only, that Judas is made to appear. They generally confide the part to an Indian drunkard or idiot. They heap upon him insults and bad treatment. The fury of the people hardly knows any limits, and he becomes an object of execration; the poor Judas is generally assassinated, if not during the festival, at least in the following year.

PAYTA. As far as the sight can extend only plains of sand. Extraordinary aridity. Not a blade of grass, not a tree. This grieves the heart—one feels as in the presence of a cursed land. The sun lightens up and brings out the sombre tints of the gorges and irregularities of the ground. A remarkable phenomenon is, that all the cliffs, irregular in their capricious forms, are level at their summits, and form on the horizon a perfectly horizontal line. It never rains here, and the water comes from the interior of the country. There is not a drop of it for ten leagues of our road. It costs in town one dollar a load. I find in Bouillet that Payta is in the middle of an arid plain! What then does he call a mountainous country?

Landed. Misery and filth. Five or six streets parallel to the shore extend for almost a mile. All the streets are connected with each other by narrow alleys two feet in width, which run between every two houses. The houses are of bamboos, covered with macaw trees. The sides are covered with lime which fills up the interstices

between the bamboos. The sun never penetrates into the alleys which connect the streets with each other.


October 18, 1865.

We approach the coast on our left; already the mountains which were confounded with the clouds on the horizon, are clearly visible. The activity of the sailors announces that we shall not be long in arriving. They are making the ship's toilet, one polishes the oars, another rubs the copper stair-rods. The waiters redouble their zeal, are charmingly gracious toward the passengers (perquisites!). These, after being eclipsed, reappear one by one on the deck, shaven, fresh, and sprightly.

It is at the moment of arrival that vanity finds a place in every heart. It seems that every one wishes to make up for lost time. The women in general are those who gain the most by this transformation. The slovenly creature that you had hardly noticed except to curse the effects of sea-sickness on her, from a chrysalis has changed into a butterfly. She is born again. Ashamed of having for so long a time concealed their charms under the horrible restraint of the least poetic of all ills, the women clothe themselves again in all their seductions, like a warrior, who having just received a check, examines his arms at the moment of returning again to the combat. Besides each one is desirous of making herself finer than her companions.

Sea-sickness has disappeared. My little priest becomes playful, he is going to meet his family again. "You will see Lima," he said to me in the fulness of his joy; "it is magnificent, marvellous, and as for the women, they are certainly the prettiest in the world."

"Get out! what do you know about them, my dear fellow?" replied the French critic, Mr. Fournier, who did not miss any opportunity of letting fly an arrow at the poor Abbé. This last one is the sharpest. Placed between his national self-esteem, which excites him to break a lance for the Peruvian ladies, and his gown which condemns him to acknowledge his incompetence, he is very much annoyed. For spite, he betakes himself to reading his breviary. Even the sixteen sisters have taken the contagion, they laugh, lay their plans, and sing.



The land appears on our right; we are in the harbour. Before us a forest of masts. The captain at the bow gives his orders in a sharp voice. Callao has no wharf. The vessels anchor at some distance out. We are passing a superb Spanish frigate, *La Numancia*, then a small monitor constructed in Peru, which has only one cannon, whose engine gets out of order every time they use it, and which makes only two miles an hour, but which has not cost less than two million five hundred thousand francs. Some Peruvian soldiers (negroes), are sleeping or smoking on this monstrous shell. They have red pantaloons and blue coats, which furnishes an opportunity to the Abbé to remark that the Peruvian army is as well disciplined as the French.

We cast anchor. The port is covered with boats which come for the mails and passengers. The boat of the captain of the port, manned by three or four Peruvian navy officers, in gold, resplendent, pompous, and makers of trouble, accost us.

The sisters are delighted. They just now see two white caps in a boat which is approaching. "There they are, there they are," and the handkerchiefs are waving. These are without doubt some sisters whom they have known in Europe. They weep for joy. Is it a long time since you have seen them? I asked. "We do not know them, sir, but they are Sisters of Charity." Poor girls! It is the same with the soldier who sees again the uniform of his regiment.

The mails are with great trouble got out of the hold. It is here that they should possess the method and order of the Yankees! They must wait two hours and pay the watermen who have already invaded the boat, in order to get them out of the hold. We disembark. Callao presents nothing remarkable. A great many negroes, Chinese, and Indians, and a great deal of filth. We have our trunks carried to the railroad station; the train runs from Callao to Lima in half an hour.

Four dirty, indolent old men (these are the custom-house officers) examine the contents of our trunks. On seeing that I have five, they upset the first and examine it minutely, for the purpose, a person said to me who was

looking on, to tire out my patience and obtain a gratuity in order to spare me the ennui of opening the others. But they had their trouble for their pains, and the Peruvian administration owes it to me that three of their employés have for once performed their duty conscientiously. Another old man keeps himself behind a negro who assures him that in changing his piece of gold he has given him a counterfeit.

The train is about to start, and I have not yet got my ticket for my baggage. It is the old man of the counterfeit coin, whose business it is to give it, but he seems disposed for the moment to repose upon his laurels, the discussion having ended to his advantage, the negro, tired of war, having given up the field of battle, carrying off his counterfeit coin.

Finally I obtain a *boleto* for my trunks, and I get into the railroad car. The carriages are like the European, that is to say, in compartments with eight seats like a coach. There are first, second, and third class, and in this the Peruvians are more advanced. At least we are not exposed to the rudeness of drunken soldiers, or to the perilous neighbourhood of ragged emigrants, and I deduce from this that in Peru the fathers of families are almost certain that their daughters will not be exposed, like those of the United States, to hear profane expressions or ungenteel conversation. They shut us up, but we do not leave until half an hour afterwards. "Time is not money" here. Everything is nearly finished here, and it seems that nobody has anything to do at a fixed hour.

At the station at Lima we wait twenty minutes, and a negro gives us our trunks, which a carter takes to the hotel, a few steps from here, for the modest sum of four dollars. I had already paid six for being landed (a distance of a quarter of a mile). My passage has cost me one dollar, my luggage fifty cents—total eleven dollars. And here is a nation who wonders that the flow of emigration does not turn toward her shores.

Lima, the city of the kings, as it is always called by the old Spanish writers, is far from meriting, from its appearance now, this pompous title. The streets are, in general, regular, and cross each other at right angles, but their

filthiness surpasses all imagination. Piles of dirt, animal carcasses, and all sorts of rubbish ferment under the burning sun, which disengages from it every species of effluvium. The gutters, instead of being alongside of the pavements, are placed in the middle of the street, and are truly canals, three and four feet in depth, which roll, when they are not stagnant, their poisonous waves, and when I say that *everything* is cast into these open drains, any one can understand that the air of the city of the kings does not bring to mind the roses of Provence.

The houses, mostly built in the old Spanish style, that is to say, massive, heavy, and gloomy, are generally preceded by that part of the building fronting the street which serves for the domestics. Then comes a court, which vaguely recalls, but without possessing their elegance, the Patio of Andalusia. The dwelling properly so called is at the bottom of the court. All this is dusty, dilapidated, and dirty. It is idleness, apathy, and wretchedness such as one invariably finds in all the old Spanish colonies.

The principal square is surrounded by arcades or porticoes, under which swarm a whole crowd of merchants whose booths are filled with odds and ends. One side of the square is shut in by the cathedral, the architecture of which, being of the composite style of the seventeenth century, produces a good enough effect. When I entered it for the first time, it was in the morning; a few lonely female devotees were performing their devotions. Clothed for the most part with the traditional veil, which they wear over the head like a shroud, they recalled to me, by their immobility, those kneeling statues which are found on the tombs of the middle ages. The greater part have made a vow, some to dress all in white for a year, some to dress like a Carmelite, some in blue, these generally consecrated to the Blessed Virgin. The effect is picturesque.

The organ is played out of tune, to the disgrace of all religious propriety, and of all the rules of music; notwithstanding all the efforts of its torturer, it however did not succeed in breaking the charm which took possession of me. The chapels still deserted, the large painted wooden saints standing in semi-obscurity, twisting themselves into the postures of their martyrdom, or of the actions representing

the miracles. The old gildings hidden by the dust, the aureoles of precious stones, all produce a singular effect, which without giving rise to religious meditation, favoured the revery of a traveller.

I had read in the guide to Lima that the cathedral possessed a large picture by Murillo. I asked the sacristan to point it out to me. "Murillo!" said he to me, looking at me with astonishment, "I do not know." I then directed myself towards a priest, who had at least the appearance of having a vague idea of what a 'Murillo' might be, but he did not know where the picture was. I concluded from this (and later have learned that I was not mistaken) that the 'Murillo' had probably been sold by some rapacious priest who, knowing its value, appropriated it to himself, or that it might have been exchanged for a new picture, very glossy, very bright, one of those ignoble, crude daubs which the priests of South America (are they confined to South America?) are so pleased with.

The city of Lima, the seat of the vice-royalty of Peru, was founded by Francis Pizarro in 1535, forty-two years after the discovery of America.

I found in an old manuscript the following document:—

Schedule of the most invincible Queen, Madam Jane, granted to the Marquis Francis Pizarro, who has been and is governor of the kingdoms which he has discovered and of which he may hereafter discover.

Inasmuch as you, Captain F. Pizarro, residing at the mainland called Castilla Deloro, the venerable Father Don Fernando de Luque, dignitary of the chapter and head master of the Church of Dorieuse de Vacante, which is in the same Castilla Deloro, and Captain Diégo de Almagro, inhabiting the city of Panama, have made known that you and your companions, for the purpose of serving us and for the good of our royal crown, have, for five years, more or less, with permission and authorization of Pedro Arias de Avila, our Governor and Captain-General of the said mainland, undertaken to conquer, to discover, to pacify, and people the sea-coast to the south of the said mainland, on the east, the whole at your expense, and that for this purpose you and your companions caused to be made two ships and a brigantine, in which enterprise you spent a

large sum of gold pesos, and made said discoveries, in which you have suffered many accidents, and confronted many perils on account of the desertion of your men, who abandoned you in a desert island, excepting thirteen men, who were not willing to leave you, and that with the help of the sailors and people which Captain Don Diégo de Almagro offered you, passed from the said desert island, and discovered the said lands and provinces of Peru and the city of Tumbez, in which expedition you and your companions have spent more than thirty thousand pesos of gold; and that with the desire which you have to serve us, you wish to follow up the said conquest and populating at your expense, without our ever being obliged to reimburse you the expenses which for this purpose you have made and will make, except those which in the present article will be granted to you, and that you prayed and requested me to grant you the command of the said conquest, and to grant certain privileges: I ordain that—

Under Captain F. de Pizarro, it may be permitted you to continue for us, and in the name of our royal crown, the said conquest of discovery and population of the said province of Peru, as far as the distance of two hundred leagues, more or less, from the coast, starting from the place called in the Indian tongue Teninipuede, and which you have named Santiago, as far as the village of Chinchá, etc. etc.

Followed by a score of clauses in which Madam Jane regulates with profuse prolixity of style and scrupulous accuracy all the details of this curious document.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LIMA.

THE streets of Lima are paved (?) with small spherical stones, upon which the foot can never be placed flat; you constantly lose your balance, and your feet are bruised between the interstices of the pebbles, which besides are not made level. The ground is broken, and there are valleys;

you on a sudden feel the ground slipping from under your feet, and you save yourself with a shock by the "*gracia de Dios*." Two steps further on you stumble and strike the point of your foot against a hard obstacle—it is a mountain. Then the gutters flow in the middle of the streets, and are so deep that they are crossed at intervals by narrow bridges of stones. There are no scavengers at Lima—filth is simply deposited in the middle of the streets, but as it never rains, and the air is dry, the miasmata, which our moist climates would engender, are here unknown; besides myriads of great vultures, familiar and grand, promenade the streets, doubtless relying on the severe laws which prohibit them from being killed, and take upon themselves the cleansing of the city, and perform their duty wonderfully well.

I will take upon myself respectfully to suggest to the municipal authorities of New York the importation of some thousands of these winged scavengers, who have this advantage over others that they do the work intrusted to them, and cost the taxpayers nothing.

The houses are one-story high, seldom two, on account of the earthquakes. The architecture is Spanish, that is to say, heavy, massive, and rude; the walls are four feet thick. Immense coach gates give entrance to an interior court, which generally has a fountain in the middle, and the dwelling at the bottom. These are often of Moorish architecture, elegant and fanciful with arabesques painted in bright colours. Hidden behind the heavy and massive walls which conceal them from the sight they are like a jewel in its casket.

The Maurin Hotel is full. The refugees from Ecuador, just now in revolution (when is it not?), and from Chili, which has just declared war against Spain, who blockades all her ports, fill the whole of the hotels. There is not a room left.

I set out again with the cart which carries my trunks—Cæsar and his fortune—in search of another hotel. I obtain by force of entreaties a den in a corridor for the night.

It decidedly appears that I could not have chosen a more inopportune moment for giving concerts.

The rebels are six leagues from the city. The whole

country has joined them. The capital alone has remained faithful to the constitutional president. I am wrong in saying faithful; it is truer to say that he still occupies it with all the troops which he has concentrated for the purpose of resisting the enemy. It seems singular to an American that the whole country should range itself under the rebel flag, and that nevertheless one city still in the power of the government should be sufficient to prevent the triumph of the rebellion. One battle only, in which the latter should be conquered, would suffice for the re-establishment of order (at least for some time), civil war being the normal state of Peru.

I have tried to unravel the tangled skein of political affairs of the present time. This is what I understand about it: The Spanish government claimed from Peru three millions for damages done to some natives. The constitutional president acceded, on the consent of the chambers, to the demands of Spain. The vice-president, Señor Al Causeco, seized this pretext for accusing the government of Peru of pusillanimity, and raised, in the name of the outraged national honour, the standard of revolt. He was arrested. Seeing that his attempt was not successful, he promised the government to leave the country if they would pay him the arrears of his account. "Agreed," said Pezet to him, who, above all things, wished to get rid of a dangerous coadjutor. Once the dollars were pocketed, Mr. Causeco pretended to exile himself, disembarked on the coast to the south, and raised an army.

To raise an army against the government is in Peru, as in all the other Spanish republics, an easy matter. To be in power is to draw handful out of the coffers of the State. A party triumphs; the cure is ready, "Myself president," "you general;" but as all the soldiers cannot be generals, and all the generals presidents, the friends of yesterday become the enemies of to-morrow. "Get out of there!" is the motto of all politicians in general, but of the Peruvians in particular.

Corruption reigns everywhere. The government is a milch-cow—all milk her. An officer lately assured me that the scale of superior officers and generals of Peru corresponds to an army of eight hundred thousand men! and

they have hardly twenty thousand troops in time of war! Out of four men, two are officers and the others are clerks—all live on the government. A successful revolution is a see-saw movement. One-half of the country rises into power, whilst the other falls from it. A revolution takes place: one-half of the country is without employment. This gives rise to a conspiracy, and the first ambitious comer finds the elements all prepared. Every employé steals; the government, in pocketing what ought to go into the State treasury, robs her creditors, because she spends always more than she gains. The colonels receive three hundred and sixty dollars per month, and spend one thousand dollars. Besides the gratuities in money which they receive from the general whom they have assisted in climbing into power, they gain a considerable revenue in the following manner: Their battalion consists of six hundred men; they have in reality only four hundred and fifty men, and receive pay for six hundred men. In the cavalry it is more profitable on account of the horses. A colonel of cavalry makes here a small fortune by selling the horses of his regiment. The fraud can never be discovered on account of this peculiarity, that, in time of peace, the horses of the regiment are put out to pasture near the city. Our colonel pockets not only the price of the horses, but also that of their forage, which the government allows him for the imaginary horses. Does a general arrive? Does a review take place? The colonel borrows for the 'arrieros' from the horse-merchants, and on the day of the review he presents his regiment fully filled up, and receives the felicitations of his general on the fine condition of his troops, and continues his little trade with impunity. In the infantry, as it is not as easy to borrow men as horses, to fill up the deficiencies the colonels enroll by force the men of whom they have need. And this is the way it is done: Two or three confidential soldiers promenade the streets; they see an Indian; they approach him; one of them garrotes him behind, whilst the other throws over him a military cloak and places on his head a cap. They cry out that he is a deserter, and carry him off, tied up like a sausage, to the 'Cuartal.' Recruiting for the army is not done in any other way. They send

some soldiers into the country, and they seize by force the poor Indians, tear them from their families, and lead them, tied, like the beads of a rosary, to a long rope held at each end by a soldier.

The arrogance of the military is insupportable. Their insolence and their haughtiness are only equalled by their folly. Overwhelmed with debts, they would not find credit anywhere if they did not now and then take care to pay something on account to their creditors. This is the way the thing is managed (it is a Frenchman, a dealer in military equipments, who relates it to me): A colonel, I suppose, owes eighty dollars for a pair of epaulets. He comes to bring you twenty dollars on account, and buys a bicorne which is worth thirty dollars, which he has placed to his account. The account always increases, and the merchant who receives on account does not dare to refuse credit to his customer for fear of losing both the account and the principal.

A poor French tailor who had given credit to the officers of Pezet, at his fall was in for six hundred thousand francs and was ruined.

A colonel went to a Frenchman to purchase ten thousand francs' worth of furniture on credit. The Frenchman refused. The colonel said haughtily to him, "Ah ha! do you take me for one of those French beggars or foreign adventurers? a pitiful sum of ten thousand francs! I spend it for bonbons!" "The greater reason," the poor man humbly replied to him, "for not giving you credit."

A Bolivian colonel had an account with a French coffee-house keeper, which had become so large that the latter was not willing to give him further credit. The colonel gave his sword to him, and as the sword was worth more than the sum due, the coffee-house keeper gave him the balance in trade. The sword remained a year at the coffee-house keeper's, and as the colonel had no other he went to the reviews without any, which did not prevent him, however, from being as proud as Artabanus.

If things however go badly in Peru, what shall I say of Bolivia? When the liberator Bolivar cut from the map the territory of each of the nations which his victorious sword carved out from the captain-generals of

Spanish America, he assigned to Bolivia, it is true, an immense extent thereof, but he forgot to give to it any sea-coast. Shut in, suffocated between Peru on the west and the Argentine Republic on the east, Bolivia felt ill at ease. The only opening she had towards the sea was the little port of Cobija. She longed for the tongue of earth (the Peruvian sea-coast) which runs into its territory and robs it of its coast. This is the cause of the war between Bolivia and Peru. The actual president, Mezarijo, a Cholo, is a ferocious beast, a drunkard, who hangs, shoots down, kills, massacres, etc. A soldier of fortune, his education has been that of the barracks. He lately cut off with one blow of an axe the arm of his favourite aid-de-camp.

PERU.

“To catch a bird put some salt on his tail,” they used to tell me when I was a child. The Peruvians believe in this absurd recipe. When you speak to them about public schools they reply to you, “Peru is yet too young.” “No religious liberty,” they exclaim with terror. “God protect us from it! our people are still too ignorant; wait until they have attained civilization” (as well might they say that you must wait until you have learned to swim before taking a bath).

With us a railroad is made between two villages, in order that they may become cities. In Peru they construct a line of railroad when the two villages have become cities. Civilization finds every avenue among them closed. Among all other nations the doors are opened to her. In Peru she must gain possession of them by force. Every innovation has to fight against prejudice. The smallest things which are not recommended by their decrepitude are ostracised. The business of foreigners in Peru is observing her progress, the Peruvians go backwards, and progress hardly obtains the swiftness of the tortoise.

I said the other day in a moment of anger (with more truth than politeness), “If your desire to see all the foreigners leave your country was gratified, before fifty years you

would return to your national costume—nothing but feathers.”

Their hatred for foreigners is rooted in their heart, infused into their blood.

There is not a point in the Peruvian character in which you do not find the gangrene of venality, of ignorance, of corruption, of sloth, and of boasting. The pachas of Asia Minor have not a more despotic power in the midst of the eunuchs of their harems, and the unfortunate fellahs of their fields, than that which, from the highest to the lowest in the military scale, is exercised by the epauletted janissaries who govern Peru. The Peruvian government is and has always been a military oligarchy more oppressive, more brutal, and more arbitrary than the autocracy of Russia will ever be. Their good pleasure, this is the law which governs, and every goose, turkey, peacock, cock, capon, or eagle, from the marshal to the lieutenant, wearing a sword, proclaims this law supreme, and rules like a despot.

The most unbridled corruption in every branch of government, the most shameless venality among all classes, everything is sold, everything is bought. Sloth, ignorance, and hatred of the foreigner, these are the only beliefs profoundly rooted in the heart of this race, debauched physically and morally. Sad spectacle! And is this what the United States should risk their soldiers, their navy, their military honour, and their millions for? No! a thousand times no! Take all the Spanish Americas and examine their governments.

NICARAGUA, composed of negroes, Indians, and mulattoes, is governed by an ignorant and barbarous clergy, supported by some imbecile sabres.

GUATEMALA, suffocated in the blood and the murmurs which proceed from an oppressed people, permits itself to be organized by the clergy with the obsequiousness of a conquered province.

HONDURAS and SALVADOR are supernumerary subalterns, who, as in gloomy dramas, show themselves when there is some assassination or strangling to be committed.

COSTA RICA is the only one of these republics that meets the sympathy of honest men on account of the efforts which she is making to enter into the paths of civilization.

ECUADOR belongs to the clergy and the sword.

PERU has this at least in its favour, that it is not sanguinary, and that in its revolutions, except the soldiers killed in battle, history has never registered those bloody proscriptions which sully and dishonour the next day of every new government in the neighbouring republics.

BOLIVIA is governed by a mulatto Indian, who calls himself provisional *constitutional* president, although he had killed, with his own hands, the lawful president, and will continue to be provisionally constitutional until his natural death, unless some other assassin in turn kills him, to occupy provisionally and constitutionally his place.

The REPUBLIC OF PARAGUAY is governed by an hereditary president for life (?)—a republic!

And these are the people who cry out against monarchy, whilst they submit to the most frightful autocracy and accommodate themselves to it because Lopez II., their actual tyrant, instead of calling himself sultan, calls himself hereditary president for life. Is this not comical to the last degree? It is absolutely like the bourgeois gentilhomme, who was not a merchant (shame on him) but who purchased merchandise for the purpose of exchanging it with his friends for money.

Midnight, November 3.

Battle of Lima.

Nevertheless what happy moments passed at Lima! Of all those to whom I am indebted for them, my friend Dupeyron is certainly at the head of the list.

This evening some friends met together. I played the eternally beautiful 'Benediction des Poignards.' This thundering discharge of lyric electricity, as Berlioz said somewhere, excited all my good French friends, who leaped upon their chairs as much on account of the music as for the souvenirs which it evoked of their country.

Mr. Dupeyron receives a letter, "Are there news of the revolution?" I said laughingly to him. "Yes, read."

The letter is from an officer at the camp (the president's),

who asserts that the two armies are at the distance of a kilometre from each other. The fight will take place to-night or to-morrow morning. The letter ended more piously than heroically:—

“I recommend my soul to God,” said the officer. Mr. Dupeyron assures me that this brave man is one of the least brave that he knows.

November 6, 4 o'clock in the morning.

Started up awakened by a noise. Firmin, my factotum, calls me. “They are fighting, sir,” he calls out to me. Indeed firing succeeded rapidly in opposite directions. It approached. The whole house is aroused. The battle, if it takes place, will be under our windows, for at the corner of our street, that is to say, at the distance of twenty yards, is the square, or palace of the government and the municipality, which occupies two sides of the square. The discharge of musketry increases. A cannon shot. Are these the revolutionary troops? Is it the people who have risen and attempt to hold out in garrison? Is it only a revolutionary division, which shall have made a movement and placed Pezet between the fires? We are not able to find out anything. The trumpets in the distance are sounding the charge. It is a division that is entering the city at a running gait. The drums and the trumpets are sounding the charge and they pass like an avalanche before our windows. Dupeyron has seen them, and by their white hats has recognized the revolutionary troops.

The night is magnificent, the silence profound. Not a bell is heard, every church is guarded by a picket of soldiers, and in each clock tower they have posted men upon whose fidelity they can rely.

Sharp discharges of musketry. They are fighting on the square. The government troops have repulsed the column which we saw go by just now. A battery of artillery is placed under our windows. I can no longer resist my desire to see. Concealed behind the blinds, I look down into the street. It is occupied by a compact crowd of soldiers of the revolution, horsemen, covered with large red ponchos, with large round white hats on their heads, pell mell and immovable as statues. All at once a discharge of artillery;

cries, oaths, a furious tempest. In the gloom I see a whole world of phantoms, striving in the midst of a deafening uproar, which rises from time to time above the loud noise of the cannon mingled with the rattling discharges of musketry.

A squadron of cavalry debouches on the square. They are received with a discharge of musketry. For some moments I hear very near me little whistlings, like the noise of a switch beating the air.

A little like the ostrich, intrenched behind my blinds, I am impassible in the midst of the *melée*. Puff! a dull noise very near me awakens me to the reality, and warlike propensities vanish before the instinctive feeling of self-preservation. It is a ball which has lodged in the balcony. A moment after I risk looking out again. The wounded are numerous and cover the pavement.

Who has won? Who has lost? No one will ever understand our suspense. A bell!! the tocsin is ringing. The church has fallen into the hands of the rebels, who, perhaps, are so no longer at this time, the way in which things go in this unfortunate country.

The shrieks and tumult under our windows are horrible. It is a hand-to-hand fight. The clashing of swords and the cries of those who fall are only heard: "Jesus, Maria, Dios!" Dupeyron prepares down stairs in the apothecary's shop charpie, mattresses, etc., for it is probable that they will open or force the door in a few moments. The only fear which we have at this time, besides accidents, spent balls, or stray bombs, is that Pezet is not victorious, and does not return to Lima to dislodge the besieging column. The troops at the palace behave bravely. They have not yielded an inch. It really requires heroism to fight without a flag, without the word of command—blindly; for, like ourselves, they do not know if Pezet is conquered, or if they are fighting sixty thousand men or a column.

Six o'clock.

The battle continues. The balls fly and are flattened on a salient part of the wall alongside of the house. The children are taken from the rooms which are fronting the street, and the whole household—negroes, mulattoes, cholos

included—seek shelter in the parlour which is at the rear of the house. The cries of triumph are drawing near; the discharge of musketry ceases. I place myself again in the balcony, still, like the ostrich, behind my blinds, and I see a strange, charming, indescribable sight. It is at the same time a fairy dream and a nightmare. A band of Indian musicians blowing on horns a sort of savage flourish, composed of four low notes which always follow in the same order, advance running; behind it a long file of Indian soldiers in red pantaloons and round hats like a turban. They are the cholos of Cauzeco. They go by like an avalanche without any impediment, in the midst of frantic acclamations from a crowd of amateur cholos on horseback, who encumber the pavements, and appear disposed to lend them a helping hand.

Ten minutes of silence, disturbed at great intervals with single musket shots.

Half-past six o'clock.

Bang! A cannon shot. Bang, bang—piff, puff: The battle has recommenced most beautifully.

The brave government troops have commenced fighting again. The cannonade is redoubled. Our street is a field of battle. The tocsin sounds. The sun rises. I go again to take my position behind my blinds. Two cannons are levelled before our door against the palace. The brave troops will not yield. What a sad spectacle! A poor cholo stands in a doorway, leaning upon his gun; he has around him a sea of blood; his wound must be serious, for the blood continues to flow and the pool to enlarge. “O charité Chrétienne! où êtes vous et ose t’on bien invoquer Dieu en faisant la guerre?” (O Christian charity! where art thou, and do we indeed dare to invoke God in making war?)

I can see half of the square through the opening of our street, which opens into the middle of it before the gate of the palace. There is a heap of slain. The revolutionists are in ambush behind, and are firing. They have got on top of the roof of the Hotel Maurin, and are shooting. A soldier whose cartridges have given out spies the dead body on the pavement opposite; he searches him after

having filled his cartridge-box. A little gamin (ragamuffin), who comes from the scene of action (the type of the gamin is found even among the cholos of Peru), walks around the dead body and looks at the robbing operation. Afterwards, being satisfied that no person sees him, he approaches the corpse, and, under pretext of looking at the wound—a musket wound in the forehead—takes off its cape, and I see him quietly put it into his pocket, crying out at the same time, “Vive la revolucion!” and go skipping off.

The firing is against the palace; a breach is opened. They nevertheless still defend themselves. At a distance we see troops which are advancing. It is a revolutionary division, who have been marching for eleven hours, and who have succeeded in turning Pezet’s right. At the head march the bugles and drums; almost all are in uniform; but the greater part have no shoes. All wear a piece of white cloth on the kepi, a rallying sign, so as not to be mistaken for the government troops whose uniform is the same. All are Indians, well made, but small, the identical type of the Egyptians. Many of them are mounted on asses, and accompany the drums on a sort of cymbal. They all pass on to the square, but, as the cannon of the palace enfilades the whole street, they are ranged in two files, which occupy the pavement, two men abreast. The combat begins again more fiercely than ever—as soon as the fresh troops debouche on the square. All at once a general, accompanied by an escort of black cuirassiers—doubly black, for they are negroes, and their cuirass is of black iron, announces that the revolution has triumphed.

Then, as if by enchantment, all the windows, balconies, dormer-windows, the roofs, and the doors are filled by the curious. They are nevertheless still fighting at the palace. The cannon is all the time thundering. A ball has just flattened itself above my head. I keep it as a relic.

They begin to carry off the wounded. An unfortunate soldier, whose foot has been bruised by a bullet, drags himself painfully along on all fours to get out of the fray. He leaves a long train of blood after him. So far they have carried all the wounded to the military field hospitals, but at this moment somebody knocks, and leaning over the bal-

cony, I see three Indian soldiers seriously wounded, which they are carrying on woolen blankets held at the corners by four assistants. The interior court is square, and from the balcony, which at the first story surrounds it, our eyes look down upon a heart-rending spectacle. Of the three Indians, one has his two thighs pierced by a ball. He will recover from it. The second, a very young Indian, has received two musket wounds in the abdomen; he suffers horribly and utters groans. A photographer, one of our friends, a Parisian joker, one of those impious miscreants who believes in nothing, has never ceased boasting about nursing and fondling the wounded, and particularly this poor dying man; he gently scolds him, and calls out to him, placing himself at a carry arms, "Soldado Peruano Valiente!" the only Spanish words which the cholo understands. "Si! Si" (yes, yes), said the latter trying proudly to stand up again, "Soldado valiente!" and vaguely rolling his eyes, already dimmed by the approach of death, he soothes for an instant his pains in a sentiment of national pride.

The third has a broken leg. They are all lying on the straw, which has been spread all over the court in anticipation of the wounded.

Dupeyron, a brave and worthy soul, his assistant, the whole household, the women (need I say it, for charity is she not feminine?) are everywhere. The unfortunate creatures from whom they extract the balls suffer with a stoicism only to be found among the Indians. They follow with their eyes the movements of the doctor, and endeavour to learn from his expression the gravity of their wounds. From time to time they heave a sigh and murmur these touching words, which, in their language, would express "Ah! little father, I love thee" (tay-tay mira to quiero). The Indian wounded in the abdomen is dead. The court is so full that they have already had to use his body as a pillow for the new comers. "Go and get some of the fathers at St. Domingo," said Dupeyron in the ear of a cholo, who was consoling his wounded friend, which is the same as saying that there are many dying.

10 o'clock A.M.

A young Indian, who received a ball in his left breast, is dying. I stop a monk in the passage before the door and make him come in. Squatting on the straw he confesses the dying man in the Indian dialect. An officer has been shot through the head. He died in a few minutes.

The palace was taken, after the besiegers had set it on fire. The unfortunate Celadores have surrendered. I need not say (O people!) that once inside, the conquerors commenced by massacring the vanquished, then in sacking everything. The library, the mirrors, the furniture, everything has been broken and burned. A soldier timidly made the remark that all these things did not belong to the vanquished but to the nation, and that it was at least superfluous to destroy it. He paid for his good sense in the midst of the brutal intoxication, for his officer cut off his hand with one blow of his sword.

The terrace of the palace is covered with the dead. From our house we can distinguish the uniforms of the corpses. Colonel Pamarra was assassinated after he had surrendered, as also the commandant of the Celadores, the intendant, and many other superior officers.

It is not one division, but the whole army of Causeco, which has entered Lima. They have deceived the vigilance of Pezet, have turned his right and have entered, leaving him behind them, when he was thinking he had them in his front. Gomez Sanchez has saved himself; his energy is such that he has rejoined Pezet, and will decide him to come and attack and dislodge the revolutionists. This night's battle is then only the prelude of the tragedy. Pezet has ten thousand fresh troops and forty-six cannons of large calibre. As soon as he shall discover that Lima has surrendered and that the revolutionists are behind him, he will attack the city. Generals Balta and Prado scour the streets with numerous escorts of cavalry. They are Indians, officers, negroes, with white ponchos with wide bands of red; violet, and black, blue and green, standards of all colours, arms of all kinds, from the lance to the flint-lock pistol. The Monteneros have muskets and make a very fine appearance, covered to the thighs with the poncho,

large hats with white bands and a sort of swivel (tromblon) on the thigh.

They are placing platoons of calvary twenty paces apart through the principal streets. All the churches are ringing the tocsin. It is evident that the victorious troops are expecting, and not without alarm, to be attacked by the army of Pezet. A thousand horsemen pass at a gallop like a whirlwind. It is fantastic, marvellous, unheard of, savage. They are the negro cuirassiers, with dirty faces, their uniforms gray with dust, a large sort of swivel across their saddles. Lancers with violet streamers. Chasseurs on horseback, then the Monteneros with scarlet ponchos, apple green, sky blue; all these yelling, rushing along, brandishing their swords, with the stamping of the horses, etc.

The screams of our poor wounded become deafening, there are already twenty-nine of them, and they are constantly bringing more in. The corpses cannot remain here the whole night. The wounds are gangrenous, and the court being covered with glass all the emanations for want of air rise into our chambers. The odour of the blood is already sickening.

The whole army of Cauzeco defiles. After the regular cavalry follow the free squadrons of Monteneros. A multitude of large green, yellow, and blue flags; then a regiment of Indians "in bail cloth," the uniform has a singular effect. Old Polish bonnets of the empire, of canvas, also grayish-white. The music of this regiment consists of little tin flutes, which play a very quick rhythm in a minor key, at a quick-step with a bass-drum accompaniment. Another regiment of Indians, musical instruments of copper—barbarous, fantastic uniforms, arms the same. A squadron of Indians irregularly armed with lances, long flint muskets, some brandishing large axes. Their features make one shiver to look at them. Nothing more truly savage than all these tattered wretches, the whole in coloured rags. Behind comes a squadron of armed ravenas, wives of the Indian soldiers, who follow their husbands everywhere and ride astride; one of them has a parrot solemnly seated on her shoulder. None of the soldiers wear shoes, nothing but sandals.

We would like to send our wounded to the hospital, but

how are we to transport them? Dupeyron is in despair. Some of the wounds unless the balls are extracted will become mortal, and almost all will become gangrenous. At last a Frenchman (for not one Peruvian has offered to assist us) has agreed to find a mule, which is harnessed to a cart, and we place upon it on a straw bed three of the wounded. Impossible to find in the whole of the immense crowd of lookers on, of gapers, of heroic soldiers who are strutting in the streets in the midst of a cortege of friends, four men willing to assist us in carrying the wounded as far as the cart!

“Holloa, gentlemen, what do you teach in your convents and preach to your brothers? The precepts of the gospel which you practise, should they be different from those which make mention of a very little virtue which is unknown to you, charity?”

Some French miscreants, who were fortunately there, assisted us with a devotion which simulates the Christian charity forgotten here. One, an inquisitive passer by, absolutely wished to enter the court of the pharmacy to look nearer at the pile of corpses. “Go in,” I said to him, “but on condition that you work and assist in carrying out the dead bodies.” “A caso un toma va por un negro?” he answered me, casting on me a withering look of offended dignity. “Ah ha! it is true then that the too frequent contact, the constant manipulation, the daily commerce with the most beautiful things ends in rendering you callous to their greatness and their beauties.” These nice fellows take the communion fifty-two times yearly, have five or six hundred masses said, follow in all the processions, and yet do not understand the gospel.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Half-past six o'clock P. M.

GOMEZ SANCHEZ, the minister, has escaped, it is not known how, from the troops who have taken the palace where he commanded up to the last moment. He entrenched himself with a few battalions in the little fort of Santa Catalina at the extremity of the city, and has held his ground since this morning against the army of Causeco. A summons to yield has been sent him; he replied, he would sooner die than surrender. The bearer of the flag of truce has returned to say on the part of the besiegers that they would give no quarter to him if he did not surrender at discretion before sunset. He has again refused.

They continue to bring in the wounded to us. The cart man has made six journeys, and the last of our wounded have just gone. The dead are carried off in a species of open coffin. The floor is impregnated with blood; after having aired it as much as possible we cover it with bran, but the smell of the blood is still strong, and still more that of the cold sweat of the dying.

A Lima lady, a neighbour, arrived at the pharmacy at six o'clock this morning to take care of the sick. For twelve hours she has taken no nourishment, no repose; her white hands are stained with the blood of all these horrible wounds. She has given the most sympathetic attention, and is everywhere like the angel of charity. The priests are missing this morning, many of the unfortunate creatures are at the point of death. She was kneeling beside them and telling them everything which might console and ameliorate their anguish. "Ay tayta, tayta" (little mother), "am I dying?" "Yes, my son," replied the young girl, "and as thou art a brave soldier, the good God, his Son, and the Holy Virgin are awaiting thee."

"Ay, tayta! To behold them I must confess to a priest?"

“No! Cholo, if thou repeatest what I just tell thee, and if thou holdest this crucifix in thy hands, thou wilt see them.”

And the dear ‘little mother,’ leaning over at the ear of the dying, was saying slowly to him an act of contrition which the poor soldier was repeating, word by word; then she made him kiss the crucifix, and, making the sign of the cross, left him, the courageous young girl, to run and carry her consolations to another.

Ah! dear little ‘tayta,’ you have a right to cling to your medals, to your scapular, to your novenas, and to burn incense at the procession. It is certainly not I who would gainsay it, and I think that, without being a doctor in theology, like Messieurs the Brothers of Santa Domingo, you know much more about religion than their science will ever teach them.

November 7, 1865.

The fort of Santa Catalina has not yet surrendered, and Pezet, like the imbecile which he is, did not attack the city during the past night.

He has sent a flag of truce to Cauzeco. The result of their proceedings is not known. Callao has been pillaged and sacked by the revolutionary troops after it surrendered. They seized the custom-house stores and broke open all the cases; have burned all the merchandise, have forced the strong safes of many of the merchants, etc.

My piano had a narrow escape. It was at the custom-house, and if my friend, Dupeyron, had not had it taken out, it would not have been in existence to-day.

The crowds in the streets to-day are immense. On the public square they are engaged in removing the vestiges of the fray. The dead horses remain there still. On the cathedral walls lie many hundreds of corpses, which, during the combat, had been collected in the church. It is a sad spectacle, to which the cries of the women, who come to search for those belonging to them, who have not returned home, and whom they recognize among the heaps of the slain, add fresh horrors.

They estimate the number of the dead within the palace at two hundred. One of our neighbours, a charming young

girl of twenty-two, remarkable for her beauty, was killed yesterday by a musket-ball in her chest, at the moment when, like ourselves, urged by curiosity, she sought to look into the street through the blinds of her balcony. One of the proprietors of the Hotel Maurin has had both legs carried away by a ball.

The Monteneros continue to pass by in squadrons—the musket or axe in their fist. Some of them have the lance, to which is attached a large green standard, which, seen from afar, floating on the wind, has a charming effect in the midst of all the brilliant colours of the ponchos.

6 o'clock P. M.

It is probable that we are about to have again another battle. General Pezet is a league from the city. Notwithstanding the desertion of one squadron of cavalry, which has gone over to the enemy, his army is still sufficient to dispute the victory with them. Santa Catalina has not yet capitulated. The populace are crowding in the streets which lie near the fort. The commander of Santa Catalina, and he is right, above all, fears lest his garrison and himself should be massacred if he capitulates. The magazine of the arsenal contains enough powder to blow down the city if the people set fire to it. Our position is horrible.

We have succeeded, with great trouble, in procuring some bread. Preserves, sardines, pies, are a great relief. Forgues is installed in the kitchen, and makes us delicious fried potatoes, which bring to mind those of the 'barrière de Clichy,' when at boarding-school I treated the whole of my schoolmates with my savings (I was then the millionaire in virtue of being the little American).

One of our neighbours, who found himself at Chorillos, without being able to get back to Lima, has made the whole journey on foot, and met on the road a division of Pezet advancing on Callao.

Things are taking decidedly an alarming turn. Gomez Sanchez has succeeded in rejoining Pezet, and has imparted to him a little of his warlike ardour. It appears that as soon as he saw that the city would succumb, he left disguised on horseback, and arrived before noon at the quarters-general of the president. He left in command General

Gutierrez, a brave man, who made the garrison swear to die rather than surrender. All the men took the oath, and we know how they have kept it. Out of the whole battalion of Celadores there remain fifteen men. What is horrible to relate is that the whole of the wounded we have seen, and all those whose wounds we have dressed, were revolutionists. Not one of the government. Two doctors with whom I have just been conversing, have assured me that they have not one in the hospitals, which corroborates what I have just been saying, "that the conquerors killed the wounded, and gave them no quarter."

Fort Catalina still holds out. From the turret of the house the view extends over the whole city, and I perfectly distinguish for several moments the tower of the fort. The balustrade and steps of the turret are riddled with balls; so I allow myself the pleasure only for two or three minutes of enjoying from this elevated and perilous position the magnificent panorama which opens upon the sight.

The number of wounded collected together already exceeds five hundred. They have not yet carried off many dead bodies, which are lying on the terraces of the neighbouring houses, where they were posted as sharp-shooters. The cathedral towers were full of them. They are bringing them down to take them to the cemetery. A singular episode was that of the general, *chef de brigade*, brother of the general-in-chief of the revolutionists. When the palace was taken by assault, he was captured by the conquerors, and taken before the general president. The two brothers fell into each other's arms on meeting. Sad effects of civil war!

10 o'clock P.M.

It is just announced to us that Pezet advances towards the faubourg of Santa Catalina to attack it. We are barricaded for the night. There is no longer any police, and, the streets belonging during the night to the Monteneros, it is probable that they will pillage some of the houses. Already last night a jewelry shop was rifled. If they fight to-night they will sack the city. Fortunately the American Legation is not far off, and at the first alarm I shall go to take shelter there. Dupeyron has loaded two

revolvers. Forgues has a rifle which fires six times, and another of our guests a pocket pistol. It is not much, but still sufficient to keep in respect evil doers during the time necessary for the women and children to escape by the roofs, which, as I have said, are flat, and separated from each other by a little wall which can easily be crossed. In the mean while I try to sleep and put the bar of iron across the door.

October 8, 10 o'clock A.M.

Fort Santa Catalina surrendered last evening, but Pezet has retaken Callao and is marching on Lima, from which he is only three miles off. They have shot fifty of the pillagers of Callao.

2½ o'clock.

From the turret the *avant-garde* of Pezet is seen advancing towards the city.. The artillery and cavalry are in front. The remainder are lost in the horizon in a cloud of dust.

The clock tower of the cathedral, behind our house, swarms with soldiers posted there as sharp-shooters. At the end of our street, which opens on the bridge of Rimal, by which Pezet proposes entering the city, they are erecting batteries.

What will become of us?

The revolutionists have besides armed the populace, who are in their favour. There is nothing for me to do, if I am able to leave the house, but to go and demand protection at the American legation. Unfortunately the fire of the enemy's cannon enfilades our street, and it is more than doubtful if we could get there without being struck.

I have some details respecting the flight of Gomez Sanchez; at half-past eight o'clock in the morning, when he saw that the palace could not hold out, he escaped by the roofs with ten true and devoted followers (devoted? as if there could be such in a country where treason is a consecrated means of making a fortune), they succeeded in getting down into a little street where they found horses, but some revolutionary soldiers discovered them, and thirty horsemen put themselves in pursuit of them. Gomez

Sanchez and his suite betook themselves to the steep mountain roads; it was flying for life, it was a wild mad race. The revolutionists, better mounted than they, gained on them slowly, and the distance between them sensibly diminished. One of the horses of the fugitives gave out, his rider was killed. The race continued. The balls whistled around the minister. "Surrender," cried out the pursuers to him, and he answered them by sticking his spurs deeper into his horse's flanks. A ball struck the officer near him. The unlucky one tumbled into the dust. The soldiers began to murmur. "Surrender yourselves," said Sanchez to them; "if you are too cowardly to strive for liberty, I will arrive at the president's camp or I will be slain."

Six soldiers stopped, and putting their handkerchiefs at the end of their sword, they gave the signal that they surrendered. In the mean time Gomez took the lead, and after a breathless race of two hours arrived at an *avant-poste* of Pezet's horsemen. Without taking time to rest he divided them into two companies, and returned with one of them on his tracks, whilst the other, by a circuit, was to fall on the rear of the pursuing horsemen. He met the band; a fight took place. Taken between the fifteen lancers of the minister, and the fifteen others, who cut off their retreat, they were obliged to surrender at discretion, as well as the six deserters, who one hour before had abandoned the minister.

Decidedly this little lawyer is in soul a hero, in body a devil
(unfinished).

December 13, 1865.

My fears are realized on the subject of the locality, which the partial giving way of the theatre has forced me to choose, in order to continue the series of my concerts which have been interrupted. It was in fact doubtful if the society of Lima would not be frightened at the idea of entering into the hall and gardens of Otaiza, the Peruvian Mabilles, where every Sunday the tapadas (veiled women) and their "amigas" had their rendezvous, to give themselves up to the stormy '*Zamaenecas*' and other indigenous

dances, which, although very picturesque, are not such as prudent mothers permit their daughters to indulge in.

In the face of this difficulty there was only one means of overcoming it; raise the price of the tickets so high as to be only within the reach of those privileged by fortune. I put them up to two dollars. It remains now 'to bell the cat.' The ladies were afraid of compromising themselves, no one was willing to be the first, although they were all dying with curiosity to penetrate into the profane sanctuary about which good and evil tongues had been talking for a very long time. The thick groves, the dark alleys, the kiosks, spoke powerfully to the imagination, but, then, what would people say?

One of my friends persuaded his sisters to sacrifice themselves. The rumour spread that General —— and his family had taken twenty seats. In four hours the hall was full. The first concert was not finished before the seats were already taken for a second.

Besides 'Otaiza,' the proprietor, who has been to Paris, where he has assiduously visited for two years the Mabilie Gardens, had done things like a lord. The gardens were lighted *à giorno*. The floor and alleys had been watered with eau de Cologne, and every lady received on entering the hall an enormous bouquet of roses and magnolias.

At each of my concerts 'Banjo,' 'Murmures Eoliens,' 'Charmes du Foyer,' 'Ojos Criolos' (the last has been encored three times) were called for again.

This evening I gave a seventh concert. I play for the first time an important arrangement which I have just written on 'Le Ballo in Maschera.'

We are literally on the eve of a war with Spain, for the decree, people say, is to be published to-morrow. The conflict between the latter and Chili renders imminent the hostile participation of Peru, the Spanish American republics being so strongly connected with each other by their common origin and their political institutions.

LIMA, January 13, 1866.

My concerts are finished. They have been profitable, and my success has very much surpassed my expectations.

Eight days ago a superb decoration was presented to me; the ribbon attached to it is white and red. I think of going to rest myself at Chorillos, and to take the sea-baths there, for, although January, we are in midsummer. Chorillos is three leagues from Lima, and I shall be able to come to the city every day. I have the idea of going to Chili, which is eight days from here by steamer, the crossing being as tranquil as on a lake.

CHORILLOS, February 2, 1866.

I have been resting for fifteen days in a *dolce far niente*, which had become indispensable on account of the fatigues of my last voyages.

The last news of the civil war in Spain has thrown all the Spanish Americas into commotion. Being at war with the Peninsula, they are rejoiced at seeing them entangled in their affairs at home.

LIMA, March 18, 1866.

I have been introduced to Raymondi, an Italian savant, an enthusiast in natural history. He has been travelling for ten years on foot, knows all Peru, and has explored the interior regions, to this day unknown. He has told me a great deal about the coca and its effects. The coca is the leaf of a small tree which supplies the same place among the Indians that opium does among the Chinese. There is not an Indian who does not always carry in a little leather bag hung to his neck a supply of coca.

The effects of this plant, although not ascertained by the physicians, are marvellous. The Indians, under its influence, can sustain journeys of from fifteen to twenty hours laden with heavy burdens, remain without eating four or five days, and do not become weaker for it. Soldiers on foreign expeditions are all always furnished with their supply of coca.

This is the mode of proceeding employed by the Indians for eating the coca. They take the leaf, after having deprived it of its filaments, and make a ball of it which they put in a corner of their mouth like a quid of tobacco, then with a little silver or gold pin, the point of which they moisten with their saliva and dip into a little box filled with lime, they prick the ball. The grains of lime

adhering to the pin remain in the ball. They then chew, and as it appears that there should be a certain proportion between the lime and the coca, to produce this condition, they add sometimes a leaf of coca, or dip again their pin into the lime, according as they wish to augment the quantity of the one or the other.

The effects of the coca are generally felt at the expiration of a quarter of an hour. Their marches are measured by the number of cocades consumed. Such a village is at the distance of ten cocades, which is the same as saying that a peon could go the distance by running, provided he had ten rations of coca, and a quarter of an hour at each one of the armados. These are a kind of station. The peons are seen to arrive panting, their tongues dry, hanging out of their mouths, their eyes projecting and bloodshot, at the stopping place for the cocado. They fall exhausted and seem ready to die with fatigue, but immediately they spit out the ball already masticated and proceed to the making of the new one.

Little by little the effects of the wonderful plant can be seen in their organism and in their features, and at the tenth minute they are ready to rise and continue their journey.

March 20.

I have embarked on board the *Limena* for Islay. Islay is a little port about one hundred leagues south of Lima. I go there only to get on shore, Islay being only a small borough; but it is animated, being the outlet on the sea to Arequipa, a city of thirty or forty thousand inhabitants, which is situated at the distance of thirty leagues in the interior. It is necessary to cross a desert of sand, and the baggage is transported on mules. There are ten parados or tambos. The tambo is a relay and at the same time a refuge for the traveller overtaken by the night. It is mostly a hut: four stakes covered over with a roof of leaves. One sleeps there or shelters himself from the heat of the sun and the rain.

I am going to Arequipa. I am curious to see this focus of insurrection. The Arequipeños are celebrated for their indomitable character and their warlike disposition. Every revolution commences at Arequipa, and the soldiers are considered brave among the brave.

I remember a dying Indian soldier, the sixth of last November, of whom I inquired if he belonged to a regiment of Lima, proudly rising to tell me, "Non, Señor, dei batallon d'Arequipa," as an old soldier of Napoleon's would have answered that he belonged to the Old Guard.

The city of Arequipa is white, and has a pretty appearance. It looks like a dove concealed in a nest of leaves, says a poet; with its back to a large volcano covered with snow, it presents the most picturesque view. The vegetation in the environs is fresh and green—a rare thing in Peru, where the country is gray, dusty, and arid.

All those who have travelled from Islay to Arequipa speak of it to me as a herculean labour. The first 'jornada' is of twelve hours; then you arrive at the *Tambo de la joya*, where an Englishman has established a little hotel *with beds*, where you can sleep without much fear of the 'squatters.'

The water has to be carried twelve leagues, and costs ten sous a bucketful for the cattle.

March 22.

Arrived at Islay. A few miserable huts hanging to steep rocks. The sea has made grottos under the cliffs and given fantastic boundaries to the shore. It is not a very long time since one could not land at Islay without being hoisted up from the boat to the top of the cliff in a chair attached to a chain. The landing is less dangerous now, if not more commodious. It is worked by means of beams held by chains, which form a kind of ladder. One hangs on to them, and with some notion of gymnastics, and getting the feet a little wet, one is nearly certain of getting ashore without being drowned.

What a dreary aspect! Not a leaf, not a plant, only bald gray rocks. The Spaniards being the red phantom of the moment, nobody lands without a passport. A lieutenant and some soldiers receive me on top of the scaffolding, and permit me to pass after having examined my passport. It appears they know me, for I hear my name repeated from mouth to mouth. A young merchant, who heard me at Lima, invites me to his house. We are soon rejoined there by the commandant of the customs and the

military commandant. Two travellers who arrive at this moment from Arequipa, and who have made the journey in twenty-four hours at one stage, present such a look of fatigue and of miseries undergone by them, that I give up going there. Besides, I learn that the theatre at Arequipa has no roof. The evil is not great in a country where it does not rain for nine months; but the winter is beginning, and in eight days the deluging rains will also make their appearance, consequently I should have to wait three months to be able to announce a concert, the public never going to the theatre in the winter for a good reason. I will continue my voyage to the south as far as Arica, another little port fifty leagues to the south of Islay, and I return to the boat which has just shot off a cannon—a signal of leaving.

At the foot of the cliff a little cove is formed, where the sea exhausts itself in little soft ripples on a beach of large, flat, white stones. Some young children, all naked, are bathing there. A young Indian girl is swimming among them in water so transparent that I can see that she wears no bathing costume. She has placed a handkerchief over her chest, but in swimming it has got up, and now answers for a cravat. Besides, nobody seems to see her.

March 23.

Landed at Arica, a pretty country town seen from the sea. An immense rock, which runs out into the sea and overhangs the town, is crowned with a battery of large cannons. It is an admirable natural fortification. Last year the constitutional Peruvian squadron came to bombard Arica, which had *pronounced* for the revolution, but it was obliged to retire, no shot being able to reach as high as this battery perched upon the rock.

With a small effort of the imagination one can see an immense sphynx placed alongside of the town and seeming to guard it. Its gray and bald croup extends into the interior of the country, and loses itself in a chain of mountains which bounds the horizon behind the town. The city of Arica is, in truth, a little country town. Its importance is due particularly to its proximity to Bolivia.

La Paz is five days' journey on mules from Tacna. Tacna is reached from Arica in two hours by rail.

The whole trade of Bolivia passes through Tacna and Arica. The muleteers are all from Tacna.

There is on board a merchant from Chuquisaca, the capital of Bolivia, who is trying to persuade me to go to Bolivia with him. But one hundred and eighty leagues of country on mules has nothing attractive in a land where there are no hotels. As for the dangers, they arise only from fatigue and travelling accidents—robbers are here unknown. Every month hundreds and thousands of dollars are sent in cases made of cow-hides, under the conduct of Indian muleteers, and a real is never missing, notwithstanding the distance travelled is two, three, or four hundred leagues. It often happens (the fact has often been mentioned to me by many merchants) that the convoy of silver arrives at Tacna with one mule missing and also the load. "The animal has died of fatigue fifty leagues from here," says the Indian, "and I have placed it near him—I will bring it to you on the next journey." And, again, true enough, he finds the case of dollars untouched near the carcass of the animal, and brings it with him on his next trip.

There is at the present time at Arica a troop of Spanish actors, who are going to Buenos Ayres by land, playing in every town on the road, an itinerary equal in distance to that from Paris to St. Petersburg. I shall perhaps make this journey, the novelty and hazards of which singularly tempt me.

I have been promenading the town. The church of Arica is like all the Spanish village churches—full of gew-gaws and bric-a-brac. The large rock rises perpendicularly on one of the sides of the church square. It is entirely gray and bare. One can hardly form an idea of its height—the eye having no point of departure to establish the proportions of this vast granitic mass which pierces the sky. A few little white lines stripe it like a zebra in opposite directions; these are the paths—a singular optical effect. A battalion of soldiers, not larger than lead toy soldiers, descend from the top. They look to me as if only a few yards off. I distinguish them as clearly as if they were

about to touch me, absolutely as if I was looking at an object through the large end of an opera glass.

We have on board an individual who has just been appointed commandant general of the fortifications of Arica. He is a distinguished man, and full of moderation—a rare thing among the Peruvians.

There is a decree of Prado's which subjects to a very severe penalty every Peruvian whose services may be required by the government, and who shall refuse to accept its mandate. Colonel V. G. has been obliged to abandon his family to come to Arica to take the command of the fortifications.

He relates to me some of his campaigns in the interior. In the department of Ayacucho there are villages and entire districts whose inhabitants, for the most part Indians, are so ferocious and independent that no one has ever been able to collect the taxes, or make them submit to any of the burdens imposed upon the other citizens of the republic, whilst they exact from the government that protection which it extends to all. They were obedient to the government of Marshall Santa Cruz for forty years, because Santa Cruz was a half Indian—his mother being a Cacique (a descendant of the privileged families of the Incas). Near to Ayacucho these Indians have elected a governor, who was called for a long time a Peruvian general by his own authority. His son (the general was dead) governed when D. N. Vergas was sent by the republic of Lima to take the command with the title of colonel. He was a fat Indian, filthily dirty, who smelled strong of dirt ten feet off. "I made him a present of a pair of epaulettes," said Vergas to me, "but he did not know what to do with them, being naked, with the exception of his sash. He fastened them to it, as well as he could, and demanded that the music of the regiment, which I had brought with me, should parade the streets with him in order that all might see him with his ensign of colonel."

This population is a very savage one. They tear out the eyes of their prisoners, and the bones from out the limbs with horrible refinements of cruelty. They are Catholics; have their churches and their priests, which

does not prevent them (in the Sierra Cordillera) from being cannibals.

TACNA, March 24, 1866.

A neat city. I take notice in the principal street of some French shops, among others, a Parisian perfumer and hair-dresser. In the middle of the principal promenade, which is very long, and lined with trees, flows, between two stony declivities on a bed which has been paved, the river. At intervals a stone arch is boldly thrown from one side to the other (a yard and a half in width). The river flows tumultuously, and with a noise.

March 31.

Three Indians have just arrived from Bolivia. Their mules are loaded with silver. These are Indians from Potosi, who come from the mines. They have travelled three hundred leagues; have crossed the deserts, the Cordilleras, and rivers; have travelled day and night with a load worth fifteen thousand francs. The type of the Indians of Bolivia is uglier than that of Peru. The cholo of Peru is fat, small, thick set; his apathetic features do not lack a certain intelligence: he is mild and generally peaceable. The Bolivian is thin; his skin, of an earthy brown, approaches almost to black; his physiognomy is that of a brute; his form angular; he has the appearance of a monkey and the bear in his movements and his conduct; his features are horrible; his mouth is opened to his ears; his long nose, flattened at his birth, and cut sloping to the nostrils, is like a monkey's; his forehead is depressed; above his eyebrows his rough, stiff, dull black hair commences, falling with metallic rigidity in thick locks around his hollow cheeks; his little round eyes, very near together, complete his resemblance to the monkey.

TACNA, April 2.

Soirée at S——'s. The society of Tacna is naturally very limited: eight or ten merchants married to Tacneñas, some young Bolivians who have been civilized by a few months' travel in Europe, and two or three rich families

of the country, are the elements constituting the *society* of Tacna.

Wealth being almost the only aristocracy recognized among parvenus and republicans, it cannot be gainsaid that the S—— (the father is English), who are rich, who have a brother in London, who have given soirées, who possess the only carriage in the city, occupy the first rank. I have not the least objection to these assumptions of superiority. That —— should be the centre of his little circle, I have not the least desire to oppose. But that this imperceptible centre of a microscopic circle should persist in believing himself a centre when he goes outside of his little sphere, is what I find ridiculous. Unaccustomed to be seen outside of the factitious atmosphere where their satisfied vanity exercises itself, these little centres forget that they are nobodies except when surrounded by others inferior to themselves. What would be thought of a Liliputian, who, owing to his great height, has been made drum-major of a Liliputian regiment, who, thrown into the midst of giants, should still aspire to the prerogatives of the drum-majoralty? Absurd!

There is nothing more irritating than those factitious aristocracies which can be explained only by the inferiority of those among whom they move.

Some very pretty women at the treasurer's. The dances are quadrilles, the lancers, the polka, the waltz, and the dance Habanera, which they dance here entirely different from what they do at Havana. After supper they dance the mecapaquena: it is a species of Bolivian Indian quadrille, whose music, in a minor key, with a racking rhythm, reminds one a little of the Arab melodies. The figures are numerous and complicated. Sometimes the lady, conducted by two cavaliers, advances. The step is always the same throughout the whole quadrille; it is a skipping from one foot to the other, rapidly and lightly, which gives to the ladies the appearance of a shivering throughout their body. Sometimes the lady leads, the arms extended, holding a handkerchief by the two ends. With head inclined, she makes the tour of the room; then all at once, like a frightened dove, she flies and escapes to one extremity; then slowly returns, with her head turned backward, as if she

was trying to resist some invisible force which carries her (with lascivious undulations). It is curious and charming.

The wife of N——, a good little old lady, whose round face looks like a small red apple dried up by the sun, has Cacique blood in her veins.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THERE are still some Peruvian families who boast of being descended from the privileged, sacerdotal, and governmental class of the Incas. But as there exists in general a very strong prejudice against the Indians, and as the principal families hold it to be an honour to be entirely white, I suppose that the families who betray too clearly by their colour their indigenous stock, save their pride by claiming an almost royal origin, and take a Cacique for their ancestor.

It nevertheless appears positive that this good little old woman of sixty years, round and plump, whose two large black eyes sparkle in their besmudged orbits, and who shows when she smiles two rows of white pearls, descends from the Cacique Huascar. She has been a marvellous beauty, they say, and the chronicle of scandals, always busy in small towns, has told me in a whisper the following story:—

Bolivar, that indefatigable hero, who was hewing out territories with his conquering sword and creating with his powerful breath nations on this immense continent of the New World, which he had just snatched from Spain, although less great than Washington, not possessing either his virtue or wisdom, presented in his whole character some features more striking, more romantic than those of his model—the immortal and august founder of the Republic of the United States. There is in Washington something graver, more thoughtful, which becomes the cold genius of the Anglo-Saxon race—it is Cincinnatus and Socrates ennobled by Christianity; whilst Bolivar was

a man of the Spanish-American race. He partakes of the Condottieri of the middle ages by his extravagant depredations, and of the hero by his intrepid valour, his fiery energy, and the sublime sacrifices which he has made for liberty and his country. Washington will never descend from the serene heights of history, where he dominates in all the majesty of the great, the good, and the true—the greatest representatives of humanity; whilst Bolivar has been already the type of many Romans. If Bolivar, in the midst of the dissensions which already were commencing to paralyze the flight of the new republics, had provoked bitter hatreds, he had also inspired the greater part of the nations which he had just created with an idolatrous devotion. From the Straits of Magellan to Venezuela, from the banks of the Amazon to the shores of the Pacific, and on all the peaks of the Andes, the name of Bolivar excited transports of enthusiasm.

During one of those short intervals in his life of combats, between two battles, he stopped at Tacna. The hero was fêted: the citizens and magistrates exhausted all the resources which the intoxication of patriotic enthusiasm could suggest. The 'Pearl of Tacna,' and the descendant of the Cacique Huascar, then in all the brilliancy of her beauty and youth, attracted his notice. Urged by the frenzy of enthusiasm, of grateful patriotism, her father, they assert, presented her to the 'Liberator.' But the restless soul of the hero would not permit him any repose so long as his task was incomplete. There still remained the half of the continent to be taken from the Spaniards. He tore himself from love, and threw himself again into the whirlwind of battles. The cannon, glory, and ambition soon effaced the memory of the granddaughter of the Inca Huascar. He never saw her again! The poor child! a moment dazzled by the aureole which surrounded the hero, thought that in obeying her father, she was also yielding to the transports of her own heart; but when alone and abandoned she became a mother, she interrogated her heart and discovered that she had never loved. She was then eighteen years old. Concentrating all the treasures of tenderness which her virgin heart inclosed, she resolved never to marry, and to consecrate her-

self entirely to her daughter. Some years later, her beauty, which time had only ripened, having attracted to her the attentions of X——, then also young, she yielded to a desire which proclaimed itself with so much the more violence as her heart up to that time had remained mute. She married. Their union was for a long time happy. But clouds, at first uncertain, then thick and full of storm, came to darken the peace of the household. This house was for a long time enshrouded in mystery, and the dark drama, which took place there, is still in its details unknown to almost all. It was confided to my ear, and I here relate it. The natural daughter of Bolivar had grown; although hardly adolescent, she was as beautiful as her mother. X—— loved her. Did she yield or not to his wishes? No one knows. She died suddenly, and as no physician was called in, and as after her death the clouds which had troubled the peace of the household appeared to be dissipated, remarks upon them were not wanting. It would seem that the daughter of the Inca Huascar, divided between her jealousy for her husband, and her instincts as a mother, sacrificed the latter to the former, and poisoned her daughter; her blind passion permitting her to see in her only a favoured rival.

I admit, that since, I cannot without an indescribable emotion, look at this good little old woman who offers me a cup of tea with all the placidity of a good old grandmother whose conscience has never been sullied by a crime.

TACNA, April 5.

Passed the evening with a Swiss merchant, who has married in this country. We have had music, and I have played for them the overture to 'William Tell' and the 'Marche de Faust.' It was the first time that they had heard a composition on this opera, which, nevertheless, they were acquainted with through the newspapers.

A charming evening! Many ladies have sung. A German amateur and a lady have sung the duo 'Masnadieri,' and that of 'Rigoletto.' To-day I have been invited to eat game taken on the Tacora. The Tacora is a peak of the Andes, whose snowy point rises behind the first chain of mountains of the Sierra. It is fifteen thousand feet in

height. They shoot wild geese there, which are said to be exquisite. A young clerk left (from Mr. Hay's, the merchant) for Tacora (two days' walk), and has brought back a superb supply.

TACNA, April 6, 1866.

Last evening; second concert at Tacna. Audience passable. My friend, Mr. H., on reaching home, found the door of his stable open, and his horse, a superb animal, had disappeared. This morning he has called in some Indians of Bolivia for the purpose of pursuing the robber, and taking from him his horse. A few hours later on they brought the horse to him. He was found covered with foam and sweat, and bearing all the traces of a long race. It is probable that some Indian who had to make a sudden journey last night had taken this commodious means of borrowing the horse of H——.

These Indians which H—— had immediately called upon, have an admirable instinct in capturing marauders and finding stolen horses or cattle. The tricks employed by the robbers for the purpose of destroying their tracks are worthy those of the red skin. The print of the foot betraying the road taken by the animal, they put on him imitation hoofs; but the Indians do not let themselves be taken in, they recognize by the greater or less depth of the hoof if it is real or not. Sometimes they put on a sheep the hoofs of a horse or cow, but they make nothing by it, the Indian has other signs by which he recognizes the animal.

Good Friday.

The Lamentations are sung false by an old Spanish priest. The accompaniment consists of a violin and violoncello. I mention the latter as a memorandum seeing that it had only one note. It is an old Indian who plays it, and I forbear saying what he did. While the priest was chanting the Lamentations, he was frolicking, making sometimes trills, sometimes arpeggios, sometimes chromatic scales, ascending, descending,—he was frolicking, I say, agreeably on the treble string, precipitating himself from its sharp summit into the depths of the fourth string where he rested on a tremolo, then came a squib which escaped altogether upward, the whole of this false, out of tune,

self entirely to her daughter. Some years later, her which time had only ripened, having attracted to her attentions of X——, then also young, she yielded to the sire which proclaimed itself with so much the violence as her heart up to that time had remained unmarrried. Their union was for a long time happy, but clouds, at first uncertain, then thick and full of storm, to darken the peace of the household. This household a long time enshrouded in mystery, and the darkness which took place there, is still in its details unknown almost all. It was confided to my ear, and I here relate. The natural daughter of Bolivar had grown; and hardly adolescent, she was as beautiful as her mother. X—— loved her. Did she yield or not to his wishes, one knows. She died suddenly, and as no physician called in, and as after her death the clouds which troubled the peace of the household appeared to be deepened, remarks upon them were not wanting. It seems that the daughter of the Inca Huascar, divided between her jealousy for her husband, and her instinctive mother, sacrificed the latter to the former, and for her daughter; her blind passion permitting her to be her only a favoured rival.

I admit, that since, I cannot without an indescribable emotion, look at this good little old woman who offered me a cup of tea with all the placidity of a good old mother whose conscience has never been sullied by :

TACNA, .

Passed the evening with a Swiss merchant, who had been married in this country. We have had music, and played for them the overture to 'William Tell' and 'Marche de Faust.' It was the first time that they had heard a composition on this opera, which, nevertheless, they were acquainted with through the newspapers.

A charming evening! Many ladies have sung. A man amateur and a lady have sung the duo 'Mascanza' and that of 'Rigoletto.' To-day I have been invited to a game taken on the Tacora. The Tacora is a peak of the Andes, whose snowy point rises behind the first mountains of the Sierra. It is fifteen thousand

strumming without any regard to the key in which the priest was singing.

Besides, I must say that the latter got out of the key in such a way that it would have been impossible to follow him. When he had finished one verse and was taking breath again, the violin, which had travelled insensibly upwards or descended one-fourth of a note, returned again to the original key, was striking a chord, invariably in G, followed by a fluttering little scale; then the father began again, and the squibs of the violin recommenced. The effect was strange, when a *corde ävide*, being in the primitive diapason, produced the effect of a shower-bath every time that it returned—oh dear! oh dear!

TACNA, April 9.

The news of the bombardment of Valparaiso changes all my plans of travel,—the intention of the Spaniards being indubitably to go up the coast as far as Guayaquil and burn all the ports. I shall not be able, without imprudence, to go south to Iquique, where I was thinking of giving a concert. What am I to do? Where shall I go?

Bolivia is opened before me. Ensconced in the interior of the continent, wedged in the middle of the other republics who serve her for shields, entrenched behind the snowy summits of the Andes, she defies the Spaniards, and continues to live in the midst of her normal atmosphere of revolutions, emeutes, assassinations, and crimes. I have the greatest desire to visit the capital of Bolivia, but it is three hundred miles in the interior, and the journey is made on the backs of mules. It is necessary to cross first a barrier of mountains, traverse a vast extent of desert, to cross the Tacora in the midst of snows, and the regions constituting the summit of the Andes at fifteen thousand feet above the sea, before arriving at La Paz, which has at least an elevation of twelve thousand feet.

Travellers unaccustomed to the Andes are besides exposed to attacks of malaise, which is felt particularly on the first declivities of the Tacora. The first symptoms are a dimness, nausea, sometimes vomiting of blood. The sudden alternations of cold and heat occasion besides chaps on the lips, hands, and the whole skin in general, which

cracks, swells, and degenerates into ulcerations. The perspective on this side has nothing attractive in it, but on the other it presents a magnificent occasion to go to La Paz. Without reckoning the season, which is magnificent, the rains having ceased and the storms of the Andes being over, a caravan of French travellers start to-morrow on the way to Cochabamba and stop on the road at La Paz. It is composed of French engineers, a number of merchants, and a French baron also, who takes with him the whole equipage for a campaign, tents, wagons, provisions, further an Indian servant for cook, mules, arms, and photographic apparatus. The safety which foreigners enjoy is relative. Bolivia commits with impunity the most flagrant crimes against the laws of nations behind these bastions eighteen thousand feet in height, these giddy defiles, these peaks where the eagle soars or the vicuna pastures. Her people, strong and warlike by nature, are hardened by forty years of bloody and desperate strife. Legislation, laws, arts, have for a long time disappeared before the sword, the symbol everywhere and here particularly of brutal force, barbarism, spoliations, assassinations, proscriptions, military executions, and all the excesses to which a ferocious and licentious soldier of fortune can give himself who arrives at supreme power sustained by a victorious and unbridled soldiery. This is the condition of this unhappy country whose territory is double that of France, whose mineral and vegetable riches are inexhaustible, and which under a good government would take the first rank among the strongest and most favoured of the globe.

TACNA, April 21.

One of my friends having received a letter from one of his correspondents at Valparaiso, in which the desire of hearing me is expressed more strongly than ever, I find myself again embarrassed. On the other side they have written to me from Moquehua (interior of Peru) inviting me to go there to give a concert. There is a piano belonging to a Spaniard, who on account of my decorations offers me hospitality and his piano for my concerts; but the road is long. There are no dangers, but much fatigue. The Indians here are submissive, timid, mild, and honest. They

have suffered so much, since the conquest (nearly four hundred years ago), that energy and human dignity have been extinguished among them, to give place in the presence of the whites to a docility which borders on terror and admiration. The whites are for them an infinitely superior race. Caravans of mules arrive here every day, laden with ingots of silver, escorted by three or four unarmed, half-naked Indians. In the rainy season, the roads become broken in the mountains, and sometimes a mule is mired and disappears with his load in the mud. He is left on the road. On return of the dry season, the same Indians pass by the place where the accident happened, and carry off the load (sometimes twenty-five thousand or thirty thousand dollars), which nobody has meddled with, although caravans every day follow each other on the road. What is more singular in regard to this honesty is that the same Indians who would not steal twenty-five thousand dollars, will appropriate to themselves, if they can, a strap, a nail, a piece of rag, the smallest trifle worth nothing, that may fall in their way.

The port of Arica, belonging to Tacna (connected with it by a railway eighteen miles long) owes its importance to its geographical position. Almost the whole commerce of Bolivia, its imports and exports, are made through Tacna. Thus the muleteers, the caravans, the long files of laden mules which come from or are going to La Paz, constantly encumber the principal street of Tacna. I have to-day been more than half an hour in getting as far as my door, which nevertheless was only fifty paces off. A caravan of loaded mules kicking, pushing against each other, became entangled and formed a compact moving mass which would neither go forward nor backward, confined as they were in this narrow street. The confusion of this scene is indescribable. The muleteers swore, made vows to their saints, whipped, jostled; the mules neighed, kicked, reared; the bales knocked against each other; the merchandise was scattered about. All this made a horrible noise.

The actual president of Bolivia, the most excellent liberator of his country, the very illustrious Señor General Melgarejo (these are his titles) is a mulatto, a sort of tiger with a human face, who gets drunk and becomes ferocious. He

then kills everybody around him. He has assassinated with his own hand the ex-president, whose place he took. He caused to be shot for pastime, by some soldiers sent for him by his corporals on duty, a young girl, almost at her own home, whose beauty he remarked in passing before her window. In the street he cut off the ears of his adjutant with his sabre, cleaved the shoulder of his aid-de-camp with one blow of an axe, burns, sacks, and gluts himself like a ferocious beast in the midst of all the excesses to which his savage and sanguinary appetites drive him. Last week, one of his adjutants having observed to him, that it would be better if he abstained from being present in the condition in which he was, at a religious procession (he was drunk), he placed his revolver on his chest and killed him at once.

Some of the customs of Tacna.

The marriages of the civilized Indians of Bolivia are extremely curious. The future husband having chosen his godfather, ordinarily a white gentleman, goes with him to the house of the 'novia' (bride). The godfather stipulates with the father or mother (sometimes with the godmother which the 'novia' has chosen) on the conditions of the marriage. These generally are pieces of pocket-money or woollen stuffs, or a sheep, to be given to the bride's parents. Then they send to the neighbouring village of the husband and the bride to get, for the first, red pantaloons, a red coat, a three-cornered hat with feathers, and shoes. For the bride, shoes, a dress of woollen, or of silk when she is rich. These costumes are the same for all, they are lent for the ceremony, and are faithfully sent back again the next day to the furnisher in town. There is nothing so pitiable as the grimaces of these poor husbands and wives, who have never before put on shoes; they are in torture and stumble at every step, their clothes are too large or too small, and they present the most grotesque appearance in the world.

After the benediction at the church, they are conducted into a species of little grove made of small branches and palms, where they are made to sit opposite each other. Exposed to the remarks of the wedding guests by an opening like a window, they must remain immovable, looking

at each other without speaking for many hours. The guests during this time drink, dance, and eat. Then comes the ceremony of conducting them to the nuptial cabin, which is accompanied with very singular customs and practices.

Ordinarily the godfather or godmother sees in the town, at the expiration of a few days, the newly-married ones, who come to complain of some trouble which has taken place in the household. These complaints are commonly that the bride is not willing to work, or that the husband appropriates to himself all the pieces of meat or of 'choupé!' (the national soup). The godfather or godmother is requested to administer some blows with a leather strap to the delinquent, and the couple return to their village. It also often happens that the woman presents herself, all in tears, to the priest. "Padre, my husband does not love me, he has not yet whipped me." The priest then causes the husband to be called, and after having reproached him with his indifference, places in his hands a whip and orders him to administer correction to his better half, who, receiving it with a relish, thanks the priest, and goes away certain that her husband loves her. The humility of these poor Indians, their submission, their fear of the whites, speaks sufficiently of what they have had to suffer from the conquest up to our days.

At every revolution they are treated by both parties like beasts of burden; they are torn from their families, and forced to carry enormous burdens for the distance of many hundreds of miles. Many perish from blows and fatigue.

When the woman is about to be confined, the man immediately goes to bed, and feigns all the pains of parturition. He groans, he twists, weeps, and the most curious part of it is, that he persuades himself that he is suffering in the same way as his wife. He divides with her the cares which are lavished upon her, drinks broth, keeps his bed, and is dieted during the convalescence of his better-half.

I have visited the market. It is a parallelogram, open at the two extremities, by which you can enter from the adjacent streets. On the two sides are lateral alleys, covered like a cloister, under which a crowd of Indians are squat-

ting, selling meat, fruit, etc. The fruit, particularly the grapes, is phenomenal. A priest walked slowly through the midst of the merchants and made them kiss a little image of the Blessed Virgin, presenting to them a plate on which they placed a small piece of money. This operation takes place every morning, and cannot fail to be very productive to the treasury of the church.

Visited the church at the upper part of the town to-day, Holy Saturday. They are preparing the church for to-morrow, Easter Sunday; three or four devotees, sitting on some little footstools surrounded by their children, are chatting before the altar. Some Indian servants are cleaning the lamps which are to ornament the altar. The whole neighbourhood has been placed in requisition, and I give up describing the *coup d'œil*. At the first glance this profusion of little mirrors, of children's dolls dressed in little skirts, like balloons swinging between each mirror, the little gilt paper flags which at a distance produce the effect of penny trumpets; the porcelain cups, the vases of artificial flowers, the chandeliers, the lamps placed alongside of each other, on each step of the altar, that heterogeneous crowd of objects which shine in an equivocal manner, all this recalls without mistake those peddler's booths where for a penny one might win at every trial.

There is an instrument in vogue among the Indians of which I must speak. It is a flute made of reed, and is played like a clarionet, it is called 'tristos,' and as it would seem to indicate has a very sad sound of strange rhythm, a funereal and lugubrious tone. Tradition states that the first 'tristos' was made and the instrument invented by a friar, who was living among the Indians; he lost his 'guerrida,' and made one of these instruments out of the tibia of his well-beloved.

LA SERENA (CHILI), January 3, 1867.

At my last concert at Valparaiso, the municipal council presented me with a golden crown and a gold medal, with an inscription. I have had a great deal of success at my two concerts here. To-morrow I am going to Copiapo on the coast.

COPIAPO, February 12.

(Sad but picturesque incident.)

I had noticed at the hotel a large, thin, shabby man, whose distinguished manners led me to conjecture that he was one of those social wrecks with which America so often furnishes us an example. I dined once with him at the French consul's. He was introduced to me. He was an engineer, but his bad health and ill luck prevented him from finding employment, and he was thereby reduced to make-shifts. Day before yesterday they came to inform me that Mr. H—— was dying. Attacked suddenly with a terrible illness, he was sinking. The doctor, called in at once, did not give him an hour to live. We relieved one another in his chamber for thirty-six hours, during which he was dying. He possessed a vigorous intelligence and a strong mind. He had no consciousness, at least in appearance, and we waited for two nights and a day his deliverance, which was momentarily expected. He died to-day at four o'clock in the afternoon. Burials here are only made at night. The heat prevents the body being kept as long as in Europe, and the French consul requested all the French and myself to come to the Hotel Marcadet, from whence we will accompany the corpse to the cemetery. Two hours after his death the body was already decomposed, and spreading its miasm in such a manner that the hotel keeper obliged us to take it away. Fortunately in the court of the hotel itself there is a small circus where cock-fighting takes place—they have carried the poor corpse there.

This evening, at midnight, all the French were assembled at the Hotel Marcadet. I was never present at the interment of a foreigner, dying far from his country and his family, without having my heart broken with grief. There is also something very affecting in this solidarity of compatriots who come together to render the last duties to him whom they have, perhaps, never known, but who born like themselves on the soil of their mother-country, they have come to claim brotherhood with after death.

This poor departed one, whose history I have learned, was the son of Lieutenant-General Marquis de ——, and,

with his younger brother, occupied in the elevated sphere of the military hierarchy a distinguished rank in the French army. Bashfulness, vexation, disappointment caused by failure in life, made him throw the handle after the hatchet, and the poor l'H——, an old scholar of the Polytechnique School, captain of engineers, led a miserable existence, without hope, without any means of escape, except in suicide, of which he often spoke with the *sang froid* of a determined man. He owed one year's boarding to the keeper of the hotel, an honest Frenchman, who did not venture, knowing his poverty, to put him in mind of his debt, and took care of him through charity.

The coffin was placed in a flat hearse, drawn by a horse, and at midnight we are on the road to the cemetery. The driver of the hearse, a peon with a poncho on, walks alongside of the horse, the poor beast stumbling at every step. The roads are bad, and hilly. He falls down. We raise him up. A little further on, one of the straps breaks. We stop for the purpose of arranging it. The harness is tied together with twine. We were so foolish as to pay the coachman in advance for his journey, and this is the way we are served for it. We are stopped again. This time it is the halter which has broken. The peon informs us that the horse will not be able to go further. While he is pretending to sweat blood and water (to make strenuous exertions) to arrange the harness, I examine this peon. He is a tall, bronzed, roguish fellow, clad proudly in a reddish poncho, to which the hour, the scene, the hearse, the light of the moon give a fantastic aspect. The French consul has employed him. He is a good workman, but he cannot content himself to stop in the workshop. "Do you see," said he, with a pleasant seriousness and an innocent impudence, "I have been one of the executioners of R——, and I have not killed a few in my life before undertaking to bury them. I have done it, and, frankly, I can only live with the dead."

The harness is too old and the horse too fatigued. The coachman makes us wait, and the delays are so numerous that a good old French Basque proposes (after having eased his conscience by addressing in French some *kind* words to the coachman, who does not understand one word of

them) to ungear the horse and to drag the cart to the cemetery. No sooner said than done. And there we are pulling and pushing. From time to time the inhabitants of the poor hovels which line the road come out on the doorstep to look at this procession, which has on me the effect of a nightmare. We arrive at the chapel of the cemetery. We deposit the corpse in a hall, and the custom is to return next morning to hear mass. A tottering old man in a black cap, with a lantern, opens the door, and, after having received the coffin, shuts the door and remains with his company. It is a nightmare. I shall not sleep to-night.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE desert of Atacama extends from the coast of Chili as high as the tropic to Bolivia, a distance of fifty leagues. It is in the mountains of Atacama that the richest silver mine of Chili is found—'la Buena Esperanza.' It was discovered nineteen years ago (1848), and has yielded very nearly seventy-five millions of francs. It now yields annually an average of from five to six millions of francs, and still promises certain and infinite riches, since from only the masses and columns left in the galleries it can produce for many years. The manager, a French engineer, whose acquaintance I have made during my short sojourn lately at Copiapo, invited me to pass some days at the mine. The distance from Copiapo is a hundred kilometres across the desert. I hesitated; but he sent me an excellent carriage and two horses, one of which was mounted by an experienced driver, who led the one in the carriage, and, besides, established relays upon the route. I decided to go. Billet and myself left Copiapo at six o'clock in the evening. The weather was magnificent. La Marca, the banker, had promised me a revolver (in case of need), but at the moment of leaving he discovered that the

pistol had been stolen from him the evening before. Besides, one is rarely attacked.

Hardly are we out of Copiapo than we find ourselves already in that calcareous dust, which has the colour of sand, and which is so fatiguing to the eyes. We enter into a gorge. What horrible aridity! Not a blade of grass. The mountains seem to bar the passage to us at every moment, so near do they approach each other; but we wind around them. The ground becomes flat, and in a small plain we perceive some little hovels of dried mud and their paddocks, surrounded with walls also of dried mud—the masonry work of which, made of great square blocks, recalling that of the Assyrians, gives vaguely rise to thoughts of Biblical ruins, to which the gray, burnt country and the red rays of the sun add the aspect of a Biblical land. There is a well here, which explains the few united hovels which are called ‘Pueblo de Indios’ (Indian village). No industry, no labour; we see now and then a child, who looks at us passing with an astonished air. The father and mother, lying lazily in front of the cabin, half naked, are sleeping or forgetting themselves in the *far niente*, the former of them smoking a cigarette. As for the rest, the carelessness of these people is favoured by the climate. It never rains; it is never cold. When there is nothing more to buy cigarettes with, the father makes a great effort and goes to work, either in the town or at the mine, and, when he has earned a few dollars, he returns to slumber, to eat, to smoke his cigar, and life thus flows onward for them without any event, without suffering, like a sleep.

The last houses of ‘Pueblo de Indios’ have disappeared. We are entering into the desert of Atacama. The mountains open before us; their chains stretch themselves out instead of surrounding us, and rise on each side of a long narrow plain, like a wall, a sort of palisade, the top of which, illuminated by the sun, renders more sombre the first tints of twilight which begin to descend into the plain. The eye gazes in vain over this immense flat and gray surface.

Our coachman looks often behind him. We discover two black points which detach themselves from the hori-

zon. They are two horsemen who are galloping. The coachman watches their conduct with a certain degree of anxiety. The night begins, and I cannot help regretting this encounter, and not having arms. The horsemen are drawing near. Besides we are not hasty in reassuring ourselves on seeing the two horsemen draw off to the right and bury themselves in a gorge where they are lost to view. We are crossing upon our left and are entering the gorge of Taxepote. The road is horrible, but I am wrong in saying road, for there is none. The carriage rises over fragments of rocks, which have rolled down from the mountains, a chaos, an evident cataclysm.

There is at some distance a very rich copper mine. Our first relay is at Chule. There is there a well, and a hovel inhabited by a Cholo peon, who waters the horses and mules that come down from the mines. The carts, laden with argentiferous stones which are sent once a week to Copiapo to be worked out, come afterwards to Chule. We perceive, on the point of a mountain which advances like a promontory before us, a cross. At that spot a miner was assassinated by his companion. Both were set at work in this region to discover a mine spoken of in the traditions of the Indians. They found it; it was very rich. After having observed the country with care and established landmarks to find again the place of their treasure, they carefully concealed the entrance of the mine, in order that no other person might dispute the right of their discovery, and took the road for Copiapo, where, according to law, they should immediately present the argentiferous stones, and claim the privilege of discovery before the judge, and have the property legally adjudged to them. Tempted by the demon of cupidity, one of them, wishing to possess alone the whole mine, murdered his companion and returned to Copiapo. But his victim was not dead; he had time to drag himself as far as 'Pueblo de Indios,' where before dying the unfortunate man had time to tell the name of his assassin. The other learned that he was accused, and, jumping upon one of these Chilian horses, which seem never to tire, he crossed in a few hours the desert of Atacama, and did not stop until he had placed between himself and his pursuers

the Cordillera of the Andes and the frontier of the Argentine Republic.

The mine has since passed into the condition of a legend known to all the old miners. It has defied all their researches; they have never been able to find it. The miner, condemned to death, lived many years in the Argentine Republic, and on many occasions sent to his friends a rough plan which he had made from memory of the mountains around the mine, and added that the sun was on his right at the hour for the Ave Maria, while he was close to the mine, and that before night he had had time to go to Santo Rosa, but these vague indications served only to further embarrass the Catadores, who have finally given it up. Besides this there are many celebrated mines which have been lost since the conquest by the Europeans.

Our horses begin to pant horribly. The road is infernal. We are bounced to the roof, we are thrown from right to left, tossed about, etc. etc. The road becomes smoother, the stars and moon lighten up a circular valley which is surrounded by high mountains. A light before us! It is a lighthouse in the desert, it is the lantern of the hovel of Chulo. The horses neigh—the poor beasts smell the stable—a dog barks in the depths of the valley upon our left. I cannot describe what a singular charm I find in these noises which banish in a moment all the sombre clouds which the aridity of the country, the solitudes of the desert of Atacama, and the recitals of assassination which I had just heard, of murders committed by miners, had evoked in my mind. The hovel is preceded by a shed, under which the peons sleep, and around which the horses, mules, cows, and goats wander at liberty. There is in the interior but one inhabitable chamber. It is reserved for us. P—— yesterday sent to inform the innkeeper about our coming, which explains the luxury which is displayed. Two wax candles are on a white wooden table; the walls are covered with illustrations of the *Correo d'Altramar*. A large man, whose abdomen, poorly restrained by pantaloons which reach half way down his legs, and permit his shirt (evidently put on in honour of us) to swell out like a smock-frock—naked feet, humble fat face, subdued, timid, and jovial, bids us welcome. He loses himself in salutations. He evidently

does not know who we are, but Don Carlos (of the mine) having the evening before sent him to prepare supper for us, to make our beds, and to treat us with all the respect due to persons of high rank, he does his best so that Don Carlos may be pleased. The good man informs us that he can give us a fresh meat, he has also fresh eggs and goats' milk. We have a ravenous appetite, and the meal is quickly set up on a small white wooden table. On each side of the cot bedstead with coverlets and mattress, an air of luxury, but which my travelling experience has taught me to distrust. We go to take a look at the kitchen; it is a shed covered with a few mats of plaited palm-leaf, a fireplace, a large fragment of rock upon which sit the coals, between two large stones which serve for andirons, and firebrands, branches of dried wood. The wife of the keeper cuts some slices of meat from a large pig, and we request her not to put too many onions in the soup (they are here in every thing), and particularly not to fry the beefsteak in grease.

Our coachman has taken possession of the kitchen, and we are to set out again at one o'clock; it is now moonlight, although only in the first quarter, with enough light for our journey. Besides the natives, the country has the instinct of savages, to find a way, and for following the rut of caravans in the desert, in the most profound darkness.

Supper is served up. The poor man is evidently ignorant of the judgment which his patrons may pass on his wife's culinary talents. His large face brightens, and he tells him that his beefsteak is eatable.

"Have you any coffee?" we ask. "Yes," he answers, "I have some Costa Rica." Billet made the coffee, and it is the best founded of his pretensions. I

CALDERA, Chili, April 12.

The incidents which occur in a travelling artist's career are almost always the same. They at first seem interesting through their novelty, but as they are constantly repeated they become a part of the monotony of the daily routine. It is true, that, for foreigners who are not acquainted with these countries, there are at every step, in the most ordinary things, in the smallest details, apparently indifferent, a thousand interesting observations and curious studies to take notice of; but for myself, whom habitude has rendered callous, and whose curiosity has become deadened, I discover nothing here which does not seem to me normal, and it is only by recalling my remembrances of Europe, by the comparison of the manners of the old world with those of these societies hardly at the commencement of civilization, that I can seize on the picturesque or barbarous side of the men and things which surround me. I no longer keep my journal so carefully. The constant repetition of the same incidents tires me by its monotony. To arrive, to pass through the invariable routine; visits to the editors of daily papers; to the artists—to smile obsequiously, efforts of mind and body; in one word to perform all those manœuvres which are indispensable to the artist's success; preparatory séances before some judges of the elite; to beg for the good-will of pretentious and all-powerful fools, are the preparations on arrival. I pass over the mechanical part, the concerts. More follows the departure with the inseparable accompaniment of adieus, of bills to settle, trunks to pack, and *à otra parte con la musica*.

Life at Copiapo is dull and tiresome generally, but it is particularly so at present on account of the approach of Lent.

1867.

Left Copiapo on the twenty-sixth of April at four o'clock P. M., and left Valparaiso again on the thirtieth of April.

Great animation on board. All the highest merchants come to accompany E——, who is married this morning with a young German girl, Miss O——. I disappear for

three days, during which I pass through the old tortures which you are acquainted with. Our voyage so far is pleasant. We shall pass through the Strait of Magellan. The seventh, in the morning, we are in sight of land, followed without interruption by high mountains regular and bald, a desolate country, without the least trace of inhabitant. The weather is cold and rainy, the sky is gray, the rolling sea has a leaden tint which renders this desolate nature still more sad. It seems we have passed the entrance of the strait. We must retrace our steps. This coast is uniform, and presents no point of reference to the eye, which makes the task of piloting very difficult. Besides we have against us a cloudy sky which prevents our taking the height of the sun. Hurrah! it is noon; we are going at full speed towards the strait, of which we at last have found the entrance. The two shores approach each other little by little. The country is still desolate, the silence eternal. We perceive a little smoke on the left shore, probably a fire lighted by some Indian. The few inhabitants of these desolate regions are nomads, and ferocious. They are the Fuegians, inhabitants of Terra del Fuego (the land of fire). They are stunted, very ugly, etc. etc. Chili possesses a military penal colony at Punta Arena. We shall be there to-morrow. The navigation being very dangerous we shall stop to-night. The sea is as smooth as a mirror, the spectacle is grand; the setting sun bathes the snowy tops of the mountains in a flood of light which renders the sides of them still more gloomy. We cast anchor.

May 18.

In sight of Punta Arena and can distinguish a few houses and two English steamers at anchor opposite the colony. A canoe leaves the shore and comes out to us. It is the governor of the colony, Mr. Riobo. He comes to see if we have not some correspondence for Punta Arena. Our desire to see the Patagonians suggests the idea of requesting of the governor a canoe to go on shore, which he grants us with the most gracious condescension, only the number of the curious being greater than the capacity of the canoe, it is agreed that we shall divide ourselves into two parties. The first batch has just left; the canoe will

return for us at seven o'clock in the evening. The chaplain of the colony, a Franciscan in frock and hood, comes to go on board. An honest Englishman naively asks if he is a Patagonian.

We are embarking in the canoe, the governor accompanying us. We are passing before the *Spiteful*, an English corvette which watches the coast and takes soundings. A few days ago two of the officers embarked in a canoe with which they proceeded along the coast in the latitude which we had just passed. Many Fuegians came to meet them. The officers offered them some trifles, buttons, handkerchiefs, etc., to conciliate them, which they accepted with marks of contentment, but when the officers turned towards the shore to rejoin their canoe the Fuegians undertook to prevent them. A fight took place; the two officers were armed with revolvers and killed several Indians, but they received a volley of arrows, two of which wounded them very seriously. I have had an opportunity of examining these arrows, they are very small, the end is a pointed stone and is very slightly attached to the wood, so that when an attempt is made to draw them from the wound the stone remains behind.

These Fuegians are cannibals. Some years ago the governor of the colony, a German, Doctor Phillipi, was killed and eaten by them.

We land at a quay which the governor has just constructed. The night is dark, but the stars are shining. I cannot explain with my pen the strange feeling which I experienced on landing on this Austral land one hundred miles from Cape Horn, in the Strait of Magellan in Patagonia, at the antipodes of civilization.

The governor, Mr. Riobo, has passed many years in Paris. He is a perfectly polished gentleman, who performs the honours of his little kingdom like a man accustomed to the best society. He precedes us on the road. The ground is covered with short hard grass; it seems as if we were walking on a carpet. We hear the noise of some voices; it is from a group in the darkness on the road. "Who goes there?" it is the passengers by the first canoe returning on board after having explored the whole of the colony.

"I am taking you to the palace of the government," said

Mr. Riobo. We go up a flight of steps to a street about one hundred yards in length,—the street Maria, etc., from the name, I believe, of a Chilian frigate. This street is lined with small painted wooden houses. It is Punta Arenas. There are four hundred inhabitants, divided in the following manner, sixty soldiers of the regular troops, one hundred children and women, the balance composed of transported colons, for the most part soldiers guilty of desertion, who are labourers, carpenters, blacksmiths, etc. The impossibility of flight has relaxed much of the severity of their captivity. A young Englishman (there are three in the colony), a soldier of the Chilian navy who deserted, and has been banished here, assures me that he is well contented with his fate.

We reach a small house a little larger than the others, which has a garden in front surrounded with a wooden paling; it is the palace of the government. The governor takes a whistle from his pocket and whistles. In a moment, all that little world which seemed asleep is awakened. A clarion sounds a call. The barrack is opposite, and we see suddenly issuing from the depths of obscurity a sergeant and several soldiers with lanterns, who hasten to receive the governor's orders. We traverse the little garden, in which, by the light of a lantern, we succeed in plucking some very pretty little dwarf roses but without perfume. The governor introduces us to his companions, first to his secretary, then to two little American lions (leopards), charming little animals, which, although only one month old, show very pretty claws and teeth, which make me augur the future dispositions of these innocent felines which the governor proposes to shut up in cages in the course of a few days. They are of the size of a cat. Then also two guanacos running at liberty, one male and one female. The guanaco has a body the colour of a deer, but with a neck immoderately long, reminding one of the giraffe. It is a ruminant, whose flesh is delicate and whose fleece puts one in mind of the llamas. It only attacks men when it is on the defensive, and is very formidable. It then throws itself on its assailant, knocks him down with one blow and bites him.

The governor escaped by a miracle from one of the two

animals at which we are looking. When the guanaco is furious, he ejects a greenish saliva, which is very unpleasant.

Separated from the rest of the world, the governor has devoted himself to the well-being of his little colony. His communications with the rest of the world being uncertain, it sometimes happens that for entire months he is without news from Chili.

Game is very abundant. Ostriches and guanacos abound. Admiral P——, who lately passed through the strait, amused himself for some hours, with his officers, in hunting, and they filled a canoe with their game.

The governor showed us some specimens of coal, which appeared excellent; also some fragments of auriferous quartz, found in the mountains of Patagonia.

But I hasten to arrive at the most interesting episode of our visit at Punta. The governor has sent for a family of Patagonians. I cannot describe the impression which these singular beings caused me. The first group to which we are introduced by the governor, is composed of three men and one young woman. The first, one in particular, is very much above the ordinary height, but is not gigantic. That which is particularly striking, is the prodigious development of the bust, the length of the arms, and the enormous size of the head and features. The nose of the largest is at least one-third larger than the largest European nose that I have ever seen. The head is enormous, but not monstrous. The features are in proportion to the head. As to the woman, she is at least six feet high. She is a young girl of fourteen or fifteen years, admirably proportioned, slender, with a marvellously beautiful face; Grecian statuary in its purest expression has never formulated anything more beautiful. The mouth exquisitely chiselled, of bright red, reveals on opening the whitest, most polished, and the prettiest teeth that I have ever seen. Kanucha is the most colossal and the most beautiful girl in the world. But here I am very much embarrassed in front of this beautiful Caryatide, who tenders me a charming, though large, hand, and shakes with a coquettish movement of her head her copper ear-pendants, of which she seems to be particularly proud. How shall I undertake to tell it you? Kanucha, the beautiful girl, is a handsome boy! The

governor tells me he is a youth that all the Patagonians despise, because he has all the instincts of a woman, dresses like one, sews, squats down, walks and acts like one. I cannot, without regret, renounce beholding a young girl, in a form so elegant, a head so fine, and manners so coquettish.

We offer some cigars to these gentlemen, which they eagerly smoke. In opposition to their ferocious neighbours, the Patagonians possess a docility which is rendered very striking from their athletic forms and colossal proportions. The dress of these poor people consists of one or several skins of the guanacos, the fur of which is turned inside. Nothing more. It is a simple mantle which the women fasten on the chest, by a long copper pin, and which is worn open by the men, notwithstanding the cold, which is piercing. Their legs and feet are also as naked as their head. They are very proud of wearing a trinket around their forehead like a fillet or diadem. Like all Indians, unfortunately, they are addicted to drink. For them ardent liquors represent the *ne plus ultra* of happiness. They prefer a bottle of brandy before everything. It is not a rare thing to see a husband offer, with the wife's consent, the latter to one of the colons for a certain time, to procure a few bottles, which both of them go off to swallow immediately. They are not pleased with gold. They prefer the pesos of silver, because they are larger, and the gold is too small. They live the life of nomads—in small groups, but without government or religion. Family ties even have no existence, since very frequently one or two members of a group will desert and join for a time another. Their character is generally mild, but when drunk they become ferocious. When any one among them dies, they burn everything which belonged to him, and kill his horse upon his grave. The flesh of the horse is immediately eaten. Liquor, finally, is the object of all their ambitions, of all their desires. Many colons have asked me if I would not like to sell them a few bottles of it. They are going on board for the same purpose.

The report of our arrival has spread. A second squad of Patagonians enter. It is the queen, Nata, a woman of thirty years of age, surrounded by several children: her nose arched like the beak of a bird of prey, gives a hard

appearance to her enormous face, but on examination one discovers a mild and charming expression in it. The features possess an admirable purity. She carries in her arms a little one, a baby of fifteen months, as large as a child of ten years of age, whose robust body, notwithstanding the cold, is completely naked.

BUENOS AYRES, January 13, 1868.

Notwithstanding the heat (one hundred and six degrees above the zero of Fahrenheit's thermometer), notwithstanding the war of Paraguay, which has already cost the four belligerent parties nearly two hundred thousand men, three-fourths of whom have been destroyed by cholera, typhus, dysentery, and pestilence; notwithstanding the commercial crisis, one of the first effects of which has been at Montevideo the enforcement of a paper currency; notwithstanding the civil war in the interior provinces of the republic; notwithstanding the invasion of the frontiers by Saa, Varela, and I know not how many other brigands who live only by rapine, and whose title of general, which they assume, would not in any other countries than these save from the gallows or the galleys which they have a thousand times deserved; notwithstanding all these calamities, the company of Parisian bouffes, brought to Buenos Ayres by Mr. D'Hote, has made its debut at the Argentine theatre in the bavards of Offenbach.

I suspect that the Latin proverb is wrong for once—and their audacity will not, I fear, be crowned with success. The company is, however, far from being unworthy of the public favour. Mademoiselle R——, the prima-donna, is pretty and sings well; Mr. R., the tenor, is an excellent actor; Mademoiselle B. dances pretty well, and has fine legs; Mr. D'Hote himself is a splendid comic actor. But these ladies and gentlemen had not even seen the footlights of the Argentine theatre before they knew to what cause to attribute their non-success.

February 3.

My health is passable. I have had to go to the country to escape the cholera which was here. Almost twenty-eight thousand persons have died of it within three months.

It is horrible. Happily it has almost disappeared. Naturally there are no concerts, every family being in mourning.

February 11.

Political events have broken up the monotony of our existence.


I do not know if I have already spoken of the son of the dictator Flores, of Montevideo, who has acquired through his misdeeds the sad celebrity of a bandit. His name is Fortunato Flores, he is the old bogy of Montevideo. Small and great tremble on hearing this graceful name, which, by a singular chance, seems to be the perfect antithesis of the ferocious character of the one who bears it. FORTUNATO FLORES, literally translated, means Fortunate Flowers. Since my arrival at Montevideo I have been edified respecting his character. They related to me his numerous extravagances, the peaceable and inoffensive persons of the middle classes whom he had assassinated, the boxes on the ear which he had given to a Frenchwoman, and his orgies, which invariably terminated by shots from his revolvers. Chance threw me in the way of the amiable Fortunato. It was easy for me to see from the manner in which he spoke to me that he would have been happy to have quarrelled with me, but my imperturbable politeness and also, perhaps, the salutary fear which the United States inspires in all these tyrants, had its effect upon him. I had the pleasure of not seeing him draw his revolver. Since then he has become somewhat gentle with me, and having one day played for him in a concert the national air of Uruguay, I ended by making a conquest of him. Three or four months ago Mr. Fortunato, finding fault with the politics of the minister of foreign affairs, went to his house and gave him a caning. Then, under the influence of some old spite which he preserved against a certain officer, he sent some soldiers of his regiment to seek him, garroted him, pricked him with bayonets, with a choke-pear in his mouth to take from him even the comfort of crying, put him with a manacle on his neck into a subterranean dungeon for twenty-eight hours without the least light, without giving him anything to drink, or to eat, and making him believe that he was left there to die of hunger, and that neither his family nor any one else in the

world would ever know what had become of him. After many other tortures he gave him a kick and sent him off. He had already been guilty of so many robberies, that, in spite of the terror which he inspired, and of the number of individuals which he had with his own hand despatched to the other world, a general cry of indignation was heard from everywhere, and the papa of this amiable young man hinted to Fortunato that State reasons required that he should have a change of air. He left for France. His exile was to last two years. He remained seven days in Europe; and two months and a half after his departure from Montevideo, what was the general consternation on seeing one fine morning Fortunato descend from the English vessel arriving from Europe. Soon after he betook himself to his old ways. Restored by his own authority to the grade of colonel, he began to keep his hand in by torturing his soldiers and his officers. One night he took a fancy to invite several persons to supper. Hardly had the dessert come on when he became, as usual, furiously drunk, and gave an order to his aid-de-camp to seize his guests and send them to pass the night in the guard-house. This took place at the hotel where I lodged.

The whole night the other boarders and myself were on the alert because Fortunato had proposed firing his pistol in the corridors. He broke three hundred tumblers, as many plates, all the looking glasses, and did not retire until exhausted by drunkenness and fatigue he left to go to bed. His young brothers (the youngest is seventeen years old) accompanied him that night as usual (they are also bad like him, but less satiated than their elder brother), went to an aristocratic club where they knew the political adversaries of their father met; as they anticipated, one of them, an honourable and venerable father of a family, rich and of the better class, was playing at billiards at the moment when they entered. Young Flores, the one seventeen years old, struck him a hard blow with a cue which stretched him on the floor, pulled out some of his whiskers, kicked him in the face with his boots, and went away, leaving him bathed in blood and unconscious.

Since my departure from Montevideo I heard at small intervals the fresh misdeeds of Fortunato and his brothers

spoken of: some broken heads, women outraged, and other similar peccadilloes, but no assassinations, leading me to hope that these gentlemen were mending. All at once three days ago, the submarine telegraph, which crosses the bay and connects Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, brings us the following news: *Fortunato and his brothers have risen against their father, have gained over the garrison, and overturned General Flores, who has been obliged to abandon the town and has fled to Union, two leagues from Montevideo.* The details soon reached us. Fortunato, tired of the inaction in which the old dictator left him, had had a very excited discussion with him, at the end of which *he boxed his father's ears.* Hurrying to his barracks, he came with his brothers at the head of his regiment and seized all the posts, through the cowardice or the defection of those who guarded them; the whole band marched to the Hotel de Ville where Flores and all his family had fled. In vain the old wife of Flores, a very vulgar woman, formerly a washerwoman, whose blind idolatry for Fortunato is the only source of his bad instincts, threw herself at the feet of this wretch. "I do not know you," he cried out to her. "Do you forget," cried out to him the old general, "that I am not only your chief, that before being the first magistrate of the republic, I was your father?" "Get out of the way," replied Fortunato to him, "*or I will fire upon you all.*" And the little brothers, infuriated, brandished their swords to excite their soldiers, for the most part drunk. Poor old Flores, with downcast head, and strangling his tears, retreated and fled, with some forty faithful followers, to conceal himself, as I have said, to Union, and the whole town remained at the mercy of the revolutionists. But the foreign population, which is infinitely more numerous at Montevideo than that of the natives, were justly alarmed. They had a right to be alarmed at such brigands. The diplomatic corps met and were deliberating as to what means should be taken to protect the property and lives of foreigners, when the news arrived that Fortunato had forced the custom-house stores, and seized all the boxes and bales which were shut up there, to make barricades of. The foreign ministers immediately transmitted to their respective admirals an order to land their troops. The Ameri-



cans, the Italians, the English, the Spaniards, the Brazilians disembarked and took possession of the custom-house and the legations. Fortunato, whose audacity has no limits, *notified them* to dislodge immediately under pain of seeing themselves attacked by the troops under his orders. "Come, if you dare," was the response of the admirals. The hero found it wiser not to try the adventure, and shut himself up in a little fort which he barricaded, and whose avenues were guarded by cannons. Recovered from their panic, father Flores and his faithful followers rallied other soldiers and foreigners. They returned to Montevideo. The attitude of the foreigners was too resolute for Fortunato not to understand that he had lost the game. He consented to a parley. The cunning fellow had taken care to keep as hostage an old man, General Balle, minister of war, and signified that if his propositions were not acceded to, he would shoot his prisoner, and would not surrender until after fighting to the last extremity. Father Flores was obliged to accept. They agreed not to take the life of any of the rebels, to give thirty thousand dollars to Fortunato, and permit him to embark, with his officers, without being molested, and since yesterday we have had the honour of having the celebrated colonel with us. I met him yesterday in the street. I was hoping that he would not know me, but as soon as he saw me he ran towards me extending his arms, and willing or unwilling, I had to receive his hug.

CHAPTER XXXI.

February 13, 1868.

FORTUNATO re-embarked the very evening of our rencontre. It appears that he assassinated a Frenchman here a year ago, and the affair having been brought to the notice of the Argentine government by the consul of France, as soon as he learned of the arrival of the celebrated colonel, the latter found it more prudent to pack off. He is on

board an Italian frigate, and leaves for Europe to-day or to-morrow by the English steamer. He will soon be spoken of in Europe, for, with the character which I know he possesses, he will quickly make himself known. *À propos*, in speaking of politics, I cannot help relating the ignominious fall of Prado, the dictator of Peru, whom his old accomplices in the revolution which he engaged in to arrive at power, during my sojourn at Lima, have overturned and conquered in a battle before Arequipa, in which he showed himself as cowardly as he had shown himself up to this time insolent and despotic. He is a wretch who has Indian, mulatto, and Andalusian blood in his veins; but has taken from these diverse races only their worst traits. I cordially detest him. A personal enmity separates both of us. I have had to suffer from his despotism and barbarism, and only escaped the prison, one day that he sent twenty soldiers to arrest me, by my firmness, and the threat which I made him to make myself be diplomatically reclaimed by my minister. The fear which these brigands have of American cannons is the only safeguard that we citizens of the United States find in these hostile and dangerous countries.

In Bolivia, a revolution has just broken out against that furiously mad tiger, Malgarejo, dictator of that unfortunate country for the last five or six years. What republics! What scorn and what outrage upon the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity are cast by these pseudo-presidents of democracies, who trample upon right, justice, and equality in order to wallow in those turpitudes which recall the decadence of Rome and the saturnalia of the lower empire!

BUENOS AYRES, February 13, 1868.

A priest lately died in a neighbouring village; no one was willing to bury him from fear of the contagion. Nevertheless, the odour from the putrefying body was such that it became necessary to arrive at some mode of protection against this new plague. A gaucho (a countryman, always on horseback, whose existence is divided between taking care of herds of cattle, rapine, civil war, and robbery in general) had an idea of making use of his

lasso (the lasso is a strap of thirty or forty feet in length, at the end of which is a slip-knot, which he throws from his running horse to an incredible distance, and with which he seizes oxen and wild horses either by the head or legs); he threw the lasso, at a great distance, and caught the body by one leg, and drew it to a distant spot on the desert of the Pampas, where he left it to the birds of prey, who would soon despatch it. Do not let the character of the dead add anything to the horror with which this proceeding will inspire you. The clergy have shown themselves to be what they have always been here—rapacious, cowardly, corrupt, hideous, egotistic, the receptacle, finally, of all the vices which are engendered by idleness, ignorance, laziness, hypocrisy, and the impunity with which all their worst passions are satiated. A few Sisters of Charity have alone shown themselves, as always, devoted. They are, I should add, Europeans; but what could five or six good creatures do in the midst of a plague which has carried off in three months twenty-five thousand souls? Those who live among the English or the French Catholic clergy can never know what a bad priest can be. The cassocked bandits of South America must be seen to comprehend the indignation which animates me.

Those of Buenos Ayres are authorized by law to collect twenty francs for every corpse buried by them; but the law adds: "When the means of the family of the deceased shall enable it to be paid." They saw that the harvest promised to be fruitful, so they raised this right of sepulture to forty francs, and, like vultures, fatten upon dead bodies. The more dead bodies there were, the greater the merry-making among them. The municipality, learning that a great number of corpses were lying deprived of sepulture on the ground at the gate of one of the cemeteries, the poverty of their relations depriving them of the luxury of possessing forty francs, gave notice to the gentlemen priests that they must notwithstanding bury them, *pro Dei gratia* (for God's sake). These worthy ministers of a religion of devotion, of charity, and of poverty refused to give extreme unction to those who did not pay in advance the expense of their future burial. What a race! What a people! The people of the Argentine Republic

is the sink from whence flow all turpitudes, all corruptions, and every bad human passion. In this nation all are abandoned by Providence. Cowards, vultures, liars, robbers; envious, ignorant, unpolished; cultivating little true warfare—that which is made openly, with the breast bared—but, in lieu thereof, excelling in the use of the dagger, and of the knife, which enables them to stab an individual in the back; theft dispenses them from labour; the word republic (an outrage on the elevated principles which this word represents) serves them as a cloak under which they give themselves up to every kind of despotism and vileness. The strong, the ambitious, the brazen-faced take possession by force and suck the milch-cow—the public treasury—until another band of powerful, shameless, or ambitious ones without principles hurl them from power. There are murders without end; they cut each other's throats; and this is the Argentine Republic. Alas! I might almost say, behold the Spanish-American republics; for, except Chili, all the governments of these agglomerations of bandits which sully the banner of American liberty, and which call themselves republics, from Mexico to Cape Horn, are nothing but brigandage, theft, barbarism, and cruelty—organized and unpunished.

BUENOS AYRES, May 25.

The saddest country in the world, a frog that puffs itself up to become an ox!—everywhere exaggerated pretensions, a universal corruption which commences at the lowest round of the social scale and reaches to those which are at the highest. Money taking the place of everything, the church a shop, the government a barrack, the army a cut-throat—only one worship, only one religion, that of Plutus. Venus herself is not adored, and even in the most aristocratic circles she is only worshipped under the figure of the golden calf. This takes place in the aristocratic regions; judge of the rest. Sad! sad! The republic here is an outrage on justice, an odious farce.

MONTVIDEO, December 15, 1868.

I am writing at this moment my grand 'Tarantelle' for the piano with orchestral accompaniment, which 'Taran-

telle' I have dedicated to Her Royal Highness the Princess Marguerite, of Italy. One of my best friends, Count Gioanninni, an excellent amateur pianist, ex-minister from Italy to Buenos Ayres, has promised to present the composition to the princess, himself, and assures me that it will be worth the new decoration of Italy, which has just been instituted by the king, Victor Emanuel.¹

I compose also a great deal for Ditson of Boston under the pseudonyme of 'Seven Octaves,' and also for Schott of Mayence who asks me for twelve pieces a year.

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1 NOTE.

The composer having died before the presentation of this composition to the Princess of Italy, and even before he had entirely revised it, it happened that, when after his death his trunks were opened and pillaged by the hands of strangers, and even before his family knew of his death, the poor 'Tarantelle,' only written on a few detached leaves and very imperfectly, was published by persons of very small scruples, in a state of complete mutilation. Later, the intimate friend of Gottschalk, Mr. N. R. Espadero, of Havana, edited this 'Tarantelle' at the request of Gottschalk's family, from the artist's manuscript, and Mr. Escudier, of Paris, has published it for a full orchestra, also for two pianos, and with quintette accompaniment.

C. G.

CONCLUSION.

HERE concludes (as far as recovered) the diary kept by the celebrated artist, Louis Moreau Gottschalk, for so many years. The letters written to his family, which may be published at some future day, will supply in some degree the lacuna found in the last year of his life.

The news of his death was such a sudden and unexpected blow to his brother and sisters that they refused for a long time to believe it. Ill from an attack of yellow fever in August, 1869, he sufficiently recovered to commence a series of concerts, with an orchestra of nine hundred musicians, which he himself directed in the execution of his orchestral works. The letters speak with pleasure of the immense success which he was having at Rio Janeiro, and of the kindness and enthusiasm with which he was received at the palace by the Emperor and Empress. He sent to his sisters in every letter extracts from the papers, whose eulogiums attained so high a pitch, that it seemed impossible for them to express the extraordinary enthusiasm which the artist had excited by his genius as well as by his intelligence, his distinguished manners, and generous and good heart, which had caused him to be sought by all in making him the idol of the masses.

Mr. Preallé, of Rio, a friend of Gottschalk, wrote to his sisters towards the end of December, 1869, with all the feeling which his affection for the artist and his great sympathy for his sisters could suggest, announcing to them the death of their much loved brother, and spoke of the general mourning into which his death had thrown the city, as also of the honours rendered the illustrious artist after his death.

Delicately as this death was announced, and although his family

were in some sort prepared for a catastrophe, not having had any letters for two months, it was a thunder-stroke, and one of those griefs so profound that it is better to pass rapidly over this period, in order to speak of the extraordinary events which followed it.

To the numerous letters addressed by the family to the physician who had attended Gottschalk, to the friends who had surrounded him with so much solicitude, to the landlord of the hotel at Tejuca where he gave his last sigh, to learn what had taken place during his last moments, no answer was ever received, and up to the present time, by a species of fatality impossible to understand, his family know absolutely nothing about his last moments, nor about the true cause of his death.

A number of excellent and devoted friends, at the head of whom was the Baron Vargeaud, wrote sympathetic letters to the family, in which they deeply grieved for the amiable and distinguished man, the man of feeling and intelligence as well as the great artist, all adding that the city of Rio "had never been plunged into a mourning so profound;" but no one satisfied the cruel doubts, the terrible anguish, into which the brother and sisters of Gottschalk were plunged.

To render their grief still more poignant a series of incomprehensible acts, in a country as civilized as Brazil, followed with such great rapidity, that whatever might have been the means employed, nothing could arrest its course. Directly a faithless servant profited by the confusion which the death of Gottschalk had occasioned (a very different conduct from what might have been expected of him after ten years of service), and endeavoured to give effect to a paper, without any signature whatever, by which he claimed a large sum by way of legacy. This demand not being considered worthy of a moment's notice, he commenced a suit at law. The judgment was against him. He went so far as even to cause the body of his master to be seized when it was going to be carried to the steamer which was to convey it to New York, where the family for six months had been expecting it. Fortunately he failed. The friends of Gottschalk, indignant at this outrage, succeeded through their united efforts in preventing his project, and the mortal remains of the

artist arrived at New York at the beginning of October, 1870, almost a year after his death, every effort of the family of the deceased up to that time having failed.

At the death of Gottschalk his valet placed in the hands of the American vice-consul a little trunk in which he had, so he said, placed the decorations, jewels, etc. The vice-consul handed it over to the government.

A letter from the Judge of the Widows' and Orphans' Court at Rio, written in February, 1870 (two months after the death of Gottschalk), informed his family that his effects, trunks, clothes, etc., would be sold at auction on the eighteenth of March—the government taking advantage of an ancient law, '*le droit d'aubaine*,' by which the effects of a foreigner, after his death, are sold for the benefit of widows and orphans. This letter arrived at the end of March, and after the sale had taken place; there was no time to do anything. The contents of a trunk, consisting of some unfinished compositions in manuscript, were published by a publisher at Rio, and soon a number of compositions appeared, whose sole guarantee was the name of Gottschalk, these compositions being published from unfinished and incomplete manuscripts.

Fortunately for the artistic world, the devoted and disinterested friend of Gottschalk, Mr. N. R. Espadero, of Havana, has been able, aided by manuscripts in possession of the family, and of those which he had himself received from Gottschalk, to produce a series of posthumous works, in the number of which are found some mazourkas—'*Scherzo Romantique*,' '*Caprice Polka*,' '*Second Banjo*,' '*La Grande Tarantelle*,' '*El Cocoye*,' '*Caprice Cubain*,' and many others. Another series, edited by one of his sisters, also appeared—'*Rayons d'Azur*,' '*Oberon à 4 Mains*,' '*Marguerite*' valse, and an '*Ave Maria*' for the voice from a part of it.

The American vice-consul had the delicacy to purchase at auction the trunk of clothes for the family, who preserve for him a grateful remembrance.

It would be impossible to enumerate the measures taken by the family during the four years which followed.

Kindly received by their majesties the Emperor and Empress,



at the time of their journey to England, the sisters of Gottschalk had hoped that soon all would be ended. It, however, amounted to nothing, except a continued correspondence. By an incomprehensible fatality, as soon as one power of attorney was sent on demand, the person named in it had left Rio and another became necessary. Four powers of attorney were thus sent, the first to the vice-consul of the United States, the second to the minister, and the others to the consul and minister of the German Empire. Finally in December, 1873, the trunk of papers was transmitted to the sisters of Gottschalk, through the medium of the Brazilian minister in London.

These papers had evidently been considered of no value, and for this reason had been sent, but the condition in which they were found rendered the labour of many months necessary before the value of the notes, which were to form the book presented to-day to the public, could be ascertained. Some hundreds of scattered leaves, many torn in two, had to be matched, others which had been exposed to dampness, rendered almost illegible (the ink being hardly visible), had to be carefully re-copied. It was a veritable chaos, but the artist's sisters, too happy in having possession of them, resolved that these notes should be published, and one of them undertook the slow and arduous work of putting them in order, which took two long years—and eleven years from his death will have passed before the notes of his travels will be read by the public. These notes, written in French, have been translated by the brother-in-law of the deceased, Dr. Robert E. Peterson, of Philadelphia. The task was somewhat difficult on account of the fine, delicate, and original style of Gottschalk, which is not easily expressed in English.

In February, 1876, his sisters received a letter from Brazil, advising them that there would be forwarded to them in a short time a small box containing his decorations, also a small sum of money, the only remains of their brother's effects. These decorations, among which the most beautiful one presented to him by the city of New Orleans, his natal city, was missing, were received with

great joy, as his family had lost all hope of ever getting possession of them.

These few pages have been, for many reasons, written with difficulty, the best of which is that it is almost impossible to speak calmly and without bitterness of events whose injustice has been so vividly felt. Many other facts which would do but little honour to the guilty, and by which the family has been deprived of what Gottschalk had left them in the United States, have been designedly omitted. After all, what are these few persons, forgetful of what they owe to the memory of the great artist, compared to his numerous friends of all countries, who preserve an affection for him which time will never efface?

These notes of travel, these inmost thoughts, these letters are like a sacred legacy which the brother and sisters of Gottschalk wish his friends to share with them; and it is with the utmost confidence that they offer to the public this volume, certain that it will be received with the same kindness, the same cordiality which have always been shown to the great American pianist and composer, LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK.

C. G.

